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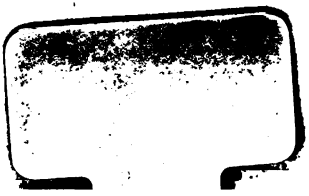

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THE

# Muſe in Good Humour:

OR, A

# COLLECTION

OF

# COMIC TALES.

By the moſt Eminent POETS.

In Two Parts.

*LONDON:*

Printed for J. NOBLE, at *Dryden's Head* in St. *Martin's Court*, near *Leiceſter Fields*.

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## FROM
## CHAUCER, PRIOR, SWIFT, LA FONTAINE, Dr. KING, and other eminent POETS.

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## PART I.

CONTAINING,


The Country 'Squire and his Man John.
The Curious Maid.
The Silent Flute; or the Members Speech to their Soveraign.
Hans Carvel's Ring; or a Charm againſt Cuckoldom.
The Lout looking for his Heifer.
Phyllis; or the Progreſs of Love.
Little Mouths.
Paulo Purganti and his Wife.
Strephon and Chloe.
The Amorous Groom.
A Riddle upon ****
Kitty's Dream.
Caſſinus and Peter; or Cælia at St—l.
The Fair Nun.
A beautiful young Nymph going to Bed.
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A Paſtoral Dialogue between two Iriſh Lovers.
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A quiet Life and a good Name.



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THE

# PREFACE

THE uncommon Succeſs the follo
ing Collection hath met wi
is a ſufficient Demonſtration
its Merit. A few Mon
having produc'd no leſs than f
Editions of the former Part, and two of
latter. A Number exceeding the moſt ſangu
Expectations, even, of the Compiler; ſince
greater Part (as appears by the Title-Pa
are only detatch'd Pieces from the Works
various Authors that were before Printed. I
when it is conſider'd that many of them w
ſcatter'd in Books not eaſily to be met wi
and the Whole mix'd with Performances
another kind: The Expence in purchaſing,
well as Trouble in turning-over, ſuch a N
titude of Volumes, in which they are inclu
(join'd to the Excellencies of the ſeveral C
poſitions) it is not to be wonder'd at.

Neither Care, nor Expence have been w
ing to make this Edition as compleat as poſſ
Several Pieces are entirely added, and ot

*that were Objected to, in the first Impression of the Second Part, are left out in this, to make Room for those that were thought to be superior to them. Upon the whole, it must be allowed to be a Collection of the best* Comic Tales *that ever appear'd in the* English *Language.*

*To remove an Objection that may be made to this Manner of Writing, I shall give Part of the Words of the celebrated* La Fontaine *upon it, and so conclude.*

*Speaking of the principal one* viz. *that of Licentiousness,* he says, " *That the Nature* " *of Tales demand it, it being an indispensable* " *Law according to* Horace, *or rather ac-* " *cording to Reason and Common-Sense, to* " *conform to those Things we write on.* —— " *The Gaiety that is to be found in these Tales,* " *cannot be said to leave any ill Impressions* " *upon the Mind, that passing lightly. I should* " *rather fear,* adds he, *that soft Melancholy* " *which Romances, the most Chaste and* " *Modest, are capable of plunging us into.*

THE

THE

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THE

THE

# Muſe in Good Humour.

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## *The* COUNTRY SQUIRE *and his Man* JOHN.

### A TALE.

*By Mr.* SAVAGE.

A Man of *Wiſdom* may diſguiſe
His Knowledge, and not ſeem too wiſe;
But take it for a conſtant Rule,
There's no concealing of a *Fool*.
Of this the Inſtances are plenty;
But one may ſerve as well as twenty.
A worthy Knight, of good Eſtate,
Prov'd to be ſo unfortunate,
That with great Coſt and fruitleſs Care
He rear'd a *Blockhead* to his *Heir*.

But hoping it would mend the Breed,
Shou'd he ſome ſober Damſel wed,
He ſent him out to court a Lady,
Whoſe Father he'd engag'd already.
But firſt he charg'd him on his Bleſſing
To keep in Mind this eaſy Leſſon:
*Humphry*, ſays he, whate'er you do,
Take heed your Words be very few;
For you'll be counted wiſe, ſo long.
As you have Wit to hold your Tongue.
And never feed too greedily
On Cuſtard, Pudding, or ſweet Pye;
Leſt your ungovern'd Appetite
Bring Shame and Sorrow in the Night—
But *John* ſhall go, and he'll adviſe you;
And, let me tell you, *John*'s no Niſey.
—Here, *John*, d'ye mind, give *Numps* a Touch,
Whene'er he talks or eats too much.
Beſure take heed he don't neglect
To pay the Gentry great Reſpect,
And all our Services expreſs
In handſome Terms, with good Addreſs.
Inſtructed thus, they both took Horſe,
And tow'rds the Lady bent their Courſe.
Whilſt *John* perform'd the *Teacher*'s Part,
*Numps* got his *Compliments* by *heart*;
Which he deliver'd in ſuch Guiſe,
They thought him *tolerably wiſe*:
He held his Tongue; this ſeem'd to be
A Token of his Modeſty.

All

All paſs'd on well till *Supper* came:
Oh hateful Meal! Oh hateful Name:
Vile Author of poor *Humphry*'s Shame!
From ev'ry Diſh, moſt nicely dreſt,
Th' old Lady ſtill ſupply'd her Gueſt.
All with Aſtoniſhment beheld
His Plate oft empty, often fill'd.
He eat; *John* pull'd, and pull'd again.
The Pulls, Oh *John!* were all in vain:
For near him ſtood an Apple-pye,
On which he caſt a greedy Eye,
Then fill'd his Plate ſix Inches high.
*John* gave his Elbow many a Twitch;
Thought *Numps*, our *John* may kiſs my Breech;
'Tis Apple-pye—I'll eat my fill,
Let Conſequence be what it will.
Fatal Reſolve! I dread to tell
What Conſequences which befell.
Let ſordid *Nightmen* tell the reſt,
Who *reliſh* the unſavoury Jeſt.
My *dainty Muſe* wou'd fain have done;
But Truth commands, ſhe muſt go on.
In the beſt Bed the Squire muſt lie,
And *John* in Truckle-Bed juſt by;
Who ſlept till diſmal Voice and Groan,
At midnight cry'd, O, help! dear *John*,
Or elſe for ever I'm undone.
For Heaven's ſake find ſome Excuſe,
The dev'liſh Apple-pye's broke looſe:

And as I lay upon't and roll'd it,
The Bed's ſcarce big enough to hold it.
*John* wak'd, and thus began to pray;
The Devil take all Fools, I ſay,
Why, choak you, eat it up again,
And lick the Sheets and Blankets clean,
—What can be done?—here, take my Shirt,
And I'll come wallow in the Dirt.
Do you get up as ſoon as light;
I'll lye, and try to ſet all right.
So ſaid, ſo done; up got the 'Squire,
And *John* lay tumbling in the Mire.
He lay till two brisk Laſſes come
To make the Bed, and clean the Room.
Soon, in the Damaſk Bed, Friend *John*
Was ſpy'd, half bury'd in the Down.
What's here, quo' *Nell*, as I'm alive,
The Maſter roſe ſoon after Five;
Here is his Man, a lazy Loon,
Intends to lie a-bed till Noon.
Quoth *John*, I've had a tedious Night,
That Truckle-Bed has lam'd me quite:
I turn'd in here to take ſome Reſt;
This is a comfortable Neſt.
One Nap, dear Girls, is all I beg.
—A Nap! *Sue*, give him ſome cold Pig.
Come, come, ſays *John*, don't play the Fool;
I'm *laxative*, you'll make me pull,
And ſtraining hard will force a Stool.

They

They pull'd, *John* ſqueez'd, and gave a Grunt,
Then cry'd aloud—Good faith I've don't:
E'en thank yourſelves.—Away ran *Nell*
And *Sue*, half poiſon'd with the Smell.

This Story ſlipt not, you may ſwear,
But quickly reach'd the *Maſter*'s Ear.
His Lordſhip, tickled with the Whim,
Cou'd not forbear, at Dinner-time,
To banter *John*; nor did he fail
*T' enlarge* upon the curious Tale.
But ſeeing *John* with Shame caſt down,
He frankly tipt him Half a Crown.
*John* took't and bow'd—*Numps* ſitting by,
Seeing the Prize, with envious Eye,
Into *John*'s Fob directly go,
Cry'd out aloud, Why, *John*, you know
The Half-Crown is by Right *my* Due;
'Twas I be—t the Bed, not you.

Oh Blunder! never to be mended.
This one wiſe Speech the Courtſhip ended.
Home trotted *John* in doleful Dumps;
And far behind ſneak'd hopeful *Numps*.
The Lady, thus diverted by her Squire,
Found out a *cleanlier* Lover to lye by her.

## *The* CURIOUS MAID.

*By* HILDEBRAND JACOB, *Esq;*

BEauty's a gaudy *Sign* no more,
To tempt the Gazer to the Door;
*Within* the *Entertainment* lies,
Far off remov'd from vulgar Eyes.
Thus CHLOE, beautiful and gay,
As on her Bed the *Wanton* lay,
Hardly awake from dreaming o'er
Her Conqueſt of the Day before.
And what's this *hidden Charm?* (ſhe cry'd)
And ſpurn'd th' embracing Cloaths aſide
From Limbs of ſuch a Shape and Hue,
As TITIAN's Pencil never drew;
Reſolv'd the *dark Abode* to trace,
Of Female Honour, or Diſgrace;
Where Virtue finds her Taſk too hard;
And often ſlumbers on the Guard.
Th' Attempt ſhe makes, and *buckles* to
With all her Might; but 'twou'd not do:
Still, as ſhe *bent*, the *Part* requir'd,
As conſcious of its Shame, *retir'd.*
What's to be done; we're all a-ground!
Some other Method muſt be found—
Water NARCISSUS' *Face* cou'd ſhow,
And why not CHLOE's Charms *below?*

Big

Big with this Project, ſhe applies
The JORDAN to her Virgin Thighs;
But the dull *Lake* her Wiſh denies.
What Luck is here? We're foil'd again!
The DEVIL's *in the Dice*, that's plain!
No *Chymiſt* e'er was ſo perplex'd;
No jilted *Coxcomb* half ſo vex'd;
No *Bard*, whoſe gentle Muſe excells
At *Tunbridge*, *Bath*, or *Epſom-Wells*,
Ordain'd by PHOEBUS' ſpecial Grace,
To ſing the Beauties of the Place,
E'er pump'd, and chaf'd to that Degree,
To tugg his fav'rite Simile.
Thus Folks are often at a Stand,
When Remedies are near at Hand.
For lo! the *Glaſs*—ay, *That*, indeed!
'Tis *Ten* to *One* we now *ſucceed!*
To this Relief ſhe flies amain,
And ſtraddles o'er the *ſhining Plain*,
The *ſhining Plain* reflects her large
All DAMON's Wiſh and CHLOE's Charge.
The *Curious* MAID in deep Surprize,
On the *Grim Feature* fix'd her Eyes:
(Far leſs amaz'd ÆNEAS ſtood,
When by *Avernus'* ſacred Flood,
He ſaw *Hell's Portal fring'd with Wood.*)
And is this ALL, is this (ſhe cry'd),
MAN's great *Deſire*, and WOMAN's *Pride*;
The *Spring* whence *flows* the *Lover's Pain*,
The *Ocean* where 'tis *loſt* again,

By

By *Fate* for ever doom'd to prove
The *Nurſery* and *Grave* of *Love*?
O Thou of *dire* and *horrid* Mien,
Always better *felt* than *ſeen*!
Fit Rapture for the gloomy *Night*,
O, never more approach the *Light*!
Like other *Myſt'ries* Men *adore*,
*Be* Hid *to be* Rever'd *the more*!

---

## *The* SILENT FLUTE.

*By the* SAME.

O Thou, deſign'd by Nature to controul,
And in the *Centre* plac'd to guide the Whole,
What Praiſe to ſuit thy Merit ſhall we bring,
Or how, Great Limb, thy nervous Glory ſing?
From Thee our nobler Talents we derive,
Courage to act, and Cunning to contrive,
With Thee we flouriſh, and with Thee we *fall*,
Of Health thou ſure Prognoſtic to us all.
When Chance or Vigour does expoſe thy Face,
Tho' *Prudes* may frown, and gravely quit the Place,
Soft *Maids*, with giddy Eyes, thy Luſtre ſee,
Dazzled, like Slaves, at Eaſtern Majeſty;
They ſmile, and bluſh, and peep, and fly, and turn,
And in the pleaſing Conflict chide, and burn;

No

No *Steel* like Thee their Paleneſs can relieve;
E'en *Widows* by thy Aid forget to grieve.
What, tho' with *Blood* thy Conqueſts oft are ſtain'd?
To either Party's Joy they ſtill are gain'd;
Nor doſt thou *ſwell*, vain-glorious, with ſucceſs;
But after Action ſtill retir'd, and *leſs*,
The *Hero* and the *Sage* at once confeſs.
That thou art juſt, thy very Foes agree,
Partial to no Condition or Degree,
Nor e'er conſult the Fair One's Pedigree;
But viſit both the Wealthy and the Poor,
And *knock* like equal Death, at ev'ry Door.
Honour, that ſullen Guardian Pow'r who dwells
In unfrequented Caves and barren Cells,
Howe'er reſolv'd, her *folding Gate* unlocks,
Unable to reſiſt the mighty Shocks;
Yet ſome pretend thou art a Paradox.
Tho' blind, yet bold; tho' dumb, you teach to ſpeak;
Strong without Bones; and thro' your Triumph *weak*.
But Nature on thy Vigour ſtill relies,
And for her fading Labours hopes Supplies.
On boldly then, Your youthful Heat employ,
And ſtrenuouſly force Your way to Joy;
Yet all Exceſſes, as pernicious, ſhun,
Nor ſtrain the *Tenth* laborious *Heat* to *run*,
By curs'd Ambition led or fond Intreaties won:

So

So long with *Matrons* will you find Reſpect,
Maintain you *Crimſon Bluſh*, and Form erect.
Pleas'd We'll purſue, where'er You lead the way,
And Your dear Laws implicitly obey;
By Day, by Night, thro' Heats, thro' Winter's Snow,
Fatigue and Danger ſcorn'd, We'll boldly go,
Not coldly aſking why, when you command;
For you in Reaſon's Place, triumphant *ſtand*.
Long in Superior Glory may'ſt Thou thrive,
And may we ne'er thy active Power ſurvive!
Scorn'd ſhall We be, when Thou can'ſt charm no more,
And ſlighted by the Sex we pleas'd before.
*Strong* as thou art, thy ſtubborn Neck muſt yield,
One Day reluctant, thou muſt quit the Field,
Then ſhall the *Nymphs* thy *drooping Head* deride,
Tho' now the *Maidens* Dream, and *Matrons* Pride.
Hence, gloomy Thought, while yet our Monarch reigns,
And the quick Torrent boils within our Veins;
And thou, Great Chief, the gloomy Thought forgive,
Nor ſhrink with ſudden Grief; but *riſe*, and live!
Thee to ſome fond expecting *Nymph* we'll bear,
And Beds of Roſes for thy Bliſs prepare.
May no Alarms your ſofter Hours annoy;
Still in ſweet Peace repeat the kindly Joy.
May no Diſguſt e'er leſſen your Deſire;
No *Flatus* raiſe Thee with *deceitful* Fire;

No

No Spells, from ſlighted *Maids* your Courage foil,
While on yourſelf you ſhamefully recoil,
Or vainly for th' *important Minute* toil.
And ſtill, dear *Wanderer*, may'ſt thou be free
From the infected *Rover's* Infamy!
Dire Plague! Which Heav'n has long reſerv'd in Store,
To damp the envy'd Joy, too great before.
But if the Pow'rs this perfect Bliſs deny,
And needs muſt puniſh your Inconſtancy,
Rather when Old and loaded with Renown,
A *Priapiſm* all your Labours crown,
And may you prove the *D——e* of the Town.

---

## HANS CARVEL'S RING, *or a Charm againſt* Cuckoldom.

### A TALE.

*By Mr.* PRIOR.

HANS CARVEL, Impotent and Old,
Married a Laſs of *London* Mould:
Handſome? enough; extremely Gay:
Lov'd Muſic, Company, and Play:
High Flights She had, and Wit at Will:
And ſo her Tongue lay ſeldom ſtill:
For in all Viſits who but She,
To Argue, or to Repartee?

She

She made it plain, that Human Paſſion
Was order'd by Predeſtination;
That if weak Women went aſtray,
Their Stars were more in Fault than They:
Whole Tragedies She had by Heart;
Enter'd into *Roxana*'s Part:
To triumph in her Rival's Blood,
The Action certainly was good.
How like a Vine young *Ammon* curl'd
O that dear Conqu'ror of the World!
She pity'd *Betterton* in Age,
That ridicul'd the God-like Rage.
She, firſt of all the Town, was told,
Where neweſt *India* Things were ſold:
So in a Morning, without Bodice,
Slipt ſometimes out to Mrs. *Thody's*;
To cheapen Tea, to buy a Screen:
What elſe cou'd ſo much Virtue mean?
For to prevent the leaſt Reproach,
*Betty* went with her in the Coach.
But when no very great Affair
Excited her peculiar Care;
She without fail was wak'd at Ten;
Drank Chocolate, then ſlept again:
At Twelve She roſe; with much ado
Her Clothes were huddled on by Two;
Then, does my Lady dine at home?
Yes ſure;—but is the Colonel come?
Next, how to ſpend the Afternoon,
And not come Home again too ſoon;

The

The Change, the City, or the Play,
As each was proper for the Day;
A Turn in Summer to *Hyde-Park*,
When it grew tolerably Dark.
Wife's Pleaſure cauſes Huſband's Pain:
Strange Fancies come in HANS's Brain:
He thought of what he did not name;
And would reform; but durſt not blame.
At firſt He therefore Preach'd his Wife
The Comforts of a Pious Life:
Told her how tranſient Beauty was;
That all muſt die, and Fleſh was Graſs:
He bought Her Sermons, Pſalms and Graces;
And doubled down the uſeful Places.
But ſtill the Weight of worldly Care
Allow'd Her little Time for Pray'r:
And *Cleopatra* was read o'er,
While *Scot*, and *Wake*, and Twenty more,
That teach one to deny one's ſelf,
Stood unmoleſted on the Shelf.
An untouch'd Bible grac'd her Toilet:
No fear that Thumb of Her's ſhould ſpoil it.
In ſhort, the Trade was ſtill the ſame:
The Dame went out: The Colonel came.
What's to be done? poor CARVEL cry'd:
Another Batt'ry muſt be try'd:
What if to Spells I had Recourſe?
'Tis but to hinder ſomething Worſe.
The End muſt juſtify the Means:
He only Sins who Ill intends:

Since therefore 'tis to Combat Evil,
'Tis lawful to employ the Devil.
Forthwith the Devil did appear;
(For name him and He's always near)
Not in the Shape in which he plies
At Miſs's Elbow when She lies;
Or ſtands before the Nurs'ry Doors,
To take the naughty Boy that roars:
But without Sawcer Eye or Claw,
Like a grave Barriſter at Law.
HANS CARVEL, lay aſide your Grief,
The Devil ſays; I bring Relief.
Relief, ſays HANS: pray let me crave
Your Name, Sir,—*Satan*,—Sir, your Slave;
I did not look upon your Feet:
You'll pardon Me:——Ay now I ſee't:
And pray, Sir, when came You from Hell?
Our Friends there, did you leave Them well?
All well: but pr'ythee, Honeſt HANS,
(Says *Satan*) leave your Complaiſance:
The Truth is This: I cannot ſtay
Flaring in Sun-ſhine all the Day:
For, *entre Nous*, We Helliſh Sprites,
Love more the Freſco of the Nights;
And oft'ner our Receipts convey
In Dreams, than any other Way.
I tell you therefore as a Friend,
Ere Morning dawns, your Fears ſhall end:
Go then this Evening, Maſter CARVEL,
Lay down your Fowls, and broach your Barrel;

Let

Let Friends and Wine diſſolve your Care;
Whilſt I the great Receipt prepare:—
To Night I'll bring it by my Faith;
Believe for once what *Satan* ſaith.
Away went HANS: glad? not a little;
Obey'd the Devil to a Tittle;
Invited Friends ſome half a Dozen,
The Colonel, and my Lady's Couſin.
The Meat was ſerv'd; the Bowls were crown'd;
Catches were ſung; and Healths went round:
*Barbadoes* Waters for the Cloſe:
Till HANS had fairly got his Doſe:
The Colonel toaſted to the *Beſt:*
The Dame mov'd off, to be undreſt:
The Chimes went Twelve: the Gueſts withdrew:
But when, or how, HANS hardly knew.
Some Modern Anecdotes aver,
He nodded in his Elbow Chair;
From thence was carry'd off to Bed:
*John* held his Heels, and *Nan* his Head.
My Lady was diſturb'd: new Sorrow!
Which HANS muſt anſwer for to Morrow.
In Bed then view this happy Pair;
And think how *Hymen* triumph'd there.
HANS, faſt aſleep, as ſoon as laid;
The Duty of the Night unpaid:
The waking Dame, with Thoughts oppreſt,
That made Her hate both Him and Reſt:
By ſuch a Huſband, ſuch a Wife!
Twas *Acme*'s and *Septimius*' Life:

The Lady ſigh'd: the Lover ſnor'd:
The punctual Devil kept his Word:
Appear'd to honeſt HANS again:
But not at all by Madam ſeen:
And giving Him a Magic Ring,
Fit for the Finger of a King;
Dear HANS, ſaid He, this Jewel take,
And wear it long for *Satan*'s Sake:
'Twill do your Buſineſs to a Hair:
For long as You this Ring ſhall wear,
As ſure as I look over *Lincoln*,
That ne'er ſhall happen which You think on.
HANS took the Ring with Joy extreme;
(All this was only in a Dream)
And thruſting it beyond his Joint,
'Tis done, He cry'd: I've gain'd the Point.—
What Point, ſaid She, You ugly Beaſt?
You neither give Me Joy nor Reſt:
'Tis done.—What's done, You drunken Bear?
You've thruſt your Finger G—d knows where.

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## *The* LOUT *looking for his* HEIFER.

### A TALE.

*By Mr.* CONGREVE.

IT ſo befel,—a ſilly *Swain*,
Had ſought his *Heifer* long in vain;

For

For wanton, *She* had friſking ſtray'd,
And left the Lawn to ſeek the Shade.
Around the Plain *He* rolls his Eyes,
Then to the Wood, in haſte he hies;
Where ſingling out the talleſt Tree,
*He* climbs in Hopes to hear or ſee.

Anon, there chanc'd that Way to paſs
A jolly *Lad* and buxom *Laſs:*
The Place was apt, the Paſtime pleaſant;
Occaſion with her Forelock preſent:
The Girl agog, the Gallant ready;
So lightly down he lays my Lady;
But ſo ſhe turn'd, or ſo was laid,
That ſhe ſome certain Charms diſplay'd,
Which with ſuch Wonder ſtruck his Sight,
(With Wonder much; more with Delight)
That loud he cry'd, in Rapture, What!
What ſee I, Gods! what ſee I not!
But nothing nam'd; from whence 'tis gueſs'd,
'Twas more than well cou'd be expreſs'd.

The Clown aloft, who lent an Ear,
Strait ſtopt him ſhort in mid Career:
And louder cry'd, *Ho! honeſt Friend,*
*That of thy ſeeing ſeeſt no End;*
*Doſt ſee the Heifer that I ſeek?*
*If doſt, pray be ſo kind to ſpeak.*

## PHYLLIS; *or the Progreſs of* Love.

*By Dr.* SWIFT.

DEſponding PHYLLIS was endu'd
With ev'ry Talent of a Prude:
She trembled when a Man drew near;
Salute her and ſhe turn'd her Ear;
If o'er-againſt her you were plac'd,
She durſt not look above your Waſte:
She'd rather take you to her Bed,
Than let you ſee her dreſs her Head:
In Church you heard her thro' the Crowd,
Repeat the *Abſolution* loud;
In Church ſecure behind her Fan,
She durſt behold that Monſter MAN:
There practis'd how to place her Head,
And bit her Lips, to make them red;
Or, on the Mat devoutly kneeling,
Wou'd lift her Eyes up to the Ceiling,
And heave her boſom, unaware,
For neighb'ring Beaux to ſee it bare.
At length, a lucky Lover came,
And found Admittance to the Dame.
Suppoſe all Parties now agreed,
The Writings drawn, the Lawyer fee'd,
The Vicar and the Ring beſpoke;
Gueſs, how could ſuch a Match be broke;

See

See then, what Mortals place their Bliſs in!
Next Morn, betimes, the Bride was miſſing.
The Mother ſcream'd, the Father chid;
Where can this idle Wench be hid?
No News of PHYL! The Bridegroom came,
And thought his Bride had ſculk'd for Shame;
Becauſe her Father us'd to ſay,
The Girl *had ſuch a baſhful Way.*
Now *John* the Butler muſt be ſent,
To learn the Road that PHYLLIS went.
The Groom was wiſh'd to ſaddle *Crop*;
For, *John* muſt neither light nor ſtop,
But find her whereſoe'er ſhe fled,
And bring her back Alive or Dead.
See here again the Dev'l to do;
For, truly, *John* was miſſing too.
The Horſe and Pillion both were gone!
PHYLLIS, it ſeems, was fled with *John*.
Old Madam, who went up to find
What Papers PHYL had left behind,
A Letter on the Toilet ſees,
*To my much honoured Father*—Theſe.
('Tis always done, Romances tell us,
When Daughters run away with Fellows)
Fill'd with the choiceſt Common-Places,
By others us'd in the like Caſes;
" That, long ago, a *Fortune-Teller*
" Exactly ſaid what now befel her;
" And in a *Glaſs* had made her ſee
" A *Serving-Man of low Degree.*

" It

" It was *her Fate*, muſt be forgiven,
" For *Marriages were made in Heaven:*
" His Pardon begg'd; but, to be plain,
" She'd *do't if 'twere to do again.*
" Thank God, 'twas *neither Shame nor Sin*,
" For *John* was come of *honeſt Kin*,
" Love never thinks of Rich and Poor,
" *She'd beg with* John *from Door to Door.*
" Forgive her, if it be a Crime,
" She'll never do't *another Time.*
" She ne'er before in all her Life,
" Once diſobey'd him, *Maid nor Wife.*
" One Argument ſhe ſumm'd up all in,
" The *Thing was done and paſt recalling.*
" And therefore hop'd ſhe ſhould recover
" His Favour, when his *Paſſion's over!*
" She valu'd not what others thought her,
" And was—his *moſt obedient Daughter.*"

Fair Maidens all attend the Muſe,
Who now the wand'ring Pair purſues.
Away they rode in homely ſort,
Their Journey long, their Money ſhort;
The loving Couple well bemir'd;
The Horſe and both the Riders tir'd;
Their Victuals bad, their Lodging worſe;
PHYL cry'd, and *John* began to curſe;
PHYL wiſh'd that ſhe had ſtrain'd a Limb,
When firſt ſhe ventur'd out with him:
*John* wiſh'd that ſhe had broke her Leg,
When firſt for her he quitted *Peg.*

But what Adventures more befel 'em,
The Muſe hath now no Time to tell 'em;
How *Johnny* wheedled, threatned, fawn'd,
Till PHYLLIS all her Trinkets pawn'd:
How oft ſhe broke her Marriage Vows,
In Kindneſs, to maintain her Spouſe,
Till Swains unwholſome ſpoil'd the Trade;
For now the Surgeon muſt be paid,
To whom thoſe Perquiſites are gone,
In Chriſtian Juſtice due to *John*.
When Food and Raiment now grew ſcarce,
Fate put a Period to the Farce,
And with exact Poetic Juſtice;
For *John* is Landlord, PHYLLIS Hoſteſs:
They keep at *Staines*, the *Old Blue-Boar*,
Are Cat and Dog, and Rogue and Whore.

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## # LITTLE MOUTHS.

*By Dr.* KING.

FROM *London*, *Paul* the Carrier coming down
To *Wantage*, meets a Beauty of the Town;
They both accoſt with Salutation pretty,
As, How doſt *Paul*? Thank ye, and how doſt *Betty*?
Didſt ſee our *Jack*, nor Siſter? No, you've ſeen,
I warrant, none but thoſe who ſaw the Queen.

any

Many Words ſpoke in jeſt, ſays *Paul*, are true,
I came from *Windſor*, and if ſome Folks knew
As much as I, it might be well for you.
Lord, *Paul!* what is't? Why give me ſomething for't,
This Kiſs, and this. The Matter's then in ſhort,
The Parliament have made a Proclamation,
Which will this Week be ſent all round the Nation;
The Maids with little Mouths do all prepare
On *Sunday* next to come before the Mayor,
And that all Batchelors be likewiſe there.
For Maids with little Mouths ſhall, if they pleaſe,
From theſe young Men chuſe two a-piece.
*Betty*, with bridled Chin extends her Face,
And then contracts her Lips with ſimp'ring Grace,
Cries, Hem! pray what muſt all the huge ones do
For Huſbands, when we little Mouths have two?
Hold, not ſo faſt, cries he, pray pardon me,
Maids with huge gaping wide Mouths muſt have three.
*Betty* diſtorts her Face with hideous Squawl,
And Mouth of a Foot wide begins to bawl,
Oh! Ho! Is't ſo? The Caſe is alter'd, *Paul.*
Is that the Point? I wiſh the three were ten,
I warrant I'll find *Mouth* if they'll find *Men.*

## PAULO PURGANTI *and his Wife.*

### A TALE,

*By Mr.* PRIOR.

BEyond the fix'd and ſettl'd Rules
Of Vice and Virtue in the Schools,
Beyond the Letter of the Law,
Which keeps our Men and Maids in Awe,
The better Sort would ſet before 'em
A Grace, a Manner, a Decorum;
Something, that gives their Acts a Light;
Make 'em not only juſt but bright;
And ſets them in that open Fame,
Which witty Malice cannot blame.
For 'tis in Life, as 'tis in Painting:
Much may be right, yet much be wanting.
From Lines drawn true, our Eyes may trace
A Foot, a Knee, a Hand, a Face:
May juſtly own the Picture wrought
Exact to Rule, exempt from Fault:
Yet if the Colouring be not there,
The *Titian* Stroke, the *Guido* Air;
To niceſt Judgment ſhow the Piece;
At beſt 'twill only not diſpleaſe:
It would not gain on *Jerſey*'s Eye;
*Bradford* would frown, and ſet it by.

Thus

Thus in the Picture of our Mind
The Action may be well deſign'd;
Guided by Law, and bound by Duty;
Yet want this *Je ne ſçay quoy* of Beauty;
And tho' its Error may be ſuch,
As *Knags* and *Burgeſs* cannot hit;
It yet may feel the nicer Touch
Of *Wycherly* or *Congreve*'s Wit.
What is this Talk? replies a Friend,
And where will this dry Moral end?
The Truth of what you here lay down
By ſome Example ſhould be ſhown.—
With all my Heart,—for once; read on.
An honeſt, but a ſimple Pair
(And twenty other I forbear)
May ſerve to make this *Theſis* clear.
A Doctor of great Skill and Fame,
PAULO PURGANTI was his Name,
Had a good, comely, virtuous Wife:
No Woman led a better Life:
She to Intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted:
She chuckl'd when a Bawd was carted:
And thought the Nation ne'er would thrive,
Till all the Whores were burnt alive.
On marry'd Men, that dar'd be bad,
She thought no Mercy ſhould be had;
They ſhould be hang'd, or ſtarv'd, or ſlead,
Or ſerv'd like *Ran* 's Prieſts in *Swede*.—
In ſhort, all Lewdneſs ſhe defy'd:
And ſtiff was her parochial Pride.

Yet

Yet in an honeſt Way, the Dame
Was a great Lover of That ſame;
And could from Scripture take her Cue,
That Huſbands ſhou'd give Wives their Due.
Her Prudence did ſo juſtly ſteer
Between the Gay and the Severe,
That if in ſome Regards ſhe choſe
To curb poor PAULO in too cloſe;
In others ſhe relax'd again,
And govern'd with a looſer Rein.
Thus tho' ſhe ſtrictly did confine
The Doctor from Exceſs of Wine:
With Oyſters, Eggs and Vermicelli
She let him almoſt burſt his Belly:
Thus drying Coffee was deny'd;
But Chocolate that Loſs ſupply'd;
And for Tobacco (who could bear it?)
Filthy Concomitant of Claret!
(Bleſt Revolution!) one might ſee
Eringo Roots, and Bohea Tea.
She often ſet the Doctor's Band.
And ſtroak'd his Beard, and ſqueez'd his Hand:
Kindly complain'd, that after Noon
He went to pore on Books too ſoon:
She held it wholeſomer by much,
To reſt a little on the Couch:
About his Waſte in Bed a-nights
She clung ſo cloſe—for fear of Sprites.
The Doctor underſtood the Call:
But had not always wherewithal.

The Lion's Skin too ſhort, you know,
(As *Plutarch*'s Morals finely ſhow)
Was lengthened by the Fox's Tail:
And Art ſupplies, where Strength may fail.
Unwilling then in Arms to meet
The Enemy, he could not beat;
He ſtrove to lengthen the Campaign,
And ſave his Forces by Chicane.
*Fabius*, the *Roman* Chief, who thus
By fair Retreat grew *Maximus*,
Shows us, that all that Warrior can do
With Force inferior, is *Cunctando*.
One Day then, as the Foe drew near,
With Love, and Joy, and Life, and Dear;
Our Don, who knew this Tittle-Tattle
Did, ſure as Trumpet, call to Battle;
Thought it extremely *à propos*,
To ward againſt the coming Blow:
To ward: But how? Ay, there's the Queſtion?
Fierce the Aſſault, unarm'd the Baſtion.
The Doctor feign'd a ſtrange Surprize:
He felt her Pulſe; he view'd her Eyes;
That beat too faſt: Theſe rowl'd too quick:
She was, he ſaid, or would be ſick:
He judg'd it abſolutely good,
That ſhe ſhould purge and cleanſe her Blood.
*Spaw* Waters for that End were got:
If they paſt eaſily or not,
What matters it? The Lady's Fever
Continu'd violent as ever.

For

For a Diſtemper of this Kind,
(*Blackmore* and *Hans* are of my Mind,)
If once it youthful Blood infects,
And chiefly of the Female Sex;
Is ſcarce remov'd by Pill or Potion;
Whate'er may be our Doctor's Notion.
One luckleſs Night then, as in Bed
The Doctor and the Dame were laid;
Again this cruel Fever came,
High Pulſe, ſhort Breath, and Blood in Flame.
What Meaſures ſhall poor PAULO keep
With Madam in this piteous taking?
She, like *Macbeth*, has murder'd Sleep,
And won't allow him Reſt, tho' waking.
Sad State of Matters! when we dare
Nor ask for Peace, nor offer War;
Nor *Livy* nor *Comines* have ſhown,
What in this Juncture may be done.
*Grotius* might own, that PAULO's Caſe is
Harder than any which he places
Amongſt his *Belli* and his *Pacis*.
He ſtrove, alas! but ſtrove in vain,
By dint of Logic to maintain,
That all the Sex was born to grieve,
Down to her Ladyſhip from *Eve*.
He rang'd his Tropes, and preach'd up Patience;
Back'd his Opinion with Quotations,
Divines and Moraliſts; and run ye on
Quite thro' from *Seneca* to *Bunyan*.

As much in vain he bid her try
To fold her Arms, to cloſe her Eye;
Telling her, Reſt would do her Good;
If any thing in Nature cou'd:
So held the *Greeks* quite down from *Galen*,
Maſters and Princes of the Calling:
So all our modern Friends maintain
(Tho' no great *Greeks*) in *Warwick-lane*.
Reduce, my Muſe, the Wand'ring Song:
A Tale ſhould never be too long.
The more he talk'd, the more ſhe burn'd,
And ſigh'd, and toſt, and groan'd, and turn'd:
At laſt, I wiſh, ſaid ſhe, my Dear—
(And whiſper'd ſomething in his Ear.)
You wiſh! wiſh on, the Doctor cries:
Lord! when will Womankind be wiſe?
What, in your Waters? are you mad?
Why Poiſon is not half ſo bad.
I'll do it—But I give you Warning:
You'll die before To-morrow Morning.—
'Tis kind, my Dear, what you adviſe;
The Lady with a Sigh replies!
But Life, you know, at beſt is Pain:
And Death is what we ſhould diſdain.
So do it therefore, and Adieu:
For I will die for Love of you.—
Let wanton Wives by Death be ſcar'd:
But, to my Comfort, I'm prepar'd.

## STREPHON *and* CHLOE; *or* *Beauty meer mortal.*

### A TALE.

*By Dr.* SWIFT.

OF CHLOE all the Town has rung;
By ev'ry Size of Poets ſung:
So beautiful a Nymph appears
But once in twenty thouſand Years:
By Nature form'd with niceſt Care,
And, faultleſs to a ſingle Hair.
Her graceful Mien, her Shape, and Face,
Confeſs'd her of no mortal Race:
And then, ſo nice, and ſo genteel;
Such Cleanlineſs from Head to Heel:
No Humours groſs, or frowzy Steams,
No noiſy Whiffs, or ſweaty Streams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintleſs Body flow.
Would ſo diſcreetly Things diſpoſe,
None ever ſaw her pluck a Roſe.
Her deareſt Comrades never caught her
Squat on her Hams to make Maid's Water.
You'd ſwear, that ſo divine a Creature
Felt no Neceſſities of Nature.
In Summer, had ſhe walk'd the Town,
Her Arm-pits would not ſtain her Gown:

At Country-Dances, not a Noſe
Could in the Dog-days ſmell her Toes.
Her Milk-white Hands, both Palms and Backs,
Like Iv'ry dry, and ſoft as Wax,
Her Hands, the ſofteſt ever felt,
* Tho' cold would burn, tho' dry would melt.
Dear *Venus*, hide this wond'rous Maid,
Nor let her looſe to ſpoil your Trade.
While ſhe engroſſeth ev'ry Swain,
You but o'er half the World can reign.
Think what a Caſe all Men are now in,
What ogling, ſighing, toaſting, vowing!
What powder'd Wigs! What Flames and Darts!
What Hampers full of bleeding Hearts!
What Sword-knots! What poetick Strains!
What Billet-doux, and clouded Canes!
But, STREPHON ſigh'd ſo loud and ſtrong,
He blew a Settlement along:
And, bravely drove his Rivals down
With Coach and Six, and Houſe in Town.
The baſhful Nymph no more withſtands,
Becauſe her dear Papa commands.
The charming Couple now unites:
Proceed we to the Marriage Rites.
*Imprimis*, at the Temple Porch
Stood *Hymen* with a flaming Torch:
The ſmiling *Cyprian* Goddeſs brings
Her infant Loves with purple Wings:

* *Though deep, yet clear*, &c. Denham.

And

And Pigeons billing, Sparrows treading,
Fair Emblems of a fruitful Wedding.
The Muſes next in Order follow,
Conducted by their Squire *Apollo*:
Then *Mercury* with ſilver Tongue,
And *Hebe*, Goddeſs ever young.
Behold the Bridegroom and his Bride,
Walk Hand in Hand, and Side by Side;
She by the tender Graces dreſt,
But he by *Mars*, in ſcarlet Veſt.
The Nymph was cover'd with her * *Flammeum*.
And *Phœbus* ſung the *Epithalamium*.
And, laſt, to make the Matter ſure,
Dame *Juno* brought a Prieſt demure.
† *Luna* was abſent, on Pretence
Her Time was not till nine Months hence.
The Rites perform'd, the Parſon paid,
In State return'd the grand Parade;
With loud Huzza's from all the Boys,
That, now the Pair muſt *crown their Joys*.
But ſtill the hardeſt Part remains.
STREPHON had long perplex'd his Brains,
How with ſo high a Nymph he might
Demean himſelf the Wedding-Night:
For, as he view'd his Perſon round,
Meer mortal Fleſh was all he found:

* *A Veil which the* Roman *Brides covered themſelves with, when they were going to be married.*
† Diana, *Goddeſs of the Midwives.*

His Hand, his Neck, his Mouth, and Feet,
Were duly waſh'd to keep them ſweet;
(With other Parts that ſhall be nameleſs,
The Ladies elſe might think me ſhameleſs.)
The Weather and his Love were hot;
And ſhou'd he ſtruggle, I know what—
Why let it go, if I muſt tell it—
He'll ſweat, and then the Nymph may ſmell it.
While ſhe a Goddeſs dy'd in Grain
Was unſuſceptible of Stain:
And, *Venus*-like, her fragrant Skin
Exhal'd *Ambroſia* from within:
Can ſuch a Deity endure
A mortal human Touch impure?
How did the humbled Swain deteſt
His pickled Beard, and hairy Breaſt!
His Night-cap, border'd round with Lace,
Could give no Softneſs to his Face.
Yet, if the Goddeſs could be kind,
What endleſs Raptures muſt he find!
And, Goddeſſes have now and then
Come down to viſit mortal Men:
To viſit and to court them too:
A certain Goddeſs, God knows who,
(As in a Book he heard it read)
Took Col'nel *Peleus* to her Bed.
But, what if he ſhould loſe his Life
By vent'ring on his heav'nly Wife?
For, STREPHON could remember well,
That, once he heard a School-boy tell,

How

How *Semele* of mortal Race,
By Thunder dy'd in *Jove*'s Embrace:
And, what if daring STREPHON dies
By Lightning ſhot from CHLOE's Eyes?
While theſe Reflections fill'd his Head,
The Bride was put in Form to Bed:
He follow'd, ſtript, and in he crept,
But, awfully his Diſtance kept.
Now, *Ponder well ye Parents dear*;
Forbid your Daughters guzzling Beer:
And, make them ev'ry Afternoon
Forbear their Tea, or drink it ſoon;
That, e'er to Bed they venture up,
They may diſcharge it ev'ry Sup:
If not, they muſt in evil Plight
Be often forc'd to riſe at Night,
Keep them to wholſome Food confin'd,
Nor let them taſte what cauſes Wind;
'Tis this (* the Sage of *Samos* means,
Forbidding his Diſciples Beans)
O, think what Evils muſt enſue;
Miſs *Moll* the Jade will burn it blue:
And when ſhe once has got the Art,
She cannot help it for her Heart;
But, out it flies, ev'n when ſhe meets
Her Bridegroom in the Wedding-Sheets.

* *A well-known Precept of* Pythagoras, *not to eat Beans.*

* *Carminative* and † *Diuretick*,
Will damp all Paſſion Sympathetick:
And, Love ſuch Nicety requires,
One *Blaſt* will put out all his Fires.
Since Huſbands get behind the Scene,
The Wife ſhould ſtudy to be clean;
Nor give the ſmalleſt room to gueſs
The Time when Nature wants to preſs;
But, after Marriage, practiſe more
Decorum than ſhe did before;
To keep her Spouſe deluded ſtill,
And make him fancy what ſhe will.

In Bed we left the married Pair:
'Tis Time to ſhew how Things went there.
STREPHON, who had been often told,
That Fortune ſtill aſſiſts the Bold,
Reſolv'd to make his firſt Attack:
But, CHLOE drove him fiercely back.
How could a Nymph ſo chaſte as CHLOE,
With Conſtitution cold and ſnowy,
Permit a brutiſh Man to touch her?
Ev'n Lambs by Inſtinct fly the Butcher.
Reſiſtance on the Wedding-Night
Is what our Maiden's claim by Right:
And, CHLOE, 'tis by all agreed,
Was Maid in Thought, in Word, and Deed;

* *Medicines to break Wind.*
† *Medicines to provoke Urine.*

Yet,

Yet, ſome aſſign a diff'rent Reaſon;
That STREPHON choſe no proper Seaſon.
Say, Fair Ones, muſt I make a Pauſe?
Or freely tell the ſecret Cauſe.
Twelve Cups of Tea, (with Grief I ſpeak)
Had now conſtrain'd the Nymph to leak.
This Point muſt needs be ſettled firſt:
The Bride muſt either void or burſt.
Then ſee the dire Effect of Peaſe,
Think what can give the Cholic Eaſe.
The Nymph oppreſt before, behind,
As Ships are toſt by Waves and Wind,
Steals out her Hand, by Nature led,
And brings a Veſſel into Bed:
Fair Utenſil, as ſmooth and white
As CHLOE's Skin, almoſt as bright.
STREPHON, who heard the fuming Rill
As from a moſſy Cliff diſtil;
Cry'd out, Ye Gods, what Sound is this?
Can CHLOE, heav'nly CHLOE p—ſs?
But when he ſmelt a noiſom Steam
Which oft attends that lukewarm Stream;
(*Salerno* * both together joins
As ſov'reign Med'cines for the Loins)
And, tho' contriv'd, we may ſuppoſe,
To ſlip his Ears, yet ſtruck his Noſe:

* *Vide Schol.* Salern. Rules of Health, written by the School of *Talernum*.

*Mingere cum bumbis res eſt ſaluberrima lumbis.*

He

He found her, whilſt the Scent increaſt,
As *mortal* as himſelf at leaſt.
But, ſoon with like Occaſions preſt,
He boldly ſent his Hand in queſt
(Inſpir'd with Courage from his Bride)
To reach the Pot on t' other Side.
And as he fill'd with reeking Vaſe,
Let fly a Rowzer in her Face.
The little *Cupids* hov'ring round,
(As Pictures prove) with Garlands crown'd,
Abaſht at what they ſaw and heard,
Flew off, nor never more appear'd.
Adieu to raviſhing Delights,
High Raptures, and romantic Flights;
To Goddeſſes ſo heav'nly ſweet,
Expiring Shepherds at their Feet;
To ſilver Meads and ſhady Bow'rs,
Dreſt up with *Amaranthin* Flow'rs,
How great the Change! how quickly made!
They learn to call a Spade, a Spade.
They ſoon from all Conſtraint are freed;
Can ſee each other *do their Need.*
On Box of Cedar ſits the Wife,
And makes it warm for *Deareſt Life.*
And, by the beaſtly way of Thinking,
Find great Society in Stinking.
Now, STREPHON daily entertains
His CHLOE in the homelieſt Strains:
And CHLOE more experienc'd grown,
With Int'reſt pays him back his own.

No

No Maid at Court is leſs aſham'd,
Howe'er for ſelling Bargains fam'd,
Than ſhe, to name her Parts behind,
Or, when a-bed, to let out Wind.
Fair *Decency*, celeſtial Maid,
Deſcend from Heav'n to Beauty's Aid:
Tho' Beauty may beget Deſire,
'Tis thou muſt fan the Lover's Fire:
For, Beauty, like ſupreme Dominion,
Is beſt ſupported by Opinion:
If Decency bring no Supplies,
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.
To ſee ſome radiant Nymph appear
In all her glitt'ring Birth-day Gear,
You think ſome Goddeſs from the Sky
Deſcended, ready cut and dry:
But, e'er you ſell yourſelf to Laughter,
Conſider well what may come after;
For fine Ideas vaniſh faſt,
While all the groſs and filthy laſt.
O STREPHON, e'er that fatal Day
When CHLOE ſtole your Heart away,
Had you but thro' a Cranny ſpy'd
On Houſe of Eaſe your future Bride,
In all the Poſtures of her Face,
Which Nature gives in ſuch a Caſe;
Diſtortions, Groanings, Strainings, Heavings;
'Twere better you had lickt her Leavings,
Than from Experience find too late
Your Goddeſs grown a filthy Mate.

Your Fancy then had always dwelt
On what you ſaw, and what you ſmelt;
Would ſtill the ſame Ideas give ye,
As when you ſpy'd her on the Privy.
And, ſpight of CHLOE's Charms divine,
Your Heart had been as whole as mine.
Authorities both old and recent
Direct that Women muſt be decent;
And from the Spouſe each Blemiſh hide
More than from all the World beſide.
Unjuſtly all our Nymphs complain,
Their Empire holds ſo ſhort a Reign;
Is after Marriage loſt ſo ſoon,
It hardly holds the Honey-Moon:
For, if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own Fault.
They take Poſſeſſion of the Crown,
And then throw all their Weapons down:
Tho' by the Politician's Scheme,
Whoe'er arrives at Pow'r ſupream,
Thoſe Arts by which at firſt they gain it,
They ſtill muſt practiſe to maintain it.
What various Ways our Females take,
To paſs for Wits before a Rake!
And, in the fruitleſs Search purſue
All other Methods but the true.
Some try to learn polite Behaviour,
By reading Books againſt their Saviour:
Some call it witty to reflect
On every natural Defect:

Some

Some ſhew they never want explaining,
To comprehend a double Meaning,
Be ſure a Tell-tale out of School
Is of all Wits the greateſt Fool:
Whoſe rank Imagination fills
Her Heart, and from her Lips diſtills;
You'd think ſhe utter'd from behind,
Or at her Mouth was breaking Wind.
Why is a handſome Wife ador'd
By ev'ry Coxcomb, but her Lord?
From yonder Puppet-man enquire,
Who wiſely hides his Wood and Wire:
Shews *Sheba*'s Queen compleatly dreſt,
And *Solomon* in Royal Veſt;
But, view them litter'd on the Floor,
Or ſtrung on Pegs behind the Door;
*Punch* is exactly of a Piece
With *Lorrain*'s Duke, and Prince of *Greece*.
A prudent Builder ſhould forecaſt
How long the Stuff is like to laſt;
And carefully obſerve the Ground,
To build on ſome Foundation ſound:
What Houſe, when its Materials crumble,
Muſt not inevitably tumble?
What Edifice can long endure,
Rais'd on a Baſis unſecure?
Raſh Mortals, e'er you take a Wife,
Contrive your Pile to laſt for Life:
Since Beauty ſcarce endures a Day,
And Youth ſo ſwiftly glides away;

Why will you make yourſelf a Bubble
To build on Sand, with Hay and Stubble?
On Senſe and Wit your Paſſion found,
By Decency cemented round;
Let Prudence with Good-nature ſtrive,
To keep Eſteem and Love alive.
Then, come Old-age whene'er it will,
Your Friendſhip ſhall continue ſtill:
And thus a mutual gentle Fire,
Shall never but with Life expire.

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## *The* AMOROUS GROOM.

### A TALE.

*From* LA FONTAINE.

A King in youthful Charms array'd,
Fair *Lombardy*'s bright Scepter ſway'd.
The Kings of this ſame Country gain
Frequent Admittance to my Brain,
But honeſt *Boccace* often ſhews 'em
So a-propos, one can't refuſe 'em.
'Tis fit that you this Hint ſhould read,
Before we venture to proceed.
This King, if we may credit Fame,
Eſpous'd a Soul-inchanting Dame,
As chaſte, as prudent, and as fair,
As Queens in our Romances are.

Her

Her Eyes no Glance could ever dart,
But ſome poor Gazer loſt his Heart;
New dawning Charms, each Day diſcovers,
And half her Subjects were her Lovers,
You'll think, when theſe fine Things are ſaid,
She needs muſt bleſs her Monarch's Bed.
And certain 'tis, no Royal Sheets
E'er prov'd the Scenes of ſofter Sweets.
But *Cupid*, who delights in Malice,
And lov'd to roam about the Palace,
As he was whiſking round his Link,
Juſt where the Floor diſclos'd a Chink,
Shook out a Spark, 'tis far from Fable,
And down it dropt into the Stable;
And, ſtill accuſtomed to conſume,
Fir'd the Præcordia of a Groom;
Another wou'd have ſaid, his Heart;
But ſurely if nice Terms of Art
Can ſometimes happen to fall pat in,
They'll ſhew at once our Wit and *Latin*.
This very Groom, we'll call him *Peter*,
Since that's a Name will ſuit our Metre,
This Groom, I ſay, with many a Maid,
Paſs'd for a very dapper Blade;
His well-turn'd Perſon and his Parts
Had ſuch a Knack at ſtealing Hearts,
That all the Virgins where he came,
Were languiſhing to loſe that Name.
But what was more engaging yet,
My Author ſays the Youth had Wit;

And well he made it ſoon appear,
As in the Sequel you ſhall hear.
This Spark, when he beheld the Queen,
Was raviſh'd at her matchleſs Mien;
Her Eyes had ſhot him to the Soul,
And his Heart kindled like a Coal.
He ſigh'd, and gnaw'd his Nails—What then?
Why then, he ſigh'd and gnaw'd again.
*Cupid* was touch'd to ſee this Pother,
As much as if he'd been his Brother;
Obſequious to his Aid he fled,
And perch'd unſeen upon his Head;
Where, in leſs Time than Lawyers hatch up,
Some lucky Lye, their Cauſe to patch up,
He fill'd his Brain with ſuch Vagaries,
As ſoon diminiſh'd his Quandaries.
For *Cupid* diſciplines ſo well,
He'll make an Oaf a *Machiavel*,
And daily furbiſh up more Sages,
Than Schools can hammer out in Ages.
You call for Proof—Why, if I need it,
This Tale's my Voucher, pleaſe to read it.
Our Love-ſick Brother of the Manger
Now hooted at the Thing call'd Danger,
And yet he wiſely thought it good,
To be as cautious as he cou'd;
Tho' bleſs'd with *Bronze*, he thought it Ruin
To tell the Queen what he'd be doing,
Becauſe he knew her Majeſty
Would never yield Extempore;

But rather he might apprehend,
His Suit would haſte his latter End,
And, therefore, he could ſee no Reaſon
Why Love ſhould talk him into Treaſon;
Nor did he think it one Jot better
To ſcrawl his Paſſion in a Letter,
For Letters oft have caus'd the Writers
To curſe the Day they were Enditers.
To ſuch a Situation drove,
Between the Gallows and his Love,
How did he this Dilemma ſettle?
Why, truly like a Man of Mettle.
Thought he, my Paſſion, if I faulter,
Will prove as fatal as a Halter,
And ſince 'tis very plain I may die,
Or, by the Hangman, or the Lady;
*Cupid* conduct me to her Bed,
To make me talk'd of when I'm dead.
The God, who heard this pious Prayer,
Reſolv'd to make the Buſineſs bear,
And how his Pupil he did chear up,
A Paragraph or two ſhall clear up.
In *Lombardy*, Friend *Boccace* ſays,
By the fixt Cuſtom of thoſe Days,
The King and Queen lay oft aſunder;
But this we think no mighty Wonder,
Becauſe, if Fame the Truth reports,
'Tis much the ſame in modern Courts.
His Majeſty, 'tis likewiſe ſaid,
When e'er he took it in his Head,

To

To cheer his Queen an Hour or more,
Tript ſoftly to her Chamber-Door,
Where a ſage Matron, plac'd in Waiting,
Would often let the Monarch late in,
Looſe in his Gown, as wiſely gueſſing
'Twould ſave ſome Moments in undreſſing.
The Reader too muſt underſtand,
A Taper glimmer'd in his Hand,
Leſt he ſhould ſtumble on ſome Plank ill,
And bruiſe an Eye, or ſprain an Ancle;
But yet ſo feeble was the Blaze,
The Devil ſcarce could know his Face,
The Crone, who knew what he deſir'd,
Receiv'd the Taper and retir'd;
This was the Practice, then well known,
And ev'ry Nation has its own.

*Peter*, who manag'd not his Wit ill,
Knew the whole Cuſtom to a Tittle,
And, ſoon accoutred in this Gear,
He at the Portal did appear;
The Monarch's Rap he had ſo trim,
The good Duenna thought 'twas him;
She ope'd the Door, and took his Light;
Then wiſh'd the Mimic King good Night,
Bleſſing her Stars for this kind Hap
That gave her gummy Eyes a Nap.

Our Wag had nothing now to dread,
But that the King might come to Bed;
'Twas dangerous to be too heedleſs,
But, for that Time, his Ears were needleſs.

Laſt Morn, the Monarch roſe at Four
To rouſe with Hounds and Horn the Boar;
He ne'er had hunted down a bigger,
And left himſelf ſo little Vigour,
That the kind Reader may conclude,
He thought his Viſit would be rude,
At leaſt, 'till Midnight Hours were paſt,
Love's Cheer he could not hope to taſte.
And now, what Youth ſo near the Bleſſing,
Wou'd think of ought elſe but undreſſing?
This *Peter* did, and had you ſeen him,
You'd wonder how he cou'd ſo clean him,
His Linnen was ſo lilly neat,
And with rich Eſſence made ſo ſweet,
That had you view'd him in the Room,
When he did firſt put off the Groom,
You wou'd have ſworn, to ſee the Man dreſs,
*Venus* herſelf had been his Laundreſs,
But not to tire you on that Head,
*Peter* we'll now ſuppoſe in Bed.
But here, 'tis fit we tell our Readers,
One of the real King's Procedures,
The Monarch, oft, when State-Affairs
Perplex'd his Head with royal Cares,
When Officers in Truſt were thieviſh,
Or if his Houſhold made him peeviſh,
Wou'd claſp his Conſort in his Arms,
And ſilently enjoy her Charms,
And tho' ſhe made his Spirits flutter,
The Devil of a Word he'd utter.

Th'

Th' obſequious Queen, without much teaching,
Cou'd eaſily diſpenſe with ſpeeching;
A Lover, right in other Matters,
May pleaſe the more, the leſs he chatters.
This lucky Circumſtance however,
For *Peter* was compleatly clever,
And he improv'd it to the beſt,
Nor need the Muſe relate the reſt;
Only, that in thoſe myſtic Cafes,
That have Relation to Embraces,
Fame, if we dare truſt her, ſings
One Groom is worth two Brace of Kings.
The Queen, it then may be believ'd,
Some Diff'rence, at that Time, perceiv'd.
Surpriz'd at ſo much am'rous Play,
She thought her Monarch ſtrangely gay,
And fancy'd that his Choler might
Make him exceed himſelf that Night.
Heav'n, in its Gifts, is always juſt,
Nor will, to one, all Talents truſt,
An Emperor of ſome great Nation,
Has Virtues proper for his Station,
A Lawyer too, has all his Paces,
And clears, and often puzzles Cafes;
As to Love's Sports, without an Oath,
A ſingle Groom excels them both.
Our Gallant, having oft repeated
His briſk Attack, at laſt retreated;
He thought it Wiſdom to be gone
E'er Morn's bright Pinners were put on,

And

And therefore, lighted on by no Ray,
Got out of Bed before *Aurora*.
Here Love had taught his happy Student
To be, what few are, bleſs'd and prudent,
For had he ſtaid five Minutes more,
He'd met the Monarch at the Door.
The Monarch?—Pray, what's this you've ſaid?
I thought he went fatigu'd to Bed.
'Tis true; the Reader there is right,
But he was not fatigu'd all Night.
And therefore, e'er the Dawn was ſeen,
He paid a Viſit to the Queen.
Her Majeſty, who heard him enter,
Was much ſurpriz'd at this Adventure,
And more to be ſo little cloying,
That he was ſtill inclin'd to toying.
My deareſt Lord, ſaid ſhe, it ſeems
Your Fondneſs prompts you to Extremes;
But tho' I own this kind Proceeding,
Beſpeaks the Heighth of royal Breeding,
I would not, for your Kingdom's Wealth,
Permit you to impair your Health:
You're dearer to me, than my Eyes, Sir,
And ſix Careſſes will ſuffice, Sir;
Beſides, your Majeſty well knows,
'Tis not ten Minutes ſince you roſe.
The Monarch now, as he lay moping,
Began to ſmoke ſome Interloping;
But ſince he reliſh'd not the Jeſt,
He thought that Silence wou'd be beſt,

And ſo, as faſt as he was able,
He tripp'd directly to the Stable;
Well judging that no Courtier Beau,
Had in Love's Feats eclips'd him ſo.
I have, ſays he, much Cauſe to fear,
My luſty Rival may be here,
And, tho' no outward Marks diſplay him,
His Palpitation will betray him.
It happen'd that the King, this Night
Forgot to bring his Waxen Light,
And therefore grop'd along the Gloom,
And felt about from Groom to Groom.
*Peter*, who heard him in the Hay,
Sweat Streams of *Aſſa Fœtida*,
And ſlept Dog's Sleep, as Poeple ſay.
The good Prince hoping to diſcover,
By his high Pulſe the happy Lover;
Choſe a good Thought for his Director,
And was not croſs'd in his Conjecture,
But quickly laid his Hand on *Peter*,
And felt him ſcorch like any Heater.
The Monarch having found his Man,
A ſecond Scheme of Thought began;
He meant to know him in the Morning,
That Grooms might by his Fate take Warning.
He found, by ſtretching out his Leg,
A Pair of Sciſſars on a Peg,
Which Fortune ſeem'd then to produce
On purpoſe for his preſent Uſe.

'Tis

'Tis well, thought he, I'll mark the Droll,
So clipt a Lock from *Peter*'s Poll.
The King, thus having gain'd his Aim,
Pok'd off as ſoftly as he came,
Tho' ſhort of what he had deſign'd,
Becauſe he left the Lock behind,
And *Peter*, to prevent Diſaſter,
Determin'd to out-wit his Maſter;
So crept to each Companion's Bed,
And ſnipt a Lock from every Head.
Now Morning ſhines, the King admires
To ſee his Grooms all cropt like Friars;
And has my Spouſe, thinks he, and raves,
This Night careſs'd theſe ſixteen Slaves!
No ſure, for this would make my Queen a
Worſe Prodigy than *Meſſalina*.
Well, Sirs, ſaid he, with ſmoother Brow,
Whoe'er has done the Deed, but now,
Let him be ſilent, and refrain
From going he knows where again.

---

## † *A* RIDDLE *upon* * * * *

*By Dr.* SWIFT.

BEcauſe I am by Nature *blind*,
I wiſely chuſe to walk *behind*;
However, to avoid Diſgrace,
I let no Creature ſee my *Face*.

My *Words* are few, but ſpoke with *Senſe:*
And yet my *Speaking* gives Offence:
Or, if to *whiſper* I preſume,
The Company will fly the Room.
By all the World I am *oppreſt*,
And my *Oppreſſion* gives them *Reſt*.
Through me, tho' ſore againſt my Will,
*Inſtructors* ev'ry Art inſtill.
By Thouſands I am *ſold* and *bought*,
Who neither get nor loſe a Groat;
For none, alas! by me can gain,
But thoſe who give me *greateſt Pain*.
Shall Man preſume to be my Maſter,
Who's but my *Caterer* and *Taſter*?
Yet tho' I always have my Will,
I'm but a meer *Depender* ſtill;
An humble *Hanger-on* at beſt;
Of whom all People *make a Jeſt*.
In me, Detractors ſeek to find
Two Vices of a diff'rent Kind:
I'm too profuſe, ſome Cenſ'rers cry,
And all I get, I *let it fly:*
While others give me many a Curſe,
Becauſe too *cloſe* I hold my *Purſe*.
But this I know, in either Caſe
They dare not charge me to my *Face*.
'Tis true, indeed, ſometimes I *ſave*,
Sometimes *run out* of all I have;
But when the Year is at an End,
Computing what I *get* and *ſpend*,

My

My *Goings out*, and *Comings in*,
I cannot find I loſe or win;
And therefore all that know me, ſay,
I juſtly keep the *middle Way*.
I'm always by my Betters led;
I laſt *get up*, and firſt *a-bed*;
Tho' if I riſe *before my Time*,
The Learn'd in Sciences ſublime,
Conſult the Stars, and then foretell
*Good Luck* to thoſe with whom I dwell.

---

## †KITTY's DREAM.†

*By Mr.* HENRY BAKER.

ON her Couch, one Summer's Day,
Beauteous, youthful KITTY lay:
*Venus* ſaw her from Above,
(Smiling *Venus*, Queen of Love:)
Amaz'd at each celeſtial Grace,
Her poliſh'd Limbs, her blooming Face;
Come here, my Son, ſhe ſaid, and ſee
One you might have took for me.
Roguiſh *Cupid*, laughing, cries,
O give me Leave to quit the Skies,
And make that heav'nly Maiden prove
The various Myſteries of Love:
The cloſe Embrace, the juicy Kiſs,
The raging, dying, melting Bliſs.

*Venus* conſented; Go, my Boy,
Make her know the Heighth of Joy.
Away the Archer and his Train
Sport along th' Etherial Plain.
Now, around the ſleeping Fair
Thouſand *Cupids* fill the Air;
In her Boſom ſome inſpire
Tender Wiſhes, warm Deſire;
Some in balmy Kiſſes ſip
Nectar from her glowing Lip;
Her each heaving ſnowy Breaſt,
Some with wanton Ardor preſt;
Twining round her ſlender Waſte,
Some with eager Joy embrac'd;
Whilſt at random others rove
Through the fragrant Groves of Love.
While thus the God his Revels keeps,
KITTY, happy Virgin! ſleeps:
A pleaſing Dream her Soul employs,
Rich with imaginary Joys.
She thinks Sir *Charles* upon his Knees,
Beſeeching her to give him Eaſe;
That ſhe diſdainful looks a-while,
At length with a complying Smile
His Fears diſpelling, lets him ſee
She burns with Love as well as He:
That folded in his eager Arms,
He boldly rifles all her Charms,
While ſhe returns the warm Embrace,
Breaſt to Breaſt, and Face to Face!

Sighing,

Sighing, ſhe wakes: Ah, Love! ſhe cries,
How vaſt muſt be thy real Joys?
When thus divinely great they ſeem,
Tho' but imagin'd in a Dream!
Scarcely this Reflection o'er,
A Footman thunders at the Door:
KITTY, diſorder'd, leaves her Couch,
And *Betty* tells the Knight's Approach.
He enters with becoming Grace,
Bluſhes overſpread her Face;
In a ſoft perſuaſive Strain
He begs her to relieve his Pain:
Nothing ſhe ſays: But from her Eyes
He learns that nothing ſhe denies.
Encourag'd thence, her Lips, her Breaſt,
He tries, and wanders o'er the reſt;
The glowing Maid, no longer coy,
Gives an unbounded Looſe to Joy;
Around him folds her ſnowy Arms,
At once beſtowing all her Charms:
And now, this happy Couple prove
All the ſubſtantial Sweets of Love,
While thouſand *Cupids*, laughing by,
Aſſiſt their bliſsful Ecſtacy.
Looſen'd from his fond Embrace,
My Dream, ſhe cries, is come to paſs!—
And did my Charmer dream of this?
Sir *Charles* replies, and takes a Kiſs;
Henceforth, whene'er you dream, my Dear,
Let me be your Interpreter.

## CASSINUS *and* PETER ; *or* Cælia at St---l.

### A TALE.

*By Dr.* SWIFT.

TWO College Sophs of *Cambridge* Growth,
Both ſpecial Wits, and Lovers both,
Conferring as they us'd to meet,
On Love and Books, in Rapture ſweet;
(Muſe, find me Names to fit my Metre,
*Caſſinus* this, and t'other *Peter*)
Friend *Peter* to *Caſſinus* goes,
To chat a-while, and warm his Noſe:
But ſuch a Sight was never ſeen,
The Lad lay ſwallow'd up in Spleen ;
He ſeem'd as juſt crept out of Bed ;
One greaſy Stocking round his Head,
The t'other he ſat down to darn
With Threads of diff'rent-colour'd Yarn:
His Breeches torn, expoſing wide
A ragged Shirt, and tawny Hide.
Scorch'd were his Shins, his Legs were bare,
But, well embrown'd with Dirt and Hair.
A Rug was o'er his Shoulders thrown ;
A Rug ; for Night-gown he had none.
His Jordan ſtood in Manner fitting
Between his Legs, to ſpew or ſpit in.

His antient Pipe in Sable dy'd,
And half unſmoakt, lay by his Side.
Him, thus accoutred, *Peter* found,
With Eyes in Smoak and Weeping drown'd:
The Leavings of his laſt Night's Pot
On Embers plac'd, to drink it hot.
Why *Caſſy*, thou wilt doze thy Pate:
What makes thee lie a-bed ſo late?
The Finch, the Linnet, and the Thruſh,
Their Mattins chant in ev'ry Buſh:
And, I have heard thee oft ſalute
*Aurora* with thy early Flute.
Heaven ſend thou haſt not got the Hyps.
How? not a Word come from thy Lips?
Then, gave him ſome familiar Thumps,
A College Joke, to cure the Dumps.
The Swain at laſt, with Grief oppreſt,
Cry'd *Cælia* thrice, and ſigh'd the reſt.
Dear *Caſſy*, tho' to aſk I dread,
Yet, aſk I muſt: Is *Cælia* dead?
How happy I, were that the worſt;
But I was fated to be curſt.
Come, tell us, has ſhe play'd the Whore?
Oh, *Peter!* wou'd it were no more;
Why, Plague confound her ſandy Locks:
Say, has ſhe the Small or Greater Pox;
Sunk down her Noſe, or ſeam'd her Face?
Be eaſy, 'tis a common Caſe.
O *Peter!* Beauty's but a Varniſh,
Which Time and Accidents will tarniſh:

But,

But *Cælia* has contriv'd to blaſt
Thoſe Beauties that might ever laſt.
Nor can Imagination gueſs,
No Eloquence divine expreſs,
How that ungrateful charming Maid,
My pureſt Paſſion has betray'd.
Conceive the moſt envenom'd Dart,
To pierce an injur'd Lover's Heart.
Why, hang her; tho' ſhe ſeem'd ſo coy,
I know ſhe loves the Barber's Boy.
Friend *Peter*, this I could excuſe;
For, ev'ry Nymph has Leave to chuſe;
Nor, have I Reaſon to complain:
She loves a more deſerving Swain.
But, oh! how ill haſt thou divin'd
A Crime that ſhocks all Human-kind;
A Deed unknown to Female Race,
At which the Sun ſhould hide his Face.
Advice in vain you would apply—
Then leave me to deſpair and die.
Yet, kind *Arcadians*, on my Urn,
Theſe Elegies and Sonnets burn,
And on the Marble grave theſe Rhimes,
A Monument to After-times:
" Here *Caſſy* lies, by *Cælia* ſlain,
" And dying, never told his Pain.
Vain empty World farewel. But, hark!
The loud *Cerberian* triple Bark.
And there—behold *Alecto* ſtand,
A Whip of Scorpions in her Hand.

Lo,

Lo, *Charon* from his leaky Wherry,
Beck'ning to waft me o'er the Ferry.
I come, I come, —— *Meduſa*, ſee,
Her Serpent hiſs direct at me.
Begone; unhand me, helliſh Fry:
* Avaunt —— ye cannot ſay 'twas I.
Dear *Caſſy*, thou muſt purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.
But now, by Friendſhip's ſacred Laws,
I here conjure thee, tell the Cauſe;
And *Cælia*'s horrid Fact relate:
Thy Friend would gladly ſhare thy Fate.
To force it out, my Heart muſt rend:
Yet, when conjur'd by ſuch a Friend ——
Think *Peter*, how thy Soul is rackt,
Theſe Eyes, theſe Eyes beheld the Fact.
Now, bend thine Ear; ſince out it muſt:
But, when thou ſeeſt me laid in Duſt,
The Secret thou ſhalt ne'er impart;
Nor to the Nymph that keeps thy Heart;
(How would her Virgin Soul bemoan,
A Crime to all her Sex unknown!)
Nor whiſper to the tattling Reeds,
The blackeſt of all Female Deeds,
Nor blab it on the lonely Rocks,
Where *Echo* ſits, and liſt'ning, mocks.
Nor let the Zephyr's treach'rous Gale,
Through *Cambridge* waft the direful Tale.

* *See* Macbeth.

Nor

Nor to the chatt'ring feather'd Race,
Diſcover *Cælia*'s foul Diſgrace.
But, if you fail, my Spectre dread
Attending nightly round your Bed.——
——And yet, I dare confide in you;
So, take my Secret, and adieu.
Nor wonder how I loſt my Wits:
Oh! *Cælia*, *Cælia*, *Cælia* ſh——.

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## *The* FAIR NUN, *or Woman an Overmatch for the* Devil.

### A TALE.

*From* LA FONTAINE.

WE ſage *Carteſians*, who profeſs
Ourſelves ſworn Foes to Emptineſs,
Aſſert, that Souls a Tip-toe ſtand
On what we call the *Pineal Gland*;
As Weather-Cocks on Spires are plac'd,
To turn the quicker with each Blaſt.
This granted, can you think it ſtrange
We all ſhou'd be ſo prone to change;
Ev'n from the Go-cart, 'till we wear
A Sattin Cap i'th' Elbow Chair?
The Follies that the Child began,
Cuſtom makes currant in the Man;
And firm by Livery and Seiſin,
Holds the Fee-ſimple of his Reaſon.

But

But ſtill the Guſts of Love we find
Blow ſtrongeſt on a Woman's Mind:
Nor need I learnedly purſue
The latent Cauſe, th' Effect is true;
For Proof of which, in Manner ample,
I mean to give you one Example.
Upon a Time, (for ſo my Nurſe,
Heav'n reſt her Bones! began Diſcourſe;)
A lovely Nymph, and juſt Nineteen,
Began to languiſh with the Spleen.
She who had ſhone at Balls and Play,
In Gold Brocade extremely gay,
All on a ſudden grew preciſe,
Declaim'd againſt the Growth of Vice,
A very *Prude* in half a Year;
And moſt believ'd ſhe was ſincere.
Necklace of Pearl no more ſhe wears,
That's ſanctify'd to count her Pray'rs.
*Venus*, and all her naked *Loves*,
The Reformado Nymph removes;
And *Magdalen*, with Saints and Martyrs,
Was plac'd in their reſpective Quarters.
Nor yet content, ſhe cou'd not bear
The Rankneſs of the publick Air;
'Twas ſo infected with the Vice
Of luſcious Songs and Lover's Sighs.
So moſt devoutly wou'd be gone,
And ſtrait profeſs herſelf a Nun.
A Youth of Breeding and Addreſs,
And call him *Thyrſis* if you pleaſe,

Who

Who had ſome Wealth to recompenſe
His ſlender Dividend of Senſe:
Yet cou'd, with little Thought and Care,
Write tender Things to pleaſe the Fair;
And then ſucceſſively did grow
From a half-wit, a finiſh'd Beau;
(For Fops thus naturally riſe,
As Maggots turn to Butterflies.)
This Spark, as Story tells, before
Had held with Madam an Amour;
Which he reſolving to purſue,
Exactly took the proper Cue;
And on the Wings of Love he flies
To Lady Abbeſs in Diſguiſe;
And tells her he had brought th' Advowſon
Of Soul and Body to diſpoſe on.
Old Sanctity, who nothing fear'd
In Petticoats without a Beard,
Fond of a Proſelite, and Fees,
Admits the Fox among the Geeſe.

Here Duty, Wealth, and Honour prove,
Tho' Three to One, too weak for *Love*:
And to deſcribe the War throughout,
Wou'd make a glorious Piece no doubt:
Where mortal Virtues might be ſlain,
And riſe, and fight, and fall again;
*Love* ſhou'd a bloody Myrtle wear,
And, like *Camilla*, fierce and fair,
The Nun ſhou'd charge.—But I forbear.

All

All human Joys, tho' ſweet in taſting,
Are ſeldom (more's the Pity!) laſting:
The Nymph had Qualms, her Cheeks were pale,
Which others thought th' Effects of Zeal.
But ſhe, poor ſhe, began to doubt,
(Beſt knowing what ſhe'd been about;)
The Marriage Earneſt-Penny lay
And burnt her Pocket, as we ſay.
She now invokes, to eaſe her Soul,
The Dagger and the poiſon'd Bowl;
And, ſelf-condemn'd for Breach of Vow,
To loſe her Life and Honour too,
Talk'd in as tragical a Strain, as
Your craz'd *Monimias* and *Roxanas*.

But as ſhe in her Cell lay ſighing,
Diſtracted, weeping, drooping, dying,
The Fiend (who never wants Addreſs
To ſuccour Damſels in Diſtreſs)
Appearing, told her he perceiv'd
The fatal Cauſe for which ſhe griev'd;
But promis'd her *en Cavalier*,
She ſhou'd be freed from all her Fear;
And with her *Thyrſis* lead a Life
Devoid of all domeſtic Strife,
If ſhe wou'd ſign a certain Scrawl—
Ay, that ſhe wou'd, if that was all.
She ſign'd, and he engag'd to do
Whate'er ſhe pleas'd to ſet him to.

The Critick's muſt excuſe me now;
They both were freed, no matter how:

For when we *Epic* Writers uſe
Machines, to diſengage the Muſe,
We're clean acquit of all Demands,
The Matter's left in abler Hands;
And if they cannot looſe the Knot,
Shou'd we be cenſur'd? I think not.
The Scene thus alter'd, both were gay,
For Pomp and Pleaſure who but they?
Who might do ev'ry Thing but pray.
Madam in her gilt Chariot flaunted,
And *Pug* brought ev'ry Thing ſhe wanted;
A Slave devoted to her Will:
But Woman will be wav'ring ſtill.
Ev'n Vice without Variety
Their ſqueamiſh Appetites will cloy.
And having ſtol'n from Lady Abbeſs
One of our merry modern *Rabbies*,
She found a Trick ſhe thought wou'd paſs,
And prove the Devil but an Aſs.
His next Attendance happen'd right,
Amidſt a moonleſs ſtormy Night,
When Madam and her Spouſe together,
Gueſs'd at his coming by the Weather.
He came: To Night, ſays he, I drudge
To fetch a *Heriot* for a Judge;
A gouty nine-i'th'-hundred Knave:
But, Madam, do you want your Slave?
I need not preſently be gone,
Becauſe the Doctors have not done.

A roſy

A roſy Vicar and a Quack
Repuls'd me in my laſt Attack;
But all in vain, for mine he is;
A Fig for both the Faculties.
The Dame produc'd a ſingle Hair,
But whence it came I cannot ſwear;
Yet this I will affirm is true,
It curl'd like any Bottle-Screw.
Sir *Nic*, quoth ſhe, you know us all,
We Ladies are fantaſtical:
You ſee this Hair—*Yes*, *Madam*—Pray,
In Preſence of my Huſband ſtay,
And make it ſtrait: or elſe you grant
Our ſolemn League and Covenant
Is void in Law.—*It is*, *I own it:*
And ſo he ſets to work upon it.
He tries, not dreaming of a Cheat,
If wetting wou'd not do the Feat:
And 'twas, in truth, a proper Notion;
But ſtill it kept th' elaſtic Motion.
Well! more ways may be found than one,
To kill a Witch that will not drown.
If I, quoth he, conceive its Nature,
This Hair has flouriſh'd nigh the Water.
'Tis criſp'd with Cold, perhaps, and then
The Fire will make it ſtrait again.
In haſte he to the Fire applies it,
And turns it round and round, and eyes it.
Heigh jingo, worſe than 'twas before!
The more it warms it twirls the more.

He ſtamp'd his cloven Foot, and chaf'd;
The Huſband and the Lady laugh'd.
Howe'er he fancy'd ſure enough,
He ſhou'd not find it Hammer-proof.
No *Cyclops* e'er at work was warmer,
At forging Thunder-bolts or Armour,
Than *Satan* was: but all in vain;
Again he beats.—It curls again!
At length he bellow'd in a Rage,
This Hair will take me up an Age.
This take an Age! the Huſband ſwore,
Z—ds *Betty* has five hundred more.
More! Take your Bond, quoth *Pug*; adieu,
'Tis Loſs of Time to ply for you.

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## *The* LADLE, *or the* Triple Wiſh.

### A TALE.

*By Mr.* PRIOR.

THE Scepticks think, 'twas long ago,
Since Gods came down *Incognito*:
To ſee who were their Friends or Foes,
And how our Actions fell or roſe:
That ſince They gave Things their Beginning;
And ſet this Whirligig a Spinning;
Supine They in their Heav'n remain,
Exempt from Paſſion, and from Pain:

And

And frankly leave us Human Elves,
To cut and ſhuffle for ourſelves:
To ſtand or walk, or riſe or tumble,
As Matter, and as Motion jumble.
The Poets now, and Painters hold
This *Theſis* both abſurd and bold:
And your good-natur'd Gods, they ſay,
Deſcend ſome twice or thrice a-day:
Elſe all thoſe Things we toil ſo hard in,
Would not avail one ſingle Farthing:
For when the Hero we rehearſe,
To grace his Actions and our Verſe;
'Tis not by dint of Human Thought,
That to his *Latium* he is brought;
*Iris* deſcends by Fate's Commands,
To guide his Steps thro' Foreign Lands:
And *Amphitrite* clears the Way
From Rocks and Quickſands in the Sea.
And if you ſee him in the Sketch,
(Tho' drawn by *Paulo* or *Carache*)
He ſhows not half his Force or Strength,
Strutting in Armour, and at Length;
That he may take his proper Figure,
The Piece muſt yet be four Yards bigger:
The *Nymphs* conduct him to the Field:
One holds his Sword, and One his Shield:
*Mars* ſtanding by aſſerts his Quarrel:
And *Fame* flies after with a Lawrel.
Theſe Points, I ſay, of Speculation
(As 'twere to ſave or ſink a Nation)

Men idly learned will diſpute,
Aſſert, object, confirm, refute:
Each mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal Arms ſuſtains the Fight;
'Till now no Umpire can agree 'em:
So both draw off, and ſing *Te Deum*.
Is it in *Equilibrio*,
If Deities deſcend or no:
Then let th' Affirmitive prevail,
As requiſite to form my Tale:
For by all Parties 'tis confeſt,
That theſe Opinions are the beſt,
Which in their Nature moſt conduce
To preſent Ends, and private Uſe.
Two Gods came therefore from above,
One *Mercury*, the t'other *Jove*:
The Humour was (it ſeems) to know,
If all the Favours They beſtow,
Could from our own Perverſeneſs eaſe Us;
And if our Wiſh enjoy'd would pleaſe Us.
Diſcourſing largely on this Theme,
O'er Hills and Dales their Godſhips came;
'Till well nigh tir'd at almoſt Night,
They thought it proper to alight.
Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in Diſguiſe a God or Goddeſs
Exerts no ſupernat'ral Powers;
But acts on Maxims much like Ours.
They ſpy'd at laſt a Country Farm,
Where all was ſnug, and clean, and warm:

For

For Woods before, and Hills behind
Secur'd it both from Rain and Wind:
Large Oxen in the Fields were lowing:
Good Grain was ſow'd: good Fruit was growing:
Of laſt Year's Corn in Barns great Store:
Fat Turkey's gobbling at the Door:
And Wealth (in ſhort) with Peace conſented,
That People here ſhould live contented:
But did they in Effect do ſo?
Have Patience, Friend, and thou ſhalt know.
The honeſt Farmer and his Wife,
Two Years declin'd from Prime of Life,
Had ſtruggled with the Marriage Nooſe;
As almoſt ev'ry Couple does:
Sometimes, my Plague! ſometimes, my Darling!
Kiſſing to Day, to Morrow ſnarling:
Jointly ſubmitting to endure
That Evil, which admits no Cure.
Our Gods the outward Gate unbarr'd:
Our Farmer met 'em in the Yard;
Thought they were Folks that loſt their Way;
And aſk'd them civilly to ſtay:
Told 'em, for Supper, or for Bed
They might go on, and be worſe ſped.—
So ſaid, ſo done: The Gods conſent:
All three into the Parlour went:
They compliment: They ſit; They chat;
Fight o'er the Wars; reform the State;
A thouſand knotty Points they clear,
'Till Supper and the Wife appear.

*Jove* made his Leg, and kiſs'd the Dame:
Obſequious *Hermes* did the ſame.
*Jove* kiſs'd the Farmer's Wife, you ſay.
He did—but in an honeſt Way:
Oh! not with half that Warmth and Life,
With which he kiſs'd *Amphytryon*'s Wife.—
Well then, Things handſomely were ſerv'd:
The Miſtreſs for the Strangers carv'd.
How ſtrong the Beer, how good the Meat,
How loud They laugh'd, how much they eat,
In Epic ſumptuous wou'd appear;
Yet ſhall be paſs'd in Silence here:
For I ſhould grieve to have it ſaid,
That by a fine Deſcription led,
I made my Epiſode too long,
Or tir'd my Friend, to grace my Song.
The Grace-Cup ſerv'd, the Cloth away,
*Jove* thought it Time to ſhew his Play:
Landlord and Landlady, He cry'd,
Folly and Jeſting laid aſide,
That ye thus hoſpitably live,
And Strangers with good Cheer receive,
Is mighty grateful to your Betters,
And makes e'en Gods themſelves your Debtors.
To give this *Theſis* plainer Proof,
You have to Night beneath your Roof
A Pair of Gods: (nay never wonder)
This Youth can Fly, and I can Thunder.
I'm *Jupiter*, and He *Mercurius*,
My Page, my Son indeed, but ſpurious.

Form then three Wiſhes, You and Madam:
And ſure as you already had 'em,
The Things deſir'd in half an Hour
Shall all be here, and in your Pow'r.
Thank ye, great Gods, the Woman ſays:
Oh! may your Altars ever blaze.
A LADLE for our Silver Diſh
Is what I want, is what I wiſh.—
A LADLE! cries the Man, a LADLE!
'Odzooks, *Coriſca*, you have pray'd ill:
What ſhould be Great, You turn to Farce;
I wiſh the LADLE in your A—.
With equal Grief and Shame my Muſe
The Sequel of the Tale purſues;
The LADLE fell into the Room
And ſtuck in old *Coriſca*'s Bum.
Our Couple weep two Wiſhes paſt,
And kindly join to form the laſt.
To eaſe the Woman's aukward Pain,
And get the LADLE out again.

## *MORAL.*

THIS Commoner has Worth and Parts,
Is prais'd for Arms, or lov'd for Arts:
His Head achs for a Coronet:
And who is bleſs'd that is not Great?
Some Senſe, and more Eſtate, kind Heav'n
To this well lotted Peer has giv'n:
What then? He muſt have Rule and Sway:
And all is wrong, till He's in Play.

The

The Miſer muſt make up his Plumb,
And dares not touch the hoarded Sum;
The ſickly Dotard wants a Wife,
To draw off his laſt Dregs of Life.
Againſt our Peace we arm our Will;
Amidſt our Plenty, *Something* ſtill
For Horſes, Houſes, Pictures, Planting,
To Thee, to Me, to Him is wanting.
The cruel *Something* unpoſſeſs'd
Corrodes, and leavens all the reſt.
That *Something* if we could obtain,
Would ſoon create a future Pain:
And to the Coffin, from the Cradle,
'Tis all a WISH, and all a LADLE.

---

## *A beautiful young Nymph going to Bed.*

*By Dr.* SWIFT.

CORINNA, Pride of *Drury-Lane*,
For whom no Shepherd ſighs in vain;
Never did *Covent-Garden* boaſt
So bright a batter'd ſtrolling Toaſt;
No drunken Rake to pick her up,
No Cellar where on Tick to ſup;
Returning at the Midnight Hour;
Four Stories climbing to her Bow'r;
Then ſeated on a three-leg'd Chair,
Takes off her artificial Hair:

Now,

Now, picking out a Chryſtal Eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.
Her Eye-brows from a Mouſe's Hyde,
Stuck on with Art on either Side,
Pulls off with Care, and firſt diſplays 'em,
Then in a Play-book ſmoothly lays 'em,
Now, dext'rouſly her Plumpers draws,
That ſerve to fill her hollow Jaws.
Untwiſt a Wire, and from her Gums
A Set of Teeth compleatly comes.
Pulls out the Rags contriv'd to prop
Her flabby Dugs, and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely Goddeſs
Unlaces next her Steel-ribb'd Bodice;
Which by the Operator's Skill,
Preſs down the Lumps, the Hollows fill.
Up goes her Hand, and off ſhe ſlips
The Bolſters that ſupply her Hips.
With gentleſt Touch, ſhe next explores
Her Shankers, Iſſues, running Sores;
Effects of many a ſad Diſaſter,
And then to each applies a Plaiſter.
But muſt, before ſhe goes to Bed,
Rub off the Daubs of White and Red;
And ſmooth the Furrows in her Front,
With greaſy Paper ſtuck upon't.
She takes a *Bolus* e'er ſhe ſleeps;
And then between two Blankets creeps.
With Pains of Love tormented lies;
Or, if ſhe chance to cloſe her Eyes,

Of

Of *Bridewell* and the *Compter* dreams,
And feels the Laſh, and faintly ſcreams?
Or, by a faithleſs Bully drawn,
At ſome Hedge-Tavern lies in Pawn:
Or, to *Jamaica* ſeems tranſported,
* Alone, and by no Planter courted;
Or near *Fleet-Ditch*'s oozy Brinks,
Surrounded with a hundred Stinks,
Belated, ſeems on watch to lye,
And ſnap ſome Cully paſſing by;
Or, ſtruck with Fear, her Fancy runs:
On Watchmen, Conſtables, and Duns,
From whom ſhe meets with frequent Rubs:
But, never from religious Clubs;
Whoſe Favour ſhe is ſure to find,
Becauſe ſhe pays them all in Kind.

*Corinna* wakes. A dreadful Sight!
Behold the Ruins of the Night!
A wicked Rat her Plaiſter ſtole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his Hole,
The Cryſtal Eye, alaſs, was miſt;
And Puſs had on her Plumpers p—ſt.
A Pigeon pickt her Iſſue Peas;
And *Shock* her Treſſes fill'd with Fleas.

The Nymph, tho' in this mangl'd Plight,
Muſt ev'ry Morn her Limbs unite.

*——*Et longam incommitata videtur*
*Ire viam*——

But

But how ſhall I deſcribe her Arts
To recollect the ſcatter'd Parts?
Or ſhew the Anguiſh, Toil and Pain,
Of gathering up herſelf again?
The baſhful Muſe will never bear
In ſuch a Scene to interfere.
*Corinna* in the Morning dizen'd,
Who ſees will ſpew; who ſmells, be poiſon'd.

---

## *A* PASTORAL DIALOGUE *between two* Iriſh *Lovers.*

*By the* SAME.

A Nymph and Swain, *Sheelah* and *Dermot* hight,
Who wont to weed the Court of *Gosford Knight*,
While each with ſtubbed Knife remov'd the Roots
That rais'd between the Stones their daily Shoots;
As at their Work they ſate in counterview,
With mutual Beauty ſmit, their Paſſion grew.
Sing heavenly Muſe in ſweetly flowing Strain,
The Soft Endearments of the Nymph and Swain.

DERMOT.

My Love to *Sheelah* is more firmly fixt
Than ſtrongeſt Weeds that ſtand theſe Stones betwixt:

My Spud theſe Nettles from the Stones can part,
No Knife ſo keen to weed thee from my Heart.

SHEELAH.

My Love for gentle *Dermot* faſter grows
Than yon tall Dock that riſes to thy Noſe.
Cut down the Dock, 'twill ſprout again: but Oh!
Love rooted out, again will never grow.

DERMOT.

No more that Bry'r thy tender Leg ſhall rake:
(I ſpare the Thiſtle for Sir *Arthur*'s Sake.)
Sharp are the Stones, take thou this ruſhy Matt;
The hardeſt Bum will bruiſe with ſitting ſquat.

SHEELAH.

Thy Breeches torn behind, ſtand gaping wide;
This Petticoat ſhall ſave thy dear Backſide;
Nor need I bluſh, altho' you feel it wet;
*Dermot*, I vow, 'tis nothing elſe but Sweat.

DERMOT.

At an old ſtubborn Root I chanc'd to tug,
When the Dean threw me this Tobacco-plug:
A longer Half-p'orth never did I ſee;
This, deareſt *Sheelah*, thou ſhalt ſhare with me.

SHEELAH.

In at the Pantry-door, this Morn' I ſlipt,
And from the Shelf a charming Cruſt I whipt:

*Dennis*

*Dennis* was out, and I got hither ſafe;
And thou, my Dear, ſhall have the bigger half.

DERMOT.

When you ſaw *Tady* at Long-bullets play,
You ſat and lous'd him all the Sun-ſhine Day.
How cou'd you, *Sheelah*, liſten to his Tales,
Or crack ſuch Lice as his betwixt your Nails?

SHEELAH.

When you with *Oonah* ſtood behind a Ditch
I peept, and ſaw you kiſs the dirty Bitch.
*Dermot*, how could you touch thoſe naſty Sluts!
I almoſt wiſht this Spud were in your Guts.

DERMOT.

If *Oonah* once I kiſs'd, forbear to chide:
Her Aunt's my Goſſip by my Father's Side:
But if I ever touch her Lips again,
May I be doom'd for Life to weed in Rain.

SHEELAH.

*Dermot*, I ſwear, tho' *Tady*'s Locks could hold
Ten thouſand Lice, and ev'ry Louſe were Gold,
Him on my Lap you never more ſhould ſee;
Or may I loſe my Weeding-knife—and Thee.

DERMOT.

O, cou'd I earn for thee, my lovely Laſs,
A pair of Brogues to bear thee dry to Maſs!

But ſee, where *Norah* with the Sowins comes—
Then let us riſe, and reſt our weary Bums.

---

## *A Deſcription of a Lady's* DRESSING-ROOM.

*By the* SAME.

FIVE Hours (and who can do it leſs in?)
By haughty *Cælia* ſpent in Dreſſing?
The Goddeſs from her Chamber iſſues,
Array'd in Lace, Brocade and Tiſſues.
*Strephon*, who found the Room was void,
And *Betty* otherwiſe employ'd,
Stole in, and took a ſtrict Survey
Of all the Litter, as it lay:
Whereof, to make the Matter clear,
An *Inventory* follows here.

And firſt, a dirty Smock appear'd,
Beneath the Armpits well beſmear'd;
*Strephon*, the Rogue, diſplay'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on ev'ry Side:
In ſuch a Caſe, few Words are beſt,
And *Strephon* bids us gueſs the reſt;
But ſwears how damnably the Men lie,
In calling *Cælia* ſweet and cleanly.

Now liſten, while he next produces
The various Combs for various Uſes;
Fill'd up with Dirt ſo cloſely fixt,
No Bruſh could force a Way betwixt;

A Paſte of Compoſition rare,
Sweat, Dandriff, Powder, Lead and Hair.
A Forehead-cloth with Oyl upon't,
To ſmooth the Wrinkles on her Front:
Here, Alum-flour to ſtop the Steams,
Exhal'd from four unſavoury Streams;
There, Night-gloves made of *Tripſey*'s Hide,
Bequeath'd by *Tripſey* when ſhe dy'd;
With Puppy-water, Beauty's Help,
Diſtill'd from *Tripſey*'s darling Whelp.
Here Gally-Pots and Vials plac't,
Some fill'd with Waſhes, ſome with Paſte;
Some with Pomatums, Paints and Slops,
And Ointments good for ſcabby Chops.
Hard by, a filthy Baſon ſtands,
Foul'd with the Scow'ring of her Hands;
The Baſon takes whatever comes,
The Scrapings from her Teeth and Gums,
A nafty Compound of all Hues,
For here ſhe ſpits, and here ſhe ſpues.
But O! it turn'd poor *Strephon*'s Bowels,
When he beheld and ſmelt the Towels;
Begumm'd, beſmatter'd, and beſlim'd;
With Dirt, and Sweat, and Ear-wax grim'd.
No Object *Strephon*'s Eye eſcapes;
Here, Petticoats in frowzy Heaps:
Nor be the Handkerchiefs forgot,
All varniſh'd o'er with Snuff and Snot.
The Stockings why ſhould I expoſe,
Stain'd with the Moiſture of her Toes;

Or greaſy Coifs, and Pinners reeking,
Which *Cælia* ſlept at leaſt a Week in.
A Pair of Tweezers next we found,
To pluck her Brows in Arches round,
Or Hairs that ſink the Forehead low,
Or on her Chin like Briſtles grow.
The Virtues we muſt not let paſs
Of *Cælia*'s magnifying Glaſs;
When frighted *Strephon* caſt his Eye on't,
It ſhew'd the Viſage of a Giant:
A Glaſs that can to Sight diſcloſe
The ſmalleſt Worm in *Cælia*'s Noſe,
And faithfully direct her Nail,
To ſqueeze it out from Head to Tail;
For, catch it nicely by the Head,
It muſt come out, alive or dead.
Why, *Strephon*, will you tell the reſt?
And muſt you needs deſcribe the Cheſt?
That careleſs Wench! No Creature warn her!
To move it out from yonder Corner,
But leave it ſtanding full in Sight,
For you to exerciſe your Spite!
In vain the Workman ſhew'd his Wit,
With Rings and Hinges counterfeit,
To make it ſeem in this Diſguiſe,
A Cabinet to vulgar Eyes;
Which *Strephon* ventur'd to look in,
Reſolv'd to go thro' *thick and thin*,
He lifts the Lid: There needs no more,
He ſmelt it all the Time before.

As,

As, from within *Pandora*'s Box,
When *Epimethus* op'd the Locks,
A ſudden univerſal Crew
Of human Evils upward flew;
He ſtill was comforted to find,
That *Hope* at laſt remain'd behind.
So, *Strephon* lifting up the Lid,
To view what in the Cheſt was hid,
The Vapours flew from out the Vent;
But, *Strephon*, cautious, never meant
The Bottom of the *Pan* to grope,
And foul his Hand in ſearch of *Hope*.
O! ne'er may ſuch a vile Machine
Be once in *Cælia*'s Chamber ſeen!
O! may ſhe better learn to keep
Thoſe *Secrets of the hoary Deep!* *
As Mutton Cutlets † *prime of Meat*,
Which, tho' with Art you ſalt and beat,
As Laws of Cookery require,
And roaſt them at the cleareſt Fire;
If from ‡ *a down* the hopeful Chops,
The Fat upon a Cinder drops,
To ſtinking Smoke it turns the Flame,
Pois'ning the Fleſh, from whence it came,
And up exhales a greazy Stench,
For which you curſe the careleſs Wench:

* Milton.
† *Prima Virorum.*
‡ *Vid.* D—n D—*s Works, and* N. P—y's.

So,

So, Things which muſt not be expreſt,
When *plumpt* into the reeking Cheſt,
Send up an excremental Smell,
To taint the Parts from whence they fell;
The Petticoats and Gown perfume,
And waft a Stink round ev'ry Room.
Thus finiſhing his grand Survey,
The Swain diſguſted ſlunk away.
But *Vengeance*, Goddeſs, never ſleeping,
Soon puniſh'd *Strephon* for his peeping.
His foul Imagination links
Each Dame he ſees with all her Stinks;
And, if unſavory Odours fly,
Conceives a Lady ſtanding by,
All Women his Deſcription fits,
And both Ideas jump like Wits;
By vicious Fancy coupled faſt,
And ſtill appearing in *Contraſt*.
I pity wretched STREPHON, blind
To all the Charms of Woman-Kind.
Should I the *Queen* of *Love* refuſe,
Becauſe ſhe roſe from ſtinking Ooze?
To him that looks behind the Scene,
*Statira*'s but ſome pocky Quean.
When *Cælia* all her Glory ſhows,
If *Strephon* would but ſtop his Noſe,
Who now ſo impiouſly blaſphemes
Her Ointments, Daubs, and Paints, and Creams;
Her Waſhes, Slops, and ev'ry Clout,
With which he makes ſo foul a Rout;

He

He ſoon wou'd learn to think like me,
And bleſs'd his raviſh'd Eyes to ſee
Such Order from Confuſion ſprung,
Such gaudy *Tulips* rais'd from *Dung*.

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## *A* MEDICINE *for the Ladies.*

### A TALE.

MISS *Molly*, a fam'd Toaſt, was Fair and Young,
Had Wealth and Charms,—but then ſhe had a Tongue!
From Morn to Night, th' Eternal Larum run,
Which often loſt thoſe Hearts her Eyes had won.
Sir *John* was ſmitten, and confeſs'd his Flame,
Sigh'd out the uſual Time, then wed the Dame:
Poſſeſs'd he thought of every Joy of Life,
But his dear *Molly* prov'd a very Wife.
Exceſs of Fondneſs did in Time decline,
*Madam* lov'd Money, and the Knight lov'd Wine.
From whence ſome petty Diſcords would ariſe,
As, *You're a Fool*;—and, *You are mighty Wiſe!*
Tho' he and all the World allow'd her Wit,
Her Voice was ſhrill, and rather loud than ſweet,
When ſhe began,—for Hat and Sword he'd call,
Then, after a faint Kiſs,—Cry, B'y, Dear *Moll*;
Supper and Friends expect me at the *Roſe*.
And, what, Sir *John*, you'll get your uſual Doſe!
Go,

Go, ſtink of Smoke, and guzzle naſty Wine,
Sure, never virtuous Love was us'd like mine!
Oft, as the watchful Bellman march'd his Round,
At a freſh Bottle gay Sir *John* he found.
By Four the Knight would get his Buſineſs done,
And only then reel'd off, becauſe alone;
Full well he knew the dreadful Storm to come,
But arm'd with *Bourdeaux*, he durſt venture Home.
My Lady with her Tongue was ſtill prepar'd,
She rattl'd loud, and he impatient heard:
'Tis a fine Hour! In a ſweet Pickle made!
And this, Sir *John*, is every Day the Trade.
Here I ſit moping all the live-long Night,
Devour'd with Spleen, and Stranger to Delight;
'Till Morn' ſends ſtagg'ring Home a Drunken Beaſt,
Reſolv'd to break my Heart, as well as Reſt.
Hey! Hoop! d'ye hear my damn'd obſtrep'rous Spouſe!
What, can't you find one Bed about the Houſe!
Will that perpetual Clack lie never ſtill!
That Rival to the Softneſs of a Mill!
Some Couch and diſtant Room muſt be my Choice,
Where I may ſleep uncurs'd with Wife and Noiſe.
Long this uncomfortable Life they led,
With ſnarling Meals, and each a ſeparate Bed.
To an old Uncle oft ſhe would complain,
Beg his Advice, and ſcarce from Tears refrain.
Old *Wiſewood* ſmoak'd the Matter as it was,
Cheer up, cry'd he! and I'll remove the Cauſe.

A won-

A world'rous Spring within my Garden flows,
Of Sov'reign Virtue, chiefly to compoſe
Domeſtick Jarrs, and Matrimonial Strife,
The beſt Elixir t' appeaſe Man and Wife;
Strange are th' Effects, the Qualities Divine,
'Tis Water call'd, but worth its Weight in Wine.
If in his ſullen Airs Sir *John* ſhould come,
Three Spoonfuls take, hold in your Mouth — then Mum:
Smile, and look'd Pleas'd, when he ſhall rage and Scold,
Still in your Mouth the Healing Cordial hold;
One Month this Sympathetick Med'cin try'd,
He'll grow a Lover, you a happy Bride.
But deareſt Niece, keep this grand Secret cloſe,
Or ev'ry prat'ling Huſſey'll beg a Doſe.
A Water-bottle's brought for her Relief,
Not *Nants* could ſooner eaſe the Lady's Grief:
Her buſy Thoughts are on the Tryal bent,
And Female-like, impatient for th' Event:
The bonny *Knight* reels home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for Clamour, and Domeſtick War.
Entring, he cries,—Hey! Where's our Thunder fled!
No Hurricane! *Betty*'s your Lady Dead?
Madam, aſide, an ample Mouthful takes,
Curt'ſy's, looks kind, but not a Word ſhe ſpeaks:
Wond'ring, he ſtar'd, ſcarcely his Eyes believ'd,
But found his Ears agreeably deceiv'd.

Why, how now, *Molly*, What's the Crotchet now?
She ſmiles, and anſwers only with a Bow.
Then claſping her about.—Why, let me die!
Theſe Nightclothes, *Moll*, become thee mightily!
With that, he ſigh'd, her Hand began to preſs,
And *Betty* calls, her Lady to undreſs.
Nay, kiſs me, *Molly*,—for I'm much inclin'd.
Her Lace ſhe cuts, to take him in the Mind.
Thus the fond Pair to Bed enamour'd went,
The Lady pleas'd, and the good *Knight* content.
For many Days theſe fond Endearments paſs'd,
The reconciling Bottle fails at laſt;
'Twas us'd and gone,—Then Midnight Storms aroſe,
And Looks and Words the Union diſcompoſe,
Her Coach is order'd, and Poſt-haſte ſhe flies
To beg her Uncle for ſome freſh Supplies;
Tranſported does the ſtrange Effects relate,
Her *Knight*'s Converſion, and her happy State!
Why, Niece, ſays he,—I prithee apprehend
The Water's Water,—Be thy ſelf thy Friend;
Such Beauty would the coldeſt Huſband warm,
But your provoking Tongue undoes the Charm:
Be ſilent, and complying,—You'll ſoon find,
Sir *John*, without a Med'cin, will be kind.

## *The* SADDLE.

### A TALE.

*From* LA FONTAINE.

IN *Italy*, as Authors tell us,
There liv'd a Painter, wond'rous jealous;
Tormented with a Female Evil,
Tempting and ſubtle as the Devil;
A ſlipp'ry *Proteus*, whom no Chain,
Nor *Spaniſh* Padlock could contain.
Thus ſhe created frequent Smart
To Spouſe's aching Head and Heart.
'Twas the chief Buſineſs of his Life,
How to confine this *Eel*, his Wife;
Inventive Noddle teems, at laſt,
With an odd Whim to hold her faſt,
Reſolv'd his Pencil-Art to ſhow,
(Whate'er he can't perform below)
He drew a *Mule*, with dex'trous Skill,
On the ſoft Brow of *Venus'* Hill.
Thus if ſhe ſtray'd, he cou'd, for certain,
Know it by drawing up the Curtain,
But ah! how vain our Counſels are,
And all our Plots againſt the Fair.
Comes Brother Bruſh to take a Bout,
So, *God knows how!* they rubb'd it out.



But,

But, as he was an honeſt Brother,
Finding one gone, he drew another;
Forgetting what the firſt did lack,
He clapp'd a SADDLE on his Back.
*Chloe* was hugely pleas'd, and ſmil'd
To think how *Seignor* was beguil'd,
Who reeling home one Ev'ning late,
With mellow Looks and jealous Pate,
Vow'd he'd not take a Wink of Sleep,
Without one dear departing Peep.
Can you diſtruſt me, *Chloe* cries,
Inhuman Man! and wipes her Eyes,
Put on your Spectacles and view it,
The *Mule*, my Dear, is where you drew it.
The *Mule* I ſee is ſafe, my Dear,
But, Z—ds, who put the SADDLE here?

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## *The Furniture of a Woman's* MIND.

*By Dr.* SWIFT.

A Set of Phraſes, learnt by Rote;
A Paſſion for a Scarlet Coat;
When at a Play to laugh or cry,
Ye cannot tell the Reaſon why:
Never to hold her Tongue a Minute;
While all ſhe prates has nothing in it.
Whole Hours can with a Coxcomb ſit,
And take his Nonſenſe all for Wit:

Her

Her Learning mounts to read a Song,
But, half the Words pronouncing wrong;
Has ev'ry Repartee in Store,
She ſpoke ten Thouſand Times before.
Can ready Compliments ſupply
On all Occaſions, cut and dry.
Such Hatred to a Parſon's Gown,
The Sight will put her in a Swoon.
For Converſation well endu'd;
She calls it witty to be rude;
And, placing Raillery in Railing,
Will tell aloud your greateſt Failing;
Nor makes a Scruple to expoſe
Your bandy Leg, or crooked Noſe,
Can, at her Morning Tea, run o'er
The Scandal of the Day before.
Improving hourly in her Skill,
To cheat and wrangle at Quadrille.
In chuſing Lace a Critick nice,
Knows to a Groat the loweſt Price;
Can in her Female Clubs diſpute
What Lining beſt the Silk will ſuit,
What Colours each Complexion match:
And where with Art to place a Patch.
If chance a Mouſe creeps in her Sight,
Can finely counterfeit a Fright;
So ſweetly ſcreams, if it comes near her,
She raviſhes all Hearts to hear her.
Can dext'rouſly her Huſband teize,
By taking Fits whene'er ſhe pleaſe:

By frequent Practice learns a Trick
At proper Seaſons to be ſick;
Thinks nothing gives one Airs ſo pretty;
At once creating Love and Pity.
If *Molly* happens to be careleſs,
And but neglects to warm her Hair-Lace,
She gets a Cold as ſure as Death;
And vows ſhe ſcarce can fetch her Breath.
Admires how modeſt Women can
Be ſo *robuſtious* like a Man.
In Party, furious to her Power;
A bitter Whig, or Tory ſow'r,
Her Arguments directly tend
Againſt the Side ſhe would defend:
Will prove herſelf a Tory plain,
From Principles the Whigs maintain;
And to defend the Whiggiſh Cauſe,
Her Topicks from the Tories draws.
O yes! If any Man can find
More Virtues in a Woman's Mind,
Let them be ſent to Mrs. * *Harding*:
She'll pay the Charges to a Farthing:
Take Notice, ſhe has my Commiſſion
To add them in the next Edition;
They may out-ſell a better Thing;
So, Holla Boys: God ſave the King.

* *A Printer.*

## *The* SPINNING-WHEEL.

### *An* EPISTOLARY TALE.

*By Mr.* HENRY BAKER.

DEAR TOM,

THIS comes to let you know
I'm well, thank God, and hope you're ſo:
In truth, I'm very much perplext,
For ſomething fine to write you next,
So leave this Blánk——
——————for you to fill,
With even—whatſoe'er you will.
According, now, to ancient Uſe,
From Compliments I come to News:
Then know, the Vicar's Daughter's marry'd;
And Sifter *Suſan* has miſcarry'd;
His Worſhip's Son has been ſo wild,
To get the Chamber-maid with Child,
Which gives his Father ſuch Offence,
He never has been ſober ſince.
As next in Courſe, on you attends
The juſt Reſpect of all your Friends;
Accept of Services by Dozens,
From all your loving Aunts and Couſins:
The Sheet of Paper would not hold 'em,
Or one by one I ſhould have told 'em.

Next, on my Part, in order, comes
My hearty Love to *John*, to *James*,
To ſmiling *Kate*, and buxom *Dolly*,
Yet not forgetting pretty *Molly*.
And now, for want of other Matter,
Wherewith to furniſh out my Letter;
To you, dear *Tom*, I would unfold
A Story, which for Truth is told;
But whether true or falſe, no doubt,
Your Judgment, *Tom*, will ſoon find out;
And make a proper Application
Of what I give the bare Relation.
Once on a Time (my Story ſays)
An over-ſtudious Prieſt there was,
Who to the Age of fifty-three
Had hoarded his Virginity;
Reſiſting *Satan* all his Life
In form of Miſtreſs,—or of Wife.
But when, and where, is not agreed,
(Which let for that Omiſſion plead)
Tho' what's material in the Caſe
Relates to Fact, not Time and Place.
But not to make a long Digreſſion,
According to the modern Faſhion;
Grown weary of a ſingle Life,
He now reſolv'd to take a Wife.
The Cauſe, indeed, is not aſſign'd,
Which made the Parſon change his Mind;
But, if to gueſs we may be bold,
He found the Winter Nights were cold:

And,

And, if we may go on in gueſſing,
Thought nat'ral Heat the moſt refreſhing.
But whether this, or what beſide,
We'll leave the Learned to decide.
Purſuant to this Reſolution,
The next thing was, which Way to chuſe One:
For, right the Parſon did conclude,
Bad ſome might be, tho' ſome were good;
But, ſince he no Experience had
How to diſtinguiſh Good from Bad,
The only Way he meant to try,
Was taking her would firſt comply.
For if all Wedlock is a Lottery,
Thinks he, 'tis but a Piece of Sottery,
In chuſing Wives to make a Pother,
When one may prove as good as t'other:
And ſince kind Fate is ſtill our Guide,
Both to the Halter and the Bride;
Ev'n let's on that alone rely,
Whether to Marry, or to Die,
And wiſely yield to Deſtiny.
In vain is mortal Wit employ'd
Or This to gain, or That avoid:
Juſt when we think to graſp a Joy,
O'er-ruling Fate, which acts unſeen,
With Arm-forbidding Steps between,
And does our blooming Hope deſtroy.
Then let's on That devolve our Care,
And all our uſeleſs Labour ſpare.

The Doctor (for that he was ſo
I ſhould have told you long ago;
But for a Poet to forget,
Dear *Thomas*, is not ſtrange a-bit,)
In *Sunday* Gown, and Cambrick Band
Equipp'd him for the promis'd Land.
For he imagin'd now, Friend *Thomas*,
That Wedlock was a *Land of Promiſe*,
And fancy'd he could plainly ſhow,
It did with Milk and Honey flow:
Tho', if we may pretend to gueſs,
He found it but the *Wilderneſs*.

But to take up the Point in hand,
Which ſeems, at preſent, at a ſtand;
On Heav'n's Direction he rely'd,
And forth he went to ſeek a Bride.

Not far the pious Prieſt had gone,
Before he met with Farmer *John*:
Neighbour, ſays he, I think you have
A Daughter, and her Name I crave.
Doctor, cry'd honeſt *John*, 'tis true,
I muſt have one, becauſe I've two;
And if you'd know the Names of both,
The one is *Sis'ly*, t'other *Ruth*.
*Sis'ly* and *Ruth*? the Doctor cry'd;
Well, one of theſe muſt be my Bride:
And, Neighbour, to declare the Truth,
I like, methinks, the Name of *Ruth*:
The Reaſon I prefer the ſame,
Is, 'cauſe it is a Scripture Name:

For, where the Scripture can decide,
It always ought to be our Guide.
The Farmer gave his free Conſent,
And Home with him the Doctor went:
Where, overjoy'd that he ſhould be
The Father of Divinity,
An ample Can of nappy Ale,
Exceeding ſtrong, and wondrous ſtale,
The Farmer brought, to drink Succeſs
To their approaching Happineſs;
(For *John* had always underſtood,
A Bargain dry could not be good.)
And, laſtly, to conclude the Matter,
He call'd in *Ruth*, his youngeſt Daughter.
Juſt in the Glory of her Youth,
About Sixteen was roſy *Ruth*.
The Doctor kiſs'd her; call'd her Child;
She drop'd a Curt'ſy; bluſh'd, and ſmil'd.
He aſk'd her if ſhe'd change her Life,
And yield to be a Parſon's Wife:
That he was now reſolv'd on Marriage;
Lik'd both her Perſon and her Carriage,
And in the Morning did deſign,
That Brother Crape their Hands ſhould join.
*Ruth* told him, he went on too faſt,
That ſhe was not ſo much in Haſte,
Nor did, indeed, deſign to marry,
At ſooneſt, till next *January*;
That ſhe was Young, but he was Old,
And much ſhe fear'd, exceeding Cold;

(For

(For *Dick* had given her to gueſs
How warm a Youthful Lover was,
And by Contraries ſhe might know,
An Ancient One could not be ſo.)
In ſhort, he might go ſeek elſewhere,
A Wife he ne'er ſhould have of her.
Thus having told her full intent,
A Curt'ſy dropt; and out ſhe went.

The Doctor was with Grief affected,
Who no ſuch Uſage had expected,
But truſting to the Proverb ſtill,
That if one won't another will,
He hop'd to reconcile the Matter,
By taking of the other Daughter:
And looking on the Farmer wiſtly,
Deſir'd that he would call in *Sis'ly*.

About the Age of thirty-three,
A Maiden ſtale was *Siſly*:
But for her Years let's not deſpiſe her,
As ſhe was older, ſhe was wiſer;
And formal Courtſhip laid aſide,
Became at once the Doctor's Bride.

Their Hands were join'd; the Table ſpread;
The Night came on; they went to Bed;
Where let 'em ſleep, and take their Eaſe,
And freely do — whate'er they pleaſe.

Now, *Phœbus* gave *Aurora* Warning,
And Whip and Spur drove on the Morning;
When ſurfeited with Marriage Charms,
The Doctor left his *Sis'ly*'s Arms,

With

With different Thoughts of Wedlock quite,
Than he lay down with over-night:
And, truly, I have clear forgot
Whether he did repent or not;
But whether quite ſo ſoon or no,
Thouſands there be which have done ſo:
For Marriage is obſerv'd to be
A fatal kind of Prodigy;
At Diſtance wears an Angel's Charms,
But turns a Devil in One's Arms.
And, now, the Doctor left his Bride,
To thumb the Books he'd laid aſide,
But told her, tho' ſhe was his Wife,
She muſt not lead a lazy Life,
Or purpoſe to be wholly idle,
Whilſt he is poring o'er the Bible.
For that ſame Text is very meet,
Which ſays, Who works not ſhall not eat;
And his Deſire was, indeed,
That ſhe ſhould ſpin whilſt He ſhould read.
She told him, ſhe would ſtill obey
Whate'er Commands he pleas'd to lay,
And make the Buſineſs of her Life
To prove a kind obliging Wife.
Now, thus, almoſt a Month was run,
The Doctor read, and *Sis'ly* ſpun:
At laſt, a Whim came in his Head,
That he (forſooth) would read in Bed,
'Till he, for Sleep, could do no more
Than put the Candle out, and ſnore.

Oft

Oft *Sis'ly* by Perſwaſion try'd,
To make him lay his Books aſide;
But ſpight of all that ſhe could ſay,
The Doctor ſtill would have his Way.
Night came in vain: She ſigh'd, and turn'd:
The Doctor read: The Candle burn'd:
No Comfort did ſhe find in Bed:
The Candle burn'd: The Doctor read.

One Night, ſhe full of Wiſhes lay,
That he would put his Book away:
But finding it was all in vain,
To ſigh, to reaſon, or complain;
She from his Side did ſoftly ſteal,
And fetch'd to Bed her Spinning-Wheel.

The Doctor, ſtaring with Surpriſe,
Could ſcarce give Credit to his Eyes:
Good God! ſaid he, what is't you do?
What Tricks are you about to ſhew?
Was Woman e'er before ſo mad
To bring a Spinning-Wheel to Bed?

Poor *Sis'ly* ſqueez'd the Doctor's Hand.
And told him, She his wiſe Command
Had well conſider'd, plainly ſhewing,
That ev'ry One ſhould ſtill be Doing.
The Doctor ſmiling, gueſs'd what meant
His bluſhing Spouſe's Compliment;
And took the Thing by its right Handle,
Laid down his Book: Blow'd out the Candle.

*The*

## The Dream.

*By Mr.* Oldham.

LATE on my Bed, as I reposing lay,
And in soft Sleep forgot the Toils of Day,
My self, my Cares, and Love, all charm'd to Rest,
And all the Tumults of my waking Breast,
Quiet and calm, as was the silent Night,
Whose Stillness did to that bless'd Sleep invite;
I dreamt, and strait this visionary Scene
Did with Delight my Fancy entertain.

I saw, methought, a lonely Privacy,
Remote alike from Man's and Heaven's Eye,
Girt with the Covert of a shady Grove,
Dark as my Thoughts, and secret as my Love:
Hard by, a Stream did with that Softness creep,
As 'twere by its own Murmurs husht asleep;
On its green Bank under a spreading Tree,
At once a pleasant, and a shelt'ring Canopy.
There I, and there my dear *Cosmelia* sate,
Nor envied Monarchs in our safe Retreat:
So heretofore were the first Lovers laid
On the same Turf of which themselves were made.
A while did I her charming Glories view,
Which to their former Conquests added new;
A while my wanton Hand was pleas'd to rove
Through all the hidden Labyrinths of Love;

Ten thouſand Kiſſes on her Lips I fix'd,
Which ſhe with interfering Kiſſes mix'd,
Eager as thoſe of Lovers are in Death,
When they give up their Souls too with their Breath.
Love by theſe Freedoms firſt became more bold,
At length unruly, and too fierce too hold:
*See then.* (ſaid I) *and pity, charming Fair,*
*Yield quickly, yield; I can no longer bear*
*Th' impatient Sallies of a Bliſs ſo near:*
*You muſt, and you alone theſe Storms appeaſe,*
*And lay thoſe Spirits which your Charms could raiſe;*
*Come, and in equal Floods let's quench our Flame,*
*Come let's*——and unawares I went to name
The Thing, but ſtopt and bluſht methought in Dream.
At firſt ſhe did the rude Addreſs diſown,
And check'd my Boldneſs with an angry Frown,
But yielding Glances, and conſenting Eyes
Prov'd the ſoft Traitors to her forc'd Diſguiſe;
And ſoon her Looks, with Anger rough ere while,
Sunk in the Dimples of a charmer Smile:
Then with a Sigh into theſe Words ſhe broke,
(And printed melting Kiſſes as ſhe ſpoke)
*Too ſtrong*, Philander, *is thy pow'rful Art*
*To take a feeble Maid's ill-guarded Heart:*
*Too long I've ſtruggled with my Bliſs in vain,*
*Too long oppos'd what I oft wiſh'd to gain,*
*Loath to conſent, yet loather to deny,*
*At once I court, and ſhun Felicity:*

*I can-*

*I cannot, will not yield; —— and yet I muſt,*
*Leſt to my own Deſires I prove unjuſt:*
*Sweet Raviſher! what Love commands thee, do;*
*Tho' I'm diſplear'd, I ſhall forgive thee too,*
*Too well thou know'ſt* —— and there my Hand ſhe
preſs'd,
And ſaid no more, but bluſh'd and ſmil'd the reſt.
Raviſh'd at the new Grant, fierce eager I
Leap'd furious on, and ſeiz'd my trembling Prey;
With guarding Arms ſhe firſt my Force repell'd,
Shrunk, and drew back, and would not ſeem to
yield;
Unwilling to o'ercome, ſhe faintly ſtrove,
One Hand pull'd to, what t'other did remove:
So feeble are the Strugglings, and ſo weak
In Sleep we ſeem, and only ſeem to make:
*Forbear!* (ſaid ſhe) *ah, gentle Youth forbear,*
(And ſtill ſhe hug'd, and claſp'd me ſtill more
near)
*Ah! will you? will you force my Ruin ſo?*
*Ah! do not, do not, do not; —— let me go.*
What follow'd was above the Pow'r of Verſe,
Above the Reach of Fancy to rehearſe:
Not dying Saints enjoy ſuch Extaſies,
When they in Viſion antedate their Bliſs;
Not Dreams of a young Prophet are ſo bleſs'd
When holy Trances firſt inſpire his Breaſt,
And the God enters there to be a Gueſt.

Let duller Mortals other Pleaſures prize,
Pleaſures which enter at the waking Eyes,
Might I each Night ſuch ſweet Enjoyments find,
I'd ſleep for ever, be for ever blind.

*See Oldham's poems 1703 p. 374*

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## *A Paſtoral* COURTSHIP.

*See Randolph's poems p. 81*

BEhold theſe Woods, and mark, my Sweet,
How all theſe Boughs together meet;
The Cedar his fair Arms diſplays,
And mixes Branches with the Bays.
The lofty Pine deigns to deſcend,
And ſturdy Oaks do gently bend,
One with another ſubt'ly weaves
Into one Loom their various Leaves;
As all ambitious were to be
Mine and my *Phillis'* Canopy!
Let's enter and diſcourſe our Loves;
Theſe are, my Dear, no Tell-tale Groves!
There dwell no Pies nor Parrots there,
To prate again the Words they hear.
Nor babling Echo that will tell
The Neighb'ring Hills one Syllable.
Being enter'd, let's together lie,
Twin'd like the Zodiack's *Gemini*;
How ſweet the Flowers do ſweeter ſmell,
And all with Emulation ſwell

To be thy Pillow: These for thee;
Were meant a Bed, and thou for me;
And I may with as just Esteem
Press thee, as thou may'st lie on them:
And why so coy? What dost thou fear?
There lurks no speckled Serpent here.
No venomous Snake makes this his Road,
No Canker, nor the loathsome Toad;
And you poor Spider on the Tree,
Thy Spinster will no Poisoner be.
There is no Frog to leap and fright
Thee from my Arms, and break Delight;
Nor Snail that o'er thy Coat shall trace,
And leave behind a slimy Lace.
This is the hallow'd Shrine of Love,
No Wasp or Hornet haunts this Grove,
Nor Pismire to make Pimples rise
Upon thy smooth and Ivory Thighs.
No Danger in these Shades doth lie,
Nothing that wears a Sting but I;
And in it doth no Venom dwell,
Altho' perchance it make thee swell.

Being set, let's sport a while, my Fair,
I will tie Love-Knots in thy Hair.
See *Zephyrus* thro' the Leaves doth stray,
And has free Liberty to play,
And braid thy Locks; and shall I find
Less Favour than a saucy Wind?
Now let me sit and fix my Eyes
On thee, that art my Paradise.

Thou art my All, the Spring remains,
In the fair Violets of thy Veins:
And that it is a Summer's Day,
Ripe Cherries on thy Lips diſplay;
And when for Autumn I would ſeek,
'Tis in the Apples of thy Cheek.
But that which only moves my Smart,
Is to ſee Winter in thy Heart.
Strange, when at once in One appear
All the four Seaſons in the Year!
I'll claſp that Neck where ſhould be ſet
A rich and orient Caſcanet;
But Swains are poor, admit of then
More natural Chains, the Arms of Men;
Come let me touch thoſe Breaſts that ſwell
Like two fair Mountains, and may well
Be ſtil'd the *Alps*, but that I fear
The Snow has much leſs Whiteneſs there.
But ſtay, my Love, a Fault I ſpy,
Why are thoſe fair Fountains dry?
Which if they run, no Muſe would pleaſe
To taſte of any Spring but theſe,
And *Ganymede* employ'd ſhould be
To fetch his *Jove* Nectar from thee.
Thou ſhalt be Nurſe, fair *Venus* ſweares,
To the next *Cupid* that ſhe bears.
Were it not then diſcreetly done
To ope' one Spring to let two run?
Fie, fie, this Belly, Beauty's Mint,
Bluſhes to ſee no Coin ſtampt in't.

Employ

Employ it then, for though it be
Our Wealth, it is your Royalty;
And Beauty will have current Grace,
That bears the Image of your Face.
How to the Touch the Ivory Thighs
Veil gently, and again do riſe,
As pliable to the Impreſſion,
As Virgin's Wax and *Parian* Stone
Diſſolv'd to Softneſs, plump and full,
More white and ſoft than *Cotſal* Wool,
Or Cotton from the *Indian* Tree,
Or pretty Silk-Worms Houſewifry.
Theſe on two Marble Pillars rais'd,
Make me in Doubt which ſhould be prais'd;
They or their Columns moſt; but when
I view thoſe Feet that I have ſeen
So nimbly trip it o'er the Lawns,
That all the Satyrs and the Fawns
Have ſtood amaz'd when they would paſs
Over the Lays, and not a Graſs
Would feel the Weight, nor Ruſh, nor Bent,
Drooping, betray which Way you went;
Oh then I felt my hot Deſires
Burn more, and flame with double Fires:
Come let thoſe Thighs, thoſe Legs, thoſe Feet
With mine in thouſand Windings meet,
And woven more in ſubtle Twines
Than Woodbine, Ivy, or the Vines.
For when Love ſees us circling thus,
He'll like no Arbour more than us.

Now

Now let us kiſs, would you be gone?
Manners at leaſt allow me one.
Bluſh you at this? Pretty One ſtay,
And I will take that Kiſs away.
Thus with a ſecond, and that too
A third wipes off, ſo will we go
To Numbers that the Stars out run,
And all the Atoms in the Sun:
For tho' we kiſs 'till *Phœbus* Ray
Sink in the Seas, and kiſſing ſtay
'Till his bright Beams return again,
There can of all but one remain:
And if for one good Manners call,
In one, good Manners, grant me all.
Are Kiſſes all? They but fore-run
Another Duty to be done.
What would you of that Minſtrel ſay
That tunes his Pipe and will not play?
Say what are Bloſſoms in their Prime,
That ripen not in Harveſt-Time?
Or what are Buds that ne'er diſcloſe
The long'd-for Sweetneſs of the Roſe?
So Kiſſes to a Lover's Guſt
Are Invitations, not a Feaſt.
See every Thing that we eſpy
Is fruitful, ſaving you and I:
View all the Fields, ſurvey the Bowers,
The Buds, the Bloſſoms, and the Flowers,
And ſay if they ſo rich could be
In barren baſe Virginity.

Earth's

Earth's not so coy as you are now,
But willingly admits the Plow:
For how had Man or Beast been fed
If she had kept her Maiden-head?
*Celia* once coy, as are the rest,
Hangs now a Babe on either Breast;
And *Chloris*, since a Man she took,
Has less of Greenness in her Look.
Our Ewes have yean'd, and every Dam
Gives Suck unto her tender Lamb.
As by these Groves we walk'd along,
Some Birds were feeding of their Young,
Some on their Eggs did brooding sit,
Sad that they had not hatch'd them yet:
Those that were slower than the rest,
Were busy building of the Nest:
You only will not pay the Fine,
You vow'd and ow'd to *Valentine*.
As you were angling in the Brook
With silken Line and silver Hook,
Through Crystal Streams you might descry
How vast and numberless the Fry
The Fish hath spawn'd, that all along
The Banks were crowded with a Throng,
And shall fair *Venus* more command
By Water than she does by Land?
The Phœnix chaste, yet when she dies,
Herself with her own Ashes lies.
But let thy Love more wisely thrive
To do the Act while thou'rt alive.

'Tis

'Tis Time we left our Childish Love,
That trades for Toys, and now approve
Our abler Skill, they are not wise,
Look Babies only in the Eyes.
That smother'd Smile shew'd what you meant,
And modest Silence gives Consent.
That which we now prepare, will be
Best done in silent Secresy.
Come, do not weep. What is't you fear?
Lest some should know what we did here?
See, not a Flower by your press'd is dead,
But re-ereets his bending Head,
That whosoe'er shall pass this Way
Knows not, by these, where PHILLIS lay;
And in your Forehead there are none
Can read the Act that we have done.
At which, she cry'd, poor simple Maid!
By what strange Wiles thou art betray'd!
A Treasure thou hast lost To-day,
For which thou canst no Ransom pay:
How black art thou transform'd with Sin!
How strange a Guilt gnaws me within!
Grief will convert this Red to Pale,
When ev'ry Wake and *Whitsun*-Ale
Shall talk my Shame: Break, break, sad Heart,
There is no Med'cine for my Smart.
No Herb nor Balm can cure my Sorrow,
Unless you meet again To-morrow.

MELE-

## MELESINDA's *Misfortune, on the burning her Smock.*

TIR'D with the Buſineſs of the Day,
Upon her Couch ſupinely lay
Fair MELESINDA, void of Care,
No living Creature being near:
When ſtraight a calm and gentle Sleep
Did o'er her drowſy Eye-lids creep.
Her Senſes thus by Fetters ty'd,
By nimble Fancy were ſupply'd;
Her quick Imagination brought
Th' Ideas of her waking Thought.
She dream'd herſelf a new-made Bride,
In Bed by young *Philander*'s Side;
The Poſſet's eat, the Stocking's thrown,
And all the Company's withdrawn:
And now the bleſs'd *Elizium*
Of all her wiſh'd-for Joy is come;
*Philander*, all diſſolv'd in Charms,
Lies raptur'd in her circling Arms.
With panting Breaſts, and ſwimming Eyes,
She meets the viſionary Joys:
In all the amorous Sports of Love,
Which Height of Extaſy cou'd move.

But

But as she roving did advance
Her trembling Legs (O dire Mischance!)
The Couch being near the Fire's Side,
She expanded them (alas!) too wide:
She expos'd her nethermost Attire
Unto the Embraces of the Fire:
So the chaste Phœnix of the East
With fluttering fires her spicy Nest;
So *Semele*, embracing *Jove*,
Burn'd both with Fire, and with Love.
The Flames at first did trembling seize
The dangling Hem of this loft Prize;
But, finding no Resistance higher,
(As 'tis their Nature to aspire)
Approaching near the Seat of Bliss,
Centre of earthly Happiness,
Which more of real Pleasure yields
Than all the feign'd *Elysian* Fields.
But Ignorance must now excuse
The Silence of my bashful Muse;
Her Modesty had ne'er the Face
T' ascend above her Gartering-place:
But, doubtless, 'twas a lovely Sight
The Fire beheld by its own Light.
*Ovid* wish'd himself a Flea,
That (so transform'd) he might survey
His Love all o'er, and uncontrol'd,
Her ev'ry Grace and Charm behold:
Had *Ovid*'s Flea been there To-night,
I fear he had but small Delight,

His rival Flames had ſpoil'd his Bliſs,
And made him curſe his Metamorphoſis.
At laſt, the Flames were grown ſo rude,
They boldly every where intrude:
They ſoon recall'd the Lady's Senſe,
And chas'd the pleaſing Viſion thence.
Soon as her Eyes recover'd Light,
She ſtrait beheld the diſmal Sight;
Beheld herſelf the Blazing-Star,
Or bright-tail'd Glow-Worm, to appear
She had not Time to meditate
Upon the Strangeneſs of her Fate;
But was confin'd to lay about,
To beat the impious Fire out.
The amorous Flames were loth to go,
They kiſs'd her Hand at ev'ry Blow;
And round her Ivory Fingers play,
And ſeem'd as if they begg'd to ſtay,
Vanquiſh'd at laſt, they did retire,
And in a gloomy Smoke expire:
When, viewing of her half-burnt Smock,
Thus to herſelf the ſad Nymph ſpoke:
" Is this th' Effect of Dreams? Is this
" The Fruit of all my fancy'd Bliſs?
" Misfortunes will, I ſee, betide,
" When Maidens throw their Legs too wide;
" Had I but kept my Legs a-croſs,
" I and my Smock had had no Loſs,
" I ought, I'm ſure, t' have took more heed,
" For ne'er had Virgin greater Need;

" My Kindneſs, and my little Care,
" Have left me ſcarce a Smock to wear.
" Some have been beg'd, ſome have been burn'd,
" All are to Clouts or Tinder turn'd.
" Two Smocks laſt Night the Flame ſurpriz'd,
" And in the Flaſket ſacrific'd;
" Others I did on Friends beſtow,
" Not dreaming I ſhou'd want 'em now:
" But I cou'd bear the Loſs of them,
" Had not the Fire diſturb'd my Dream.
" There is a Saying frights me too,
" But Heav'n forbid it ſhou'd be true,
" That when a Virgin burns her Train,
" She all her Life-time muſt remain.
" I dare not be of this Belief;
" For, ſhou'd I, I ſhou'd die with Grief;
" Live always here a Nun-like Life;
" And never, never be a Wife;
" Never enjoy a Marriage-Bed,
" Nor loſe a hated Maidenhead.
" Ah, cruel Flames! you're too unkind
" To bring theſe Fancies to my Mind!
" Down, down, into your Native Hell,
" In your own blazing Regions dwell;
" Trouble me no more, let me poſſeſs
" My Linnen, or my Dream, in Peace.
Thus the poor Nymph bewail'd her treacherous Luck,
At once to loſe ſo good a Dream and Smock.

## FULVIA: *Or Phyſick for the Ladies.*

*By Lord* LANSDOWNE.

WHY pines my Dear? To FULVIA, his young Bride,
Who penſive ſat, thus aged *Cornus* cry'd.
Alas! ſaid ſhe, ſuch Viſions break my Reſt,
The ſtrangeſt Thoughts! I think I am poſſeſt:
My Symptoms I have told a Man of Skill,
And—if I would—he ſays—I might—be well.
Take his Advice, ſaid he, my poor dear Wife,
I'll buy at any Rate thy precious Life.
Bluſhing, ſhe would excuſe, but all in vain,
A Doctor muſt be fetch'd to eaſe her Pain.
Hard preſt, ſhe yields: From *White*'s, or *Will*'s, or *Tom*'s,
No Matter which, he's ſummon'd, and he comes.
The careful Huſband, with a kind Embrace,
Entreats his Care; then bows, and quits the Place:
For little Ailments oft attend the Fair,
Not decent for a Huſband's Eye, or Ear.
Something the Dame would ſay: The ready Knight
Prevents her Speech—Here's that ſhall ſet you right,
Madam, ſaid he—With that the Door's made cloſe,
He gives, deliciouſly, the healing Doſe.

Alas! ſhe cries, Ah me! Ah cruel Cure!
Did ever Woman yet like me endure!
The Work perform'd: Uprifing gay and light,
Old *Cornus* is call'd in, to ſee the Sight.
A ſprightly Red vermillions all her Face,
And her Eyes languiſh with unuſual Grace.
With Tears of Joy, freſh guſhing from his Eyes,
O wond'rous Pow'r of Art! Old *Cornus* cries,
Amazing Change! Aſtoniſhing Succeſs!
Thrice happy I! What a brave Man was this!
Maids, Wives, and Widows, with like Whims poſſeſt,
May thus find certain Eaſe—*Probatum eſt.*

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## + *The* CURIOUS WIFE.

ſee Fuller - Engl. Poet. 10. 412

### A TALE.

THERE liv'd in *Derby*, near the *Peak*,
A Parſon fam'd for many a Freak;
Who had no Stomach to his Work:
But cramm'd and guzzled like a *Turk*:
His comely Paunch was ſwoln ſo high,
As if the very Rim would fly:
Stuft during *Lent*, as tho' he'd burſt,
Nor car'd if *Fiſh* or *Fleſh* came firſt;
No Days of Abſtinence he kept,
But eat, and drank, and read, and ſlept.

To

To *Acts of Venery* was prone,
Or with *my Lady*, or with *Joan*,
For *Hag* or *Angel*, was all one.
He had a ſharp, and leering Eye,
A blyth and buxom Laſs to ſpy,
His Mother-Tongue could write, or ſpeak,
But fell in Fits at ſight of *Greek*;
Thought Plays and Novels dainty Fare,
To *Homilies*, or *Common-Prayer*;
And *Bonefonius* * pleas'd him better,
Than *Nottingham*'s or *Whiſton*'s Letter.
He'd talk of Daggers, Darts, and Flames,
And forty other Pagan Names;
Of Lovers ſhrunk to Skeletons,
With hardly Skin to hide their Bones;
But he took moſt eſpecial Care,
To keep his Ribs from growing bare.
His ſtately Jowls he thought no Trouble;
His Noſe was rich, his Chin was double;
His flushing Cheeks with Nature's Paint,
Prov'd him a Toper, tho' no Saint.
This Prieſt, as modern Stories teach,
For a young Doxy felt an Itch,
A Cockney, of no ſcanty Fame,
Whoſe ev'ry Grace her Worth proclaim;
Was briſk and buxom, blyth and gay,
And pert as any *Popping-jay*;

* *A Latin* Poet, of the laſt Century, whoſe Amorous Pieces have been lately tranſlated into *Engliſh*.

Had Wit at Will, of Tales was fond,
For ev'ry *New Romance* she conn'd;
Had all *Curl*'s *Letchery* by Heart,
Which he in *Tryals* does impart:
O'er racy Sack, and nut-brown Ale,
Would sing like any *Nightingale*.
Chaunt all the Tunes, both new and old,
And drink her Tea, or hot, or cold;
Could heave her Breasts, or roll her Eye,
And softly breathe, and sweetly sigh;
And sundry other Motions reach,
Without one Syllable of Speech,
All which were certain Signs the Dame,
Was a Well-wisher to—*that same*.

Soon was this Nymph by *Isaac* won,
The Knot was ty'd, the Feat was done:
Here, might I sum up all the Feast,
And tell the Temper of each Guest;
Who gave the Bride, who carv'd the Meat,
How long they drank, how much they eat;
But shorter Bounds I mean to fix,
For fear my Story prove prolix;
Else I should ramble in this Stile,
And spin it out to Half a Mile.

But right as *Matthew Prior* sung,
A Tale should never be too long.
And ne'er a Bard from Sea to Sea,
Can tell a Tale so well as he.

Our Bride, with Vapours much cast down,
To leave the Pleasures of the Town;

Yet muſt to *Derbyſhire* repair,
(For *Iſaac*'s Vicaridge was there.)
Who made the cunning Gypſy know,
'Twas vain againſt the Stream to row.
And let her for her Heart contrive,
She needs muſt go, when Spouſe does drive;
So on they jogg a Market Trot,
For each a ſober Palfrey got.
Still fondly calling Duck, and Dear,
And chatting of their late good Cheer,
Till they arriv'd in *Derbyſhire*.

Where Madam firſt appear'd in View,
In decent Garb of ſable Hue,
A Scarf to touch her very Toe,
Flounc'd with a colour'd Furbeloe,
A Diamond Ring on Finger worn,
Such as a Lady might adorn,
A Muff, and Tippet, fine and neat,
As ſoft as Silk, as black as Jett.
The Farmers Wives around her throng,
And call her Handſome, Fair, and Young;
Applaud her Charms, admire her Tongue.
Their chiefeſt Honours they beſtow,
Where-ever Madam comes in View;
And none preſumes to make a Feaſt
But ſhe's invited as a Gueſt;
Has the firſt Slice, the largeſt Share,
The higheſt Place, the Elbow-Chair.
A *Hoard of Wealth* her Huſband hath,
Nor wants he aught but *Works* and *Faith*;

Keeps

Keeps *Bull*, and *Stallion*, to dispense
Large Doles of due Benevolence;
His Glebes were stock'd, his Cellars fill'd,
His Lands the best of Grain did yield;
His Barns were cramm'd, and a huge Store
Of Poultry cackled at the Door:
Whom Madam fed, with pleasing Look;
Yet still she wonder'd at the *Cock*,
That in his Amorous Career,
On every Hen bestow'd a Share:
Yet could she never see the Toys
That made his growing Courage rise.
Full oft she peep'd, full oft she view'd,
When he his jovial Game pursu'd:
Her Brains she beat, her Wits she strain'd,
Yet still the *mighty Doubt* remain'd.

One Night before they went to rest,
In folded Arms she closely prest,
And gave soft Kisses to her Spouse,
As every married Woman does
When first the Fetters are put on,
For this was all but *Honey-Moon*.

Says she, If tender Love may plead,
May my Entreaties then succeed:
One Thing remains a Mystery
Far from my Thoughts, as from my Eye:
Let me the naked Truth discern,
And teach me what I long to learn.

Our *sprightly Cock* gallants each Hen,
Altho' we keep no less than Ten:

Yet

Yet romps he o'er both Great and Small;
Nor know I what he *faints* withal.
But on his Legs two Truncheons grow,
With which he whims their Gigs I trow.
Can he with theſe maintain the Freak?
Or play ſo much at *Hide* and *Seek*?
Can he ſo many Hens run o'er?
In troth there's Work for half a Score.
Quoth *Iſaac*, ſurely by St. *Paul*,
My Duck, thou art a ſimple Soul:
Fowls, from the *Eagle* to the *Wren*,
Are harneſs'd otherwiſe than Men,
For the Male's Engines of Delight
Lie in their Bellies out of Sight:
Elſe all the goodly Ware they boaſt,
Among the Thorns would ſoon be loſt.
Thus, ever *warm*, they much advance
The pleaſing Sports of Dalliance,
Which in a Month more Courage rears,
Than any Man in Twenty Years.
O Gemini! ſays ſhe, I'm bleſt,
If there's the Bottom of the Jeſt;
By all the Holy Powers Above,
If Warmth ſo much engenders Love,
High in thy Bowels thruſt thy Gear,
And Jewels eke, that dangle here. —
That never can be done, I ween,
For as I hope to be a Dean,
This *Falſtaff-Belly* round, and big,
Was built for home-brew'd Ale, and Pig;

There's

There's not one Granny left for Roaſt,
Not for a *Wheat-ſtraw*, nor two *Peaſe*.
Then if thy Belly has not Room,
Sweet *Iſaac*, warm 'em in my Womb.

## *The* MAGNIFYING-GLASS.

### A TALE.

TWO Virgins in the Prime of Life,
Who each had rather been a Wife;
*Sally* and *Jenny* were their Names,
Like Siſters, own'd their equal Flames.
And talking, in a merry Mood,
Of what ſome hold Man's chiefeſt Good:
That, judg'd the largeſt, This the leaſt,
To ſuit with her Affair the beſt.
But uninform'd by Hand or Eyes,
Of the true Standard manly Size,
Now that, the Reader will ſurprize.
For Lechery, and Learning ſake,
A Tryal they reſolv'd to make:
That might give Fancy truer Scope,
And ſome Ideas what to hope.

Their Brother they had often heard,
Tho' guiltleſs both of Wit and Beard;
Was thought a Lad of parlous Parts;
In what moſt takes with Female Hearts:
Yet ſtill they doubted, at thoſe Years,
If he was rightly in his Geers.

His

His Sapling might in Time prove Timber;
But now they fear'd it much too limber;
And wiſh'd a Project to contrive
To make Fifteen ſeem Twenty-five;
To raiſe and round young Doodle's Figure,
Big as the biggeſt, what tho' bigger.
An Inſtrument was on the Table,
(Pray don't imagine this all Fable)
With which their Sire was wont to pore,
On Flies and Maggots by the Hour.
For he was one of thoſe ſhrewd Elves,
Who ſtudy all Things but Themſelves.
So mighty wiſe, that he could ſpy
The Motes in *Luna*'s radiant Eye.
And yet ſo dull he could not find
Which Way his Daughters were inclin'd.
The Girls more prudent, would reduce,
*Philoſophy* to common Uſe.
Their Scheme was pleaſant, and was new,
And thus the Rogues their Game purſue.
The Booby Boy lay faſt aſleep,
Aſide his Bed they ſlily creep;
And gently lifting down the Sheet,
Their Eyes a bold *Priapus* meet;
Erect, and firm as honeſt Truth,
In all the comely Force of Youth.
*Sally* directs the Optic Frame
In a Right Line before *that Same*;
And each by Turns indulg'd her Sight
With the gay Scene it brought to *light*.

The

The Tube plumps up the nervous Feature,
And adds twelve Inches to its Stature.
Happy, quoth *Sally*, were the Bride,
With ſuch a Weapon by her Side.
But prithee, *Jenny*, let me ſee
Th' Effects this Charm would have on Thee.
With that, ſhe ſlily bolts the Door,
And ſpreads the Wanton on the Floor.
Naked the little Gipſey lies,
Her Legs extended, and her Thighs.
The nice Surveyor mov'd the Glaſs,
In curious Search from Place to Place;
Firſt view'd the curious Laun above;
Then all beneath the moſſy Grove:
At laſt ſhe fix'd her active Sight
On the ſweet Fountain of Delight:
When lo! it yawn'd ſo hugeous wide,
That (burſt with Laughter) *Sally* cry'd,
To fill that Gap, and end thy Cares,
Would aſk more——than there are Hairs.

## †*The* MILLER *of* TROMPINGTON.

*From* CHAUCER.

AT *Trompington*, not far from *Cambridge*, ſtood
Acroſs a pleaſant Stream, a Bridge of Wood;
Near it a Mill, in low and plaſhy Ground,
Where Corn from all the neighb'ring Parts was ground.
The ſturdy *Miller*, with his powder'd Locks,
Proud as a Peacock, ſubtile as a Fox,
Could pipe, and fiſh, and wreſtle, throw a Net,
Turn drinking Cups, and teach young Dogs to ſet;
Brawny, big-bon'd, ſtrong made was ev'ry Limb,
But few durſt venture to contend with him.
A Dagger hanging at his Belt he had,
Made of an ancient Sword's well-temper'd Blade;
He wore a *Sheffield* Whittle in his Hoſe;
Broad was his Face, and very flat his Noſe;
Bald as an Ape behind was this Man's Crown;
No one could better bate a Market down:
But *Millers* will be Thieves; he us'd to ſteal,
Slyly and artfully, much Corn and Meal.
This *Miller*'s Wife came of a better Race,
The Parſon's Daughter of the Town ſhe was:
Her Portion ſmall, her Education high,
She had her Breeding in a *Nunnery*.

'Whoe'er he marry'd (*Simkin* boldly ſaid)
'Should be a Maid well-born, and nicely bred.'
You'd laugh to ſee him in his beſt Array,
Strutting before her on a Holy Day.
If any boldly durſt accoſt his Wife,
He drew his Dagger, or his *Sheffield* Knife.
'Tis dang'rous to provoke a jealous Fool;
She manag'd cunningly her ſtubborn Tool.
To all beneath her, inſolently high;
Walk'd like a Duck, and chatter'd like a Pye:
Proud of her Breeding, froward, full of Scorn,
As if ſhe were of noble Parents born;
With other Virtues of the ſame Degree,
All learn'd in that choice School, the *Nunnery*.
Their Daughter was juſt twenty, coarſe and bold;
A Boy too in the Cradle, ſix Months old.
Thick, ſhort, and brawny, this plump Damſel was,
Her Noſe was flat, her Eyes were grey as Glaſs;
Her Haunches broad, with Breaſts up to her Chin;
Fair was her Hair, but tawny was her Skin.
A mighty Trade, this luſty *Miller* drove,
All for Convenience came, not one for Love.
Much Griſt from *Cambridge* to his Lot did fall,
And all the Corn they us'd at *Scholars-hall*.
Their *Manciple* fell dangerouſly ill;
Bread muſt be had, their Griſt went to the Mill:
This *Simkin* moderately ſtole before,
Their Steward ſick, he robb'd them ten times more.

Their

Their Bread fell ſhort; the *Warden* ſtorm'd; with Skill
Examin'd thoſe who brought it from the Mill.
The *Miller* to a ſtrict Account they call:
He impudently ſwears he gave them all.
Two poor young Scholars, hungry, much diſtreſs'd,
(Who thought themſelves more wiſe than all the reſt)
Intreat the *Warden*, the next Corn he ſent,
To truſt it to their prudent Management:
Both would attend him with ſuch Care and Art,
Defy him then to ſteal the ſmalleſt Part.
At laſt the *Warden* grants what they deſire;
All is got ready as theſe Two require.
Bold Men, tho' diſappointed, ne'er are ſham'd;
One was call'd *Allen*, t'other *John* was nam'd,
Both Northern Men, both in one Town were born,
They mount, and lead the Horſe that bears the Corn.
'Be careful, *Allen* cries, and do not ſtray.'
"Fear nothing, he replies, I know the Way."
Thus they jog on, and on the Road contrive
To catch the Thief; till at the Mill they 'rive.
"Ho *Sim*, ſays *John*, what ho, the Miller there?
'Who calls? ſays *Simkin*, tell me who you are?'
"How fares your comely Daughter and your "Wife?"
'What, *John* and *Allen*, welcome by my Life;

The Miller ſaid, ‘ What Wind has brought you
hither?
“ That which makes old Wives trudge, brought
“ us together.
“ Who keeps no Man, muſt his own Servant be;
“ Our *Manciple* is very ſick, and we
“ Are with the Corn from our good *Warden* come,
“ To ſee it ground, and bring it ſafely home:
“ Diſpatch it, *Sim*, with all the Haſte you may.”
‘ It ſhall be done (he ſays) without Delay.
‘ What will you do while I have this in Hand?’
Says *John*, “ Juſt at the Hopper will I ſtand,
“ (In my whole Life I never ſaw Griſt ground,)
“ And mark the Clack how juſtly it will ſound.”
‘ Aha! Chum *John*, cries *Allen*, will you ſo?
‘ Then will I watch how it ſteals out below.’
*Sim*, at their Plot maliciouſly did ſmile;
None could, they thought, ſuch learned Clerks
beguile.
He meant to caſt a Miſt before their Eye,
In ſpite of all their fine Philoſophy;
Neither ſhould find where he convey'd the Meal;
The narrower they watch'd, the more he'd ſteal.
Theſe Scholars for their Flour, ſhall have the Bran;
The learned'ſt Clerk is not the wiſeſt Man.
Then out he ſteals, and finds, where, by the Head,
Their Horſe hung faſten'd underneath a Shed:
He ſlips the Bridle o'er his Neck; the Steed
Makes to the Fens, where Mares and Fillies feed.
Unmiſs'd

Unmiſs'd comes *Sim*, finds *John* fix'd at his Poſt,
And *Allen* diligent, no Meal was loſt:
'Now do me Juſtice, Friends, he ſays, you can
'Convince your *Warden* I'm an honeſt Man.'
Now the great Work is done, the Corn is ground,
The Griſt is ſack'd, and every Sack well bound:
*John* runs to fetch the Horſe; aloud he cries,
"Come hither *Allen*;" *Allen* to him flies.
"O Friend, we are undone!" — 'What mean
'you, *John*?
"Look there's the *Bridle*, but our *Horſe* is gone!"
'Gone! whither? ſays he,' — "Nay, Heav'n
"knows, not I" —
Out bolts *Sim*'s Wife, and (with a ready Lye)
She cries, "I ſaw him toſs his Head, and play,
"Then ſlip the looſen'd Reins, and trot away."
'Which Way?' they both demand — "With
"wanton Bounds,
"I ſaw him ſcamp'ring tow'rd yon fenny Grounds:
"Wild Mares and Colts in thoſe low Marſhes feed."
Away the Scholars run with utmoſt Speed,
Forget their former cautious Huſbandry;
Their Sack does at the *Miller*'s Mercy lie.
He half a Buſhel of their Flour does take,
Then bids his Wife ſecure it in a Cake.
'I'll ſend theſe empty Boys again to School,
'To plot and ſtudy who's the greater Fool;
'Look where the learned Blockheads make their
'Way,
'Let us be merry, while thoſe Children play.'

Theſe ſilly Scholars ran from Place to Place;
Now here, now there, unequal was the Chace.
They call him by his Name, whiſtle and cry,
Ho *Ball!* but *Ball* is pleas'd with Liberty.
At Night into a narrow Place they brought him,
Drove him into a Ditch, and there they caught him.
Weary and wet, as Cattle in the Rain,
*Allen*, and ſimple *John*, come back again.
" Alas! cries *John*, wou'd I had ne'er been born!
" When we return, we ſhall be laugh'd to Scorn.
" Call'd by the *Fellows*, and our *Warden*, Fools:
" Our Griſt is ſtol'n, and we the *Miller*'s Tools."
Thus *John* complains: *Allen*, without Remorſe,
Goes to the Barn, and in he turns his Horſe.
Both cold and hungry, wet and dawb'd with Mire;
They find the *Miller* ſitting at his Fire;
" We can't return, they ſay, before 'tis Light,
" So beg for Lodging in your Mill To-night."
*Simkin* replies, ' Welcome with all my Heart,
' I'll find you out the moſt convenient Part.
' My Houſe is ſtraight, but you are learned Men;
' You can by Dint of Argument maintain,
" That twenty Yards a Mile in Breadth comprife:
' Now ſhow your Art, and make a *Miller* wiſe.'
" You're merry, Friend; but wet and clammy
" Earth,
" Hunger and Cold, provoke few Men to Mirth.
" A Man complies with neceſſary Things,
" Content with what he finds, or what he brings.
" 'Tis

" 'Tis Meat and Drink we earneſtly deſire;
" To warm and dry us with a better Fire.
" Look, we have Coin to pay what you demand!
" We ne'er catch Falcons with an empty Hand."

*Sim* ſends his Daughter to a neighb'ring Houſe.
For good ſtrong Ale, and roaſts a well-fed Gooſe.
Tho' homely was his Room, it was not ſmall;
They had no other, it muſt ſerve them all.
The Daughter makes for theſe two Youths a Bed,
Lays on clean Sheets, with Blankets fairly ſpread.
Twelve Foot beyond, in the remoteſt Place,
There ſtood another for their Daughter *Grace*.
The Supper does with ſprightly Mirth abound,
Each has his Jeſt, the nappy Ale goes round;
Nor the ſquab Daughter, nor the Wife were nice,
Each Health the Youths began, *Sim* pledg'd it twice.
The heady Liquor ſtupefies their Care,
But Midnight paſt, they all to Reſt repair.
The *Miller* yaun'd, his Eyes began to cloſe;
The Wife got *Sim* to Bed, he had his Doſe.
She follow'd him; but ſhe was gay and light,
Her Whiſtle had been wetted too that Night;
She plac'd the Child in Cradle by her Side,
To give it Suck, or rock it if it cry'd.
The Daughter too, when once the Ale was gone,
Retir'd to Bed; ſo *Allen* did, and *John*.
Sleep on the moſt did inſtantly prevail;
The *Miller*'s luſty Doſe of potent Ale

Made

Made him like any Stone-horſe ſnort and ſnore,
The Treble was behind, the Baſe before:
The Wife's Horſe-tenor vacant Parts did fill,
The Daughter bore her Part with wond'rous Skill,
They might be heard a Furlong from the Mill.

When this melodious Conſort firſt began,
Young *Allen* tumbling, puſhes his Friend *John*:
'It is impoſſible to ſleep, he ſays,
'I'll up and dance, while this choice Muſic plays.'
He cries, "What means my Brother?"--*Allen* ſaid,
'I mean to ſteal into the Daughter's Bed.
'Tis ſaid, the Man who in one Point is griev'd,
'Ought in another Point to be reliev'd.
'Our Corn is ſtol'n, and we the Fools are caught,
'The Daughter ſhall repay the Father's Fault."--
"O *Allen*, he replies, think while you can,
"'Fore Heav'n the Miller is a dang'rous Man!
"Should he diſcover you, I would be loth
"The Thief ſhould wreak his Vengeance on us
"both."
'I fear him not, ſays *Allen*, I am young;
'Tho' he's well-ſet, my Sinews are as ſtrong.
Then up he gets; *now Friend good Luck* (he ſaid)
The Daughter's Trumpet led him to her Bed:
Half ſtupefy'd with Ale, ſhe ſprawling lay;
He ſoftly creeping in, ſoon hit his Way;
Soon put all knotty Queſtions out of doubt,
Stopping her Mouth, prevented crying out.
*John* grumbling lay, while *Allen*'s Place was void,
"Am I then idle, while my Friend's employ'd?

"He

" He can revenge himſelf for all his Harms,
" He has the *Miller*'s Daughter in his Arms,
" While I lie ſpiritleſs, benumb'd and cold;
" I ſhall be jeer'd to Death, when this is told;
" They nothing can perform, who ne'er begin;
" Faint Heart, they ſay, did ne'er fair Lady win."
Then up he roſe, and ſoftly groping round,
He found the Cradle ſtanding on the Ground,
Cloſe by the *Miller*'s Bed; this uneſpy'd
He took, and ſet it by his own Bed-ſide.
The *Miller*'s Wife had now more Griſts to grind,
(Some Mills by Water move, and ſome by Wind)
The proper Utenſil not plac'd at hand,
She roſe, by pure Neceſſity conſtrain'd.
That grand Affair diſpatch'd, and feeling round
Her Huſband's Bed, no Cradle could be found,
" Where am I? *Benedicite*, ſhe ſaid!
" This is undoubtedly the Scholars Bed."
Then turning t'other Way, her Hand did light
Full on the Cradle.—*Now*, ſhe cry'd, *I'm right.*
Lifting the Clothes, into the Bed ſhe leap'd,
And cloſe to *John* full harmleſly ſhe crept:
In a ſhort Time he takes her in his Arms,
And kindly treats her with unuſual Charms.
She thought (ſtrange Fancies working in her Mind)
Some *Saint* had made her Huſband over-kind.
Propitious Stars this Fortune did beſtow
On both, till the third Cock began to crow.

Now *Allen* fancy'd Light would ſoon appear,
He kiſs'd the Wench, and ſaid, 'My *Grace!* my Dear!
'Thou kindeſt of thy Sex, the Day comes on,
'And we muſt part'—"Alas, will you be gone?"
"She ſaid, and leave poor harmleſs me alone?"
'If I ſtay longer, we are both undone;
'For ſhould your Father wake, and find me here,
'What will become of me and you, my Dear?
"That dreadful Thought (ſhe cries) diſtracts my "Heart,
"Too ſoon you won me, and too ſoon we part."
Then clinging round his Neck, with weeping Eyes,
She ſays, "Remember me!" *Allen* replies,
'I'll quickly find Occaſion to return;
'You ſhall not long for *Allen*'s Abſence mourn.'
"Farewell, ſhe cries! But, deareſt, one Word "more;
"You'll find upon a Sack behind the Door
"A Cake, and under it a Bag of Meal;
"The Flour my Father and myſelf did ſteal
"Out of your Sack; but take it, 'tis your own;
"Be careful, Love—not a Word more, be gone."
Now *Allen* ſoftly feeling for his Bed,
By Chance his Hand laid on the Cradle-head.
And ſhrinking from it, ſaid (with no ſmall Fear)
'That Rogue the *Miller* and his Wife lie there.'
Turning, he finds *Sim*'s Palate, in he crept;
'I'm right, ſays he, dull *John* all Night has ſlept.

Then

Then ſhaking him, 'Wake, Swineherd, *Allen* cries,
'I've joyful News.'—"What?" grumbling *Sim* replies.
'I am the luckieſt Rogue—by this *no Light*,
'I have had full Employment all the Night:
'The Daughter kindly paid her Father's Score,
'All Night I have embrac'd her.'—"O the "Whore!
"O thou falſe Traitor, Clerk! thou haſt defil'd
"Our honeſt Family, deflow'r'd our Child!
"Thy Life ſhall anſwer it."--With that he caught
At *Allen*'s Throat: Young *Allen* ſtoutly fought.
Both give and take, returning Blows with Blows;
But *Allen* ſtruck the *Miller* on the Noſe
With all his Force; out flies the ſtreaming Gore,
And down it runs: They tumble on the Floor:
Then up they get, lab'ring with equal Striſe:
*Sim* ſtumbled backwards quite acroſs his Wife.
She faſt aſleep, none of this Scuffle heard;
Wak'd by his Fall, and heartily afear'd:
"Help, *Holy Croſs of Broholm!* (O I faint!)
"Help my *good Angel!* help my *Patron Saint!*
"The *Fiend* lies on me like a Load of Lead!
"Remove this Dev'l, this Night-mare, or I'm "dead!"
Then up ſtarts *John*, and turns 'em from the Wife,
Hunts for a Cudgel to conclude the Striſe.
Up gets the *Miller*, *Allen* graſps him cloſe,
Both play at Hard-head, ſtruggling to get looſe.

Out

Out ſtept the Wife, well knowing where there ſtood,
In a By-corner, a tough Piece of Wood;
On this ſhe ſeiz'd, and by a glimm'ring Light
Which enter'd at a Chink, ſaw ſomething white:
But by a foul Miſtake, 'twas her ill Hap
To take his bald Pate for the Scholar's Cap.
She lifts the Staff, it fell on his bare Crown,
Strong was the Blow, ſhe knocks her Huſband down.
'O, I am ſlain! the *Miller* loudly cry'd;
"Live to be hang'd, thou Thief," *Allen* reply'd.
Away they go, firſt take their Meal and Cake,
Then lay the Griſt upon their Horſe's Back.
To *Scholars-hall* they march, for now 'twas Light,
Pleas'd with the ſtrange Adventures of the Night.
The Wife the Scholars curſes, binds his Head,
Then lifts him up, and lays him on the Bed.
'O Wife, ſays *Sim*, our Daughter is defil'd!
'That Villain *Allen* has debauch'd our Child!
'Miſtaking me for *John*, he told me all;
'Ten thouſand Furies plague that *Scholars-hall*.'
"O falſe abuſive Knave! (the Wife reply'd)
"In ev'ry Word the Villain ſpake, he ly'd.
"I wak'd and heard our harmleſs Child complain,
"And roſe to know the Cauſe, and eaſe her Pain.
"I found her torn with Gripes, a Dram I brought,
"And made her take a comfortable Draught.
"Then lay down by her, chaf'd her ſwelling Breaſt,
"And lull'd her in theſe very Arms to Reſt.

" All was Contrivance, Malice all, and Spite;
" I have not parted from her all this Night.
*Then is ſhe innocent?* " Ay, by my Life,
" As pure and ſpotleſs — as thy Boſom Wife."
*I'm ſatisfy'd*, ſays *Sim. O that damn'd Hall!*
*I'll do the beſt I can to ſtarve them all.*
And thus the Miller of his Fear is eas'd,
The Mother and the Daughter both well-pleas'd.

---

## *The* GLISTER.

### A TALE.

*By* J. N.

IN *Berkſhire's County* liv'd of late,
An honeſt *Farmer* and his *Mate*;
Who liv'd a Sort of — happy Life —
As cou'd be found 'twixt *Man* and *Wife*:
With *Plenty* was their *Table* crown'd;
With *Plenty* did their *Fields* abound:
And to compleat their earthly Joy,
Heav'n *bleſs'd* them with a — *Booby Boy*.
The *ſimple Father* thought him *wiſe*,
(For *Parents* ſee with *partial* Eyes)
So great his *Learning* and his *Knowledge*,
Wou'd ſure *adorn* ev'n *Greſham College*:
(For *Numps* had early learn'd at School,
To know what's *Latin* for a *Fool*;
With twenty other Words, I ween
Cou'd tell in *Engliſh* what they mean.)

Thus ſtock'd with Learning, *Numps* was ſent
To *Doctor Bliſter*, with Intent
To learn of him the Art of *Phyſick:*
How *Gripes* are *cur'd*, how *Gout*, and *Phthiſick*;
With Thouſands more unnam'd behind,
Which, join'd with *Phyſick*, plague Mankind.
Now *Numps* is ſent with ev'ry *Slop*,
Collected from his Maſter's Shop:
With *Bliſters*, *Draughts*, and *Pills* in plenty;
And *Purges* eke, at leaſt ſome twenty.
A *Gliſter* too for Lady *Frolick*,
To eaſe the griping Pains of Cholick:
Which *Numps* was order'd ſtraight to give,
Or elſe the Lady cou'd not live.
" And *Numps*, d'ye hear? the *Doctor* cry'd,
" Since you a *Gliſter* ne'er apply'd,
" This Counſel take: You know *behind*,
" There is a *Vent* to let out *Wind*.
" In which apply the *Pipe* aright,
" Then preſs the *Bag* with all your Might,
" Until the ſame is empty'd quite.
" Then draw the *Implement* with Care;
" And ſee you force away no *H—r*."
Inſtructed thus, poor *Numpy* goes,
And, bluſhing, turns aſide the Cloaths.
Then, trembling, looks with careful Eye,
To find the *Part* the *Pipe* t'apply,
When lo! to *Numpy*'s great Surprize,
A *horrid Form* aſſaults his Eyes!

Who

He wond'ring, cries, What's *here* I trow!
As ſure as I'm alive, below
*Two Holes* I find quite plain to Sight,
So *woundy rough* enough to fright;
Adzooks, I know not *which is right!*
And loudly adds, with ſtupid Leer,
I wonder how they *both* came here!
The *Lady* all this while oppreſt
With racking Pains, cou'd find no Reſt;
In Anger, cry'd, Thou worſt of Fools,
Inject the *Gliſter* e'er it *cools.*
At this Reproof, poor *Numps* in haſte,
With trembling Hands the *Gliſter* plac'd;
But plac'd it *wrong* (or Fame does lie)
And gave it in her—*Nether Eye.*

---

## *A* RIDDLE *upon* SOME-THING.

NO longer blame thoſe on the Banks of *Nile,*
If they ador'd the rav'nous Crocodile;
Nor think the *Indians* mad who worſhip Apes,
Serpents and Idols in ſuch monſtrous Shapes;
Since all Mankind to me does Homage pay,
More rav'nous, fatal, and deform'd than they:
To me their pureſt Blood they ſacrifice,
Yet all they do ne'er can my Rage ſuffice.
Infants each Day within my Vaults expire,
And Men oft periſh by my Altar's Fire.

All rough I am, and hideous to the Sight,
Yet Man in me has plac'd his chief Delight;
Enough of me he thinks he ne'er can ſeize,
And yet the leſs I am the more I pleaſe.
Calling myſelf deform'd, ſure I miſtake,
Since I the chiefeſt Part of Beauty make.
But I compos'd of Contradictions am,
Th' Original of Impudence and Shame,
'Tis I that kindle and then quench the Flame.
I feel the greateſt Pleaſure, greateſt Pain,
When cloſeſt cover'd moſt expos'd to Rain;
Of the moſt noble Plant the only Field,
But bear the leſs the oftner I am till'd.
The laſt of Nature's numerous Works I am,
Yet firſt in Power, and wonderful in Frame.
For tho' I ſeem ſo gentle, weak, and ſmall,
The ſtrongeſt yield, ſtouteſt before me fall;
Of me th'Extremes none reach, tho' ne'er ſo tall.
My only Friend, my greateſt Grief and Joy,
Oft ſtabs me, and I him as oft deſtroy.
Between th' *Herculean* Pillars I am ſet,
Where all Men have their *Ne plus ultra* met:
My Name is hid, as I am from your Eyes;
If you ne'er ſeek me out I'll count you wiſe.

*A Match*

## † *A Match for the Devil.*

*Sa Rabelais*

*By* T. Brown.

WHILE others idle Tales relate,
To *fright* Men from the *marry'd State*;
Do thou, my Muſe, in humble Verſe,
The *Virtues* of a *Wife* rehearſe.
A Farmer of much Wealth poſſeſs'd,
With Friends too, while they *laſted*, bleſs'd,
Kept open Houſe, and lov'd to feaſt
Thoſe who deſerv'd and wanted leaſt.
To Pleaſures he preſcrib'd no Bounds;
He kept his Hunters, Pack of Hounds.
Somewhat laſcivious, ſomewhat vain.
Some Gentleman had croſs'd the Strain.
To try all Joys and Plagues of Life,
He boldly took a buxom Wife.
Now freſh Expences, freſh Delights,
Attend the Day, and crown the Nights.
His new Acquaintance crowd the Houſe;
Some praiſe the Fare, but moſt the Spouſe;
Each ſtrove who ſhould divert the moſt,
But ſtill 'twas at the Huſband's Coſt;
He, thoughtleſs, prais'd th' expenſive Pleaſure,
To pleaſe his dear domeſtick Treaſure,
All Care was ſcorn'd, and Buſ'neſs vaniſh'd;
The *preſent* Joys, all *future* baniſh'd:

And being both of Years but vernal,
They thought their Wealth and Loves eternal.
But oh! how vain are all Men's Fancies!
Ill-grounded Projects, mere Romances.
What Whims the Wiſeſt entertain!
What ſtrange Deluſions fill our Brain!
When we are eager to poſſeſs,
We ſmooth the Road to Happineſs:
We level Mountains, empty Seas,
And Reaſon fierce Deſires obeys.
The greateſt Danger we deſpiſe;
Our Paſſion ſees, and not our Eyes.
Our Pair now find, ſome Seaſons paſt,
Nor *Wealth*, nor *Love*, would *always* laſt,
Unleſs improv'd with Application;
But that in one is out of Faſhion.
*Gold* indeed preſerves its Sway;
But *Love!* who does *thy* Power obey?
E'en *Women* now profeſs to range,
And all their Pleaſure is in Change;
Now ſeek the preſent Joys t' improve,
Yielding to many they call Love;
Artful new Lovers to engage,
Then ſlight his Love, and ſcorn his Rage.
Thus theſe behold what they poſſeſs'd,
And wonder how they once were bleſt.
Their Jars are thought on, and improv'd;
They hate themſelves that once they lov'd.
Thus lab'ring on in dirty Road,
They ſnarl, and curſe the heavy Load.

How happy were our mortal State,
Were Indolence but our worſt Fate!
No ſooner Joys the Place forſake,
But racking Pains Dominion take,
No ſooner Love had fled the Pair,
When enter'd meager Want and Care,
The Houſe, which had ſuch vaſt Reſort
When Riot ſeem'd to keep his Court,
Is now forſook, a lonely Cell,
Where *Silence*, undiſturb'd, might dwell.
Clean Pans and Spits the Walls now grac'd;
For Ornament the Pewter's plac'd;
Bright Diſhes entertain the Eye;
No Kitchen-Smoke offends the Sky.
Hogſheads with diſmal Sounds complain'd;
Both Hogſheads, and the Man were drain'd.
His Landlord ſtern, his Rent demands.
Stray'd are his Flocks, unplough'd his Lands.
The Wife adviſes Friends to try;
*Her's* ſhe was ſure would not deny.
A Thouſand Vows ſhe had received;
Each Vow repaid, for ſhe believed.
But oh! how ſoon did they diſcover,
'Tis *Wealth* brings *Friends*, the *Face* a *Lover*.
His Wants are heard without Relief;
Her Eyes afford not Joy, nor Grief.
His waſted Fortune All affrights;
Her faded Beauty none invites.
Oppreſs'd with Wants, to Woods he flies,
And ſeeks the Peace his Houſe denies.

Roving,

Roving, lamenting his Condition,
Fate kindly ſent him a Phyſician.
His Habit, Cane, and formal Face,
Shew'd he was of *Geneva* Race:
But cloven Feet the Fiend detect,
And prov'd him Author of the Sect.
With Joy he ſpy'd the Wretch's Cares,
And fawning, thus he ſpread his Snares.
My Son! with Pity I have ſeen
(Tho' I've a Foe to Pity been)
The ſad Diſaſters you endure,
That of a *Wife* admits no Cure.
I know your Wants, and hers I gueſs;
I cannot ſwear I'll *both* redreſs.
That Taſk, I fear, is too uneaſy;
But if Poſſeſſions large will pleaſe ye,
Behold this ſpacious Tract of Land,
All that you ſee's at my Command.
I'll give it freely all to thee,
If we on Articles agree.
I can perform it, I'm the Devil,—
Nay, never ſtart, Man, I'll be civil.
It ſhall be yours to plough and ſow;
All that *above* the Ground does grow,
Whate'er it is, ſhall be *my* Due;
The reſt I freely give to *you*.
Gladly the Farmer does ſubmit,
For pinching Want hath taught him Wit.
With *Roots* he plants the fruitful Soil,
Which well rewarded all his Toil.

But

But to his Landlord's jilted Share,
A *weedy* Harveſt does appear.
The Devil vext, new Cov'nants makes,
Next Year all *under Ground* he takes.
Then golden *Wheat* the Land does bear,
And *uſeleſs Roots* are *Satan*'s Share.
The Fiend reſolv'd to ſpoil the Jeſt,
And thus the Farmer he addreſs'd.
Believe me, Friend, thou art a Sharper;
*Satan* himſelf has caught a *Tartar*;
I've ſeen thy *Wit*, but now at length
I am reſolv'd to try thy *Strength*.
A *ſcratching* Match we'll have together;
Look to thyſelf, I'll claw thy Leather.
If I ſubmit, the *Land* is thine;
If I o'ercome, thy *Soul* is mine.
Think for your Quiet, I conjure ye;
Should you to Hell, you leave a Fury.
Obſerve theſe Talons, and away,
And *Friday* next ſhall be the Day.
A mod'rate Beauty will inflame,
'Till we have ſeen a brighter Dame.
Rivers with Wonder we ſurvey,
'Till we behold the boundleſs Sea.
So ev'ry little trifling Care
Appears a Load we cannot bear.
But if ſome horrid Tortures ſeize us,
What late we dreaded, now would eaſe us.
The wretched Farmer homeward goes,
And dreads his future endleſs Woes.

His

His Cares, his Duns, his Wants, his Wife,
And all the Banes of happy Life,
Would now afford him vaſt Content,
Could he th' unequal Match prevent.
His prying Turtle quickly gueſs'd
Some Care uncommon fill'd his Breaſt.
Huſband and Wife ſometimes relate
Their Cares and Buſineſs, tho' they hate.
Nor always *Nature's* Call deny,
And tho' both loath, yet both comply.
Her wheedling Tongue ſoon found the Means
To make the Wretch diſcloſe his Pains.
He tells the Combat and the Laws,
And magnifies his monſtrous Paws.
Piſh! Is this all that plagues your Mind?
An eaſy Remedy I'll find.
You to your Wife's Advice ſubmit,
And we'll the Devil himſelf out-wit.
Come, turn about—and leave your Moans,—
Theſe Huſbands are ſuch very Drones,—
He ſigh'd, obey'd, and did his beſt;
His Taſk perform'd, he went to Reſt.
Our happy Hours are quickly paſt,
And Time to Miſery makes haſte.
Soon *Friday* comes, a diſmal Day!
When ſuch a Gueſt would viſits pay.
The Farmer dreads the approaching Scuffle;
(The Thoughts of Hell the Boldeſt ruffle)
But ſtill his Wife keeps up her Spirits;
She knew her Safe-guard, and its Merits;

She

She bids him hide, whate'er should fall on't,
While she receiv'd the dreadful Gallant.
He soon obeys th' advent'rous Dame;
The Husband gone, the Devil came.

Who knocks impetuous at the Gate,
And angry grows, that he should wait,
Again for Ent'rance loud he cries;
But Screams and Groans are the Replies.
Love and the Devil what can bind?
They stronger grow, the more confin'd:
If they can spy the smallest Hole,
One takes the Heart, and one the Soul.
So *Satan*, vex'd at the Delay,
Whip'd thro' the Key-hole to his Prey;
But, to his great Amazement, found
Th' indecent Wife spread on the Ground:
High as the Waste, expos'd and bare,
And with her Shrieks she piere'd the Air.

Why, how now, Woman? whence this Passion?
This Posture, and such Exclamation?

Ah! pity, Sir, my wretched Case,
And quickly fly this horrid Place.
You, by your grim, majestick Air,
Your Feet, your Claws, your Horns declare,
You with my Husband come to scratch?
But thou, ah! thou, th' unequal Match!
The cruel Monster ready stands,
But hope not to escape his Hands:
His Nails are Scythes upon my Life,
And for his Horns, Sir,—I'm his Wife.

This

This Morn, to try what he could do,
On me he would his Proweſs ſhew:
This *Chaſm* he made with's Little Finger;
Behold, Sir,—is it not a Swinger?
With that ſhe threw her Legs aſide,
And ſhew'd a Hole ſurprizing wide.

Zounds, quoth the Devil, (quite amaz'd,
When on the deadly Gulph he gaz'd)
What do I ſee! What makes that Wound
Of ſuch Extent, and ſo profound!
If *one* Nail ſuch a Wound could tear,
What can the Force of *ten* Claws bear!
And by the Stench, to ſhew his Spite,
With *poiſon'd* Weapons he would fight.
My Talons are not half ſo long,
Nor is my Sulphur half ſo ſtrong.
No, I'll ſubmit, ſince my Lot's Hell;
At leaſt I'll in a whole Skin dwell.
The Land is his, but be he bound,
Since he has *made*, to *fill* that Wound.
With that he vaniſh'd from her Eyes,
And ſulph'rous Stench and Fumes ariſe.

The Farmer haſtens to the Place,
His great Deliv'rer to embrace.
Well haſt thou freed my ſim'rous Soul;
But what did e'er thy Pow'r controul?
The fierceſt Rage it ſoon diſarms,
Tho' Hell it frights, yet Men it charms.
But be it on thy Tomb engrav'd,
*'Tis the firſt Soul a Wife e'er ſav'd.*

## † CHLORIS *in a Pig-ſtye.*

FAIR *Chloris* in a Pig-ſtye lay,
Her tender Herd lay by her:
She ſlept, in murm'ring Gruntlings they,
Complaining of the ſcorching Day,
Her Slumbers thus inſpire.

She dreamt, while ſhe with careful Pains
Her ſnowy Arms employ'd,
In Ivory Pails to fill out Grains,
One of her Love-convicted Swains,
Thus haſting to her, cry'd.

Fly, Nymph, oh! fly, ere 'tis too late,
A dear lov'd Life to ſave:
Reſcue your Boſom Pig from Fate,
Who now expires, hung in the Gate
That leads to yonder Cave.

Myſelf had try'd to ſet him free,
Rather than brought the News:
But I am ſo abhorr'd by thee,
That ev'n thy Darling's Life from me
I know thou wou'dſt refuſe.

Struck with the News, as quick the flies
As Bluſhes to her Face:
Not the bright Lightning from the Skies,
Nor Love ſhot from her brighter Eyes,
Move half ſo ſwift a Pace.

This Plot, ſhe dreams, the luſtful Slave
Had laid againſt her Honour:
Which not one God took Care to ſave,
For he purſues her to the Cave,
And throws himſelf upon her.

Now pierced is her Virgin Zone,
She feels the Foe within it;
She hears a broken amorous Groan,
The panting Lover's fainting Moan,
Juſt in the happy Minute.

Frighted ſhe wakes, and waking ſighs,
Nature thus kindly eas'd
In Dreams rais'd by her murm'ring Pigs,
And her own Thumb between her Legs,
She's innocently pleas'd.

---

## *A* QUIET LIFE *and a* GOOD NAME.

*To a Friend who married a Shrew.*

*By Dr.* SWIFT.

*NELL* ſcolded in ſo loud a Din,
That *Will* durſt hardly venture in:
He mark't the conjugal Diſpute;
*Nell* roar'd inceſſant, *Dick* ſat mute:
But, when he ſaw his Friend appear,
Cry'd bravely, Patience, good my Dear.
At Sight of *Will* ſhe bawl'd no more,
But hurry'd out and clapt the Door.

Why

Why *Dick!* the Devil's in thy *Nell*,
Quoth *Will*, thy Houſe is worſe than Hell:
Why, what a Peal the Jade has rung!
Damn her, why don't you ſlit her Tongue?
For nothing elſe will make it ceaſe ——
Dear *Will*; I ſuffer this for Peace:
I never quarrel with my Wife:
I bear it for a quiet Life.
Scripture you know exhorts us to it;
Bids us to *ſeek Peace and enſue it.*
*Will* went again to viſit *Dick*;
And ent'ring in the very Nick,
He ſaw Virago *Nell* belabour,
With *Dick*'s own Staff, his peaceful Neighbour:
Poor *Will* who needs muſt interpoſe,
Receiv'd a Brace or two of Blows.
But now to make my Story ſhort;
*Will* drew out *Dick* to take a Quart.
Why *Dick*, thy Wife has dev'liſh Whims;
Ods-buds, why don't you break her Limbs?
If ſhe were mine and had ſuch Tricks,
I'd teach her how to handle Sticks:
Z—ds, I would ſhip her to *Jamaica*,
And truck the Carrion for *Tobacco*;
I'd ſend her far enough away —
Dear *Will*; but what would People ſay?
Lord! I ſhould get ſo ill a Name,
The Neigbours round would cry out Shame.
*Dick* ſuffer'd for his Peace and Credit:
But, who believ'd him when he ſaid it?

Can

Can he who makes himſelf a Slave,
Conſult his Peace, or Credit ſave?
*Dick* found it by his ill Succeſs,
His Quiet ſmall, his Credit leſs.
She ſerv'd him at the uſu'l Rate;
She ſtunn'd, and then ſhe broke his Pate.
And, what he thought the hardeſt Caſe,
The Pariſh jeer'd him to his Face;
Thoſe Men who wore the Breeches leaſt,
Call'd him a Cuckold, Fool, and Beaſt.
At home, he was purſu'd by Noiſe;
Abroad, was peſter'd by the Boys.
Within, his Wife would break his Bones,
Without, they pelted him with Stones:
The 'Prentices procur'd a Riding,
To act his Patience and her Chiding,
Falſe Patience and miſtaken Pride!
There are ten thouſand *Dicks* beſide;
Slaves to their Quiet and good Name,
Are us'd like *Dick*, and bear the Blame.

*F I N I S.*

# THE
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THE

THE

# Muſe in Good Humour.

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## *The* ROYAL CUCKOLD.

### A TALE.

*From* LA FONTAINE, *by Mr.* TOPHAM.

IN fruitful *Lombardy*, of Yore,
A beauteous Prince the Scepter bore;
A Prince, who never fail'd to move
Each Heart with Envy or with Love.
As in the Glaſs he did one Day
From Head to Foot himſelf ſurvey,
Can any Man alive, ſays he,
With Shape and Face compare with me?

Whoe'er ſhall ſuch a Perſon bring,
Upon the Honour of a King,
May claim my Favour, and depend
I'll make the charming Gueſt my Friend.
A *Roman* Knight was ſtanding by,
And made the Monarch this Reply:
Your Majeſty, as I perceive,
Is nice in Beauty: Give me leave,
To fetch my Brother, and you'll ſee
None, but yourſelf, has more than he.
But that may eaſily be try'd
By what the Ladies Hearts decide.
If you think fit, he'll gladly ſhare
The Pains you take to pleaſe the Fair;
And may, while you purſue new Game,
Solace the poor forſaken Dame.
*Aſtolpho* anſwer'd thereupon,
(For ſo they call'd the Royal Don)
Your Talk has made me much deſire
To know this Brother; bring the Squire.
The Knight to fetch his Brother goes;
(*Joconde* we'll his Name ſuppoſe.)
Who in the Country liv'd retir'd,
Nor envy'd Joys in Courts admir'd;
Join'd to a young and charming Spouſe:
But whether bleſs'd in Nuptial Vows
With ſuch a Mate, he beſt cou'd tell;
His Neighbours lik'd her paſſing well.
His Brother finds him, lets him know,
He inſtantly to Court muſt go;

Where he'd be ſure to get a Place,
And make his Fortune by his Face.
But then alas! this charming Wife,
Depriv'd of all the Joys of Life,
Expreſs'd ſo movingly her Woe,
It griev'd his very Soul to go;
Proteſting againſt all Relief,
She ſeems to triumph in her Grief,
Puts on her Tragic-Airs and tries
To draw Tears from *Joconde*'s Eyes:
And can you leave Me? then wept ſhe,
*Joconde!* ſo much Cruelty?
Ah! will you to my tender Care
The Pageantry of Courts prefer?
Can you forget your faithful Wife,
The Pleaſures of a Rural Life,
That calm Repoſe and Peace of Mind,
Which none in Crouds nor Courts can find,
Theſe flow'ry Meads, where purling Streams
Soften the Soul to pleaſing Dreams,
Theſe Woods which ſhelter us from Heat,
Where Birds their various Songs repeat;
The riſing Hills, and winding Vales,
And Ev'ning's ſweet refreſhing Gales,
Thoſe coy Receſſes of the Grove,
Thoſe Seats of Innocence and Love!
But ah! what *ſhould* engage your Stay,
I fear moſt haſtens you away!
You ſcorn in Solitude to ſhine,
And ſlight an eaſy Heart like mine.

Go cruel Man, be vain! and ſhew
Thoſe Charms, which none can boaſt but you,
What *Jocond* offer'd, to abate
Th' Affliction of his loving Mate,
Our Story mentions not: We'll ſay,
His Sorrow took his Speech away;
A Method which will beſt excuſe
The Squire, and diſengage my Muſe.
The Wife, when now with broken Heart
She ſaw him ready to depart,
Reminding him of former Bliſſes,
And ſtifling him with Tears and Kiſſes,
A Bracelet gave him as a Charm
To keep his precious Life from Harm.
Take and wear This, my Dear, ſays ſhe;
And when you ſee it, think of Me.
An honeſt meaning Body might
Have thought ſhe wou'd have dy'd that Night.
Well, *Jocond* went; but on the Road,
About two Leagues from his Abode,
The Bracelet came into his Head,
Which he had left on Spouſe's Bed,
As having taken there his Leave;
This ſtrange Neglect he knew would grieve
Her tender Heart, and gallop'd back,
Not knowing what Excuſe to make.
To the dear Bed in haſte he flies;
And on his *Wife*'s chaſte Boſom ſpies
A *Lubbard-Hind*; and both ſo faſt
Aſleep, as if they ſlept their laſt.

*Jocond*,

*Jocond*, at firſt, reſolv'd they ſhou'd:—
But having paus'd a while, thought good
To let this vile *Adult'ry* reſt:
And in my Judgment that was beſt.
For in ſuch nice Affairs, the Wife
Make uſe of neither Ears nor Eyes.
Whether 'twas Wiſdom or Compaſſion
With-held the Huſband's Indignation,
Or that the Poet was unwilling
To damp a merry Tale, with Killing;
Baſe Woman live! *Joconde* ſaid,
Let thy own Conſcience thee upbraid.
He then took Horſe, and left the Lout
In his Wife's Arms, to ſnore it out.
Still as he rode, he bore in Mind
The Couple whom he left behind;
And fretting as he ſcour'd along,
This was the Burthen of his Song:
Had ſome briſk Wit or powder'd Beau,
Or Colonel lac'd from Top to Toe,
Or Page been choſen for her Uſe,
She might have pleaded ſome Excuſe:
But after ſighing, ſwooning, ſobbing,
Zoons, to debauch that Booby *Robin!*
Then ſpurr'd his Horſe with Indignation,
In hopes to leave behind his Paſſion.
Such keen Reflections on his Caſe
Had giv'n the Squire a diſmal Face.
The Ladies, when they ſaw him, ſaid,
Lord! is the Man alive or dead!

Is this the beautiful *Narciſſus*
Was ſent for, in Poſt-haſte, to kiſs Us!
Heav'ns did you ever ſee a Fellow,
With Sides ſo lank, and Face ſo yellow!
The *King* was pleas'd, the *Knight* was blam'd,
The Ladies baulk'd, the Squire aſham'd.
*Jocondè* worn to Skin and Bone,
Was yet a comely Skeleton:
And ſtill one eaſily might trace
Remains of Beauty in his Face:
But wanting Life, and Force to fire
The Ladies Boſoms with Deſire.
Sauntring one Day about the Court,
In Places of the leaſt Reſort,
A Door unlock'd he chanc'd to ſee,
That open'd to a Gallery;
And from a private Cloſet there,
Theſe tender Words did over-hear.
My Life, my Love, my only Joy,
My dear *Courtade*, my charming Boy!
Muſt I then ſtill my Vows apply
To one, ſo Lovely and ſo Shy?
A Thouſand glitt'ring Beaux wou'd fain
Do what you may, yet wiſh in vain.
When *Florimel* the Meſſage brought,
You curs'd her, call'd her all to naught;
And heedleſs of my am'rous Rage,
Play'd at *Lanſquenet* with a Page,
Rather than eaſe the fond Deſires
Of her who for your Love expires.

*Jocond'*

*Jocond'* was puzz'led, and one may
Give any one at leaſt a Day
To gueſs the Nymph who humbly ſu'd,
And Swain ſo ſtubborn to be woo'd.
Now who ſhou'd this *Adonis* be,
But the *King*'s ugly Dwarf! and *She*,
In whoſe Embraces *he* was ſeen
The bright *Aſtolpho*'s haughty *Queen!*
The crazy Wainſcot was but ſlight,
And at a Chink let in the Light:
Where *Jocond'* with Amazement ſaw
Theſe tender Lovers thro' the Flaw.
Both did on *Florimel* rely,
To be ſecure of Privacy;
But, warm'd by watching at the Door,
She too perhaps had her Amour,
Which took up all her Thought and Care;
So mindful of her own Affair,
Forgot th' Importance of her Poſt,
And heedleſly the Key had loſt;
Which *Jocond'* kept for future Uſe,
And pleaded thus his Wife's Excuſe.
I find that *Cupid* makes his Jokes
Among the better Sort of Folks:
A *Royal Dame* for Love may pine,
And give a Monarch Brows like mine,
Since ſuch a *Princeſs* ſlights the *King*,
For ſuch an ugly, little Thing,
I think my Wife was leſs to blame,
Who with a Bumpkin quench'd her Flame.

Thus

Thus having ſet his Mind at peace,
His Griefs abate, his Charms increaſe;
His hollow Cheeks begin to riſe,
Freſh Vigour ſparkles in his Eyes,
A ſecond Youth renews his Face,
And blooms again in ev'ry Grace.
The Fair with eager Looks purſue
The Man they lately ſcorn'd to view;
Tranſported with his ſudden Charms,
And die to claſp him in their Arms.
*Joconde* having heard and ſeen,
What paſs'd betwixt the *Dwarf* and *Queen*,
He thought he cou'd on no Pretence,
Hide this Smock-Treaſon from the Prince.
But that he might the leſs diſpleaſe,
Open'd the Matter by Degrees;
And as it fell in Converſation,
Had always ready ſome Quotation,
To ſhew that Heroes in all Ages,
Ne'er wanted Matrimonial Badges.
Dread Sir, ſays he, the proudeſt Sheer
Make frequently ſuch Slips as theſe;
And many Dames of Regal Station
Have condeſcended to the Faſhion:
Men, fam'd for Courage, Wit, and Senſe,
Have againſt *Horns* found no Defence:
But when they had 'em, always bore
Their Fronts as upright as before.
The Day, quoth he, I bid adieu
To my dear Spouſe to wait on you,

I was

I was convinc'd by her Miſcarriage,
That Cuckoldom is link'd to Marriage.
Then did each Circumſtance relate
Of His, and of the Monarch's Fate.
The *King* was fir'd: You ſeem, ſays he,
A Man of Senſe and Probity;
Yet, tell me where I may behold
With my own Eyes what you have told.
He did; and plac'd him, where unſeen,
He ſaw the *Dwarf* upon the *Queen*.
Struck with the Baſeneſs of the Crime,
He ſtood aſtoniſh'd for a Time;
Then ſaid, Our Wives, the more's their Shame,
Have play'd Us but a ſcurvy Game:
Yet ſince we can't what's paſt unravel,
Let us, *Joconde*, both go travel;
And try what Fortune we ſhall find
Among the reſt of *Womankind*.
To put in practice this Deſign,
Change you Your Name, and I'll change Mine.
Great Equipage wou'd trouble bring;
Therefore I'll quit the State of *King*,
Lay dull Formality aſide,
And all Things equally *divide*.
Barefoot I round the World will roam,
Quoth *Jocond*, rather than go home,
All that your Majeſty requires,
Is what my injur'd Heart deſires.
We'll ramble, till we have forgot
The dire Effects of *Hymen*'s Knot.

So

So be it then, the *King* reply'd;
But firſt a Table-Book provide,
To take the Names of thoſe we find
Pliant to our Deſires, and Kind.
It won't be long, I dare engage,
Ere *Italy* fills ev'ry Page;
For She that proves to Beauty cold,
Will fall by Flatt'ry or by Gold.
Both thus equipt their Journey took,
And bought a *Folio* Table-Book,
The many Favours they receiv'd,
Were heard to tell or be believ'd.
Each lovely Nymph when they appear,
Puts on her moſt becoming Air,
And ev'ry ſtudy'd Grace diſplays,
Happy if ſhe obtain their Praiſe;
But happier She, whoſe killing Charms
Attract the Lover to her Arms.
Hearts hard as Stone, and cold as Ice,
Grow warm and ſoften in a trice:
Where'er they come they meet freſh Prey;
And a new Face for ev'ry Day:
Round all the Country ſtrole for Prizes,
And fail no *May-Pole* nor *Aſſizes*.
In ev'ry Town take ſpecial Care
To finiſh *Alderman* and *Mayor*.
If at the Baths, or at the Wells;
Vapours are cur'd, and Belly ſwells,
In *Folio-Book* the niceſt Dame
Is proud to regiſter her Name.

Your

Your Criticks will object that I
Break thro' the Rules of Decency;
That Dames who keep their Days in State,
And Wives of City Magiſtrate,
Who know themſelves of high Degree,
Will not be tow'd *Extempore*.
It may be ſo; but I want Time
To draw their Courtſhip out in Rhime.
As to the Fact, I here unfold it,
As honeſt *Arioſto* told it.
When our Gallants had had their Swing,
And ſlak'd their Thirſt at ev'ry Spring,
*Aſtolpho* cry'd we can ſubdue
What Heart ſoever we purſue:
But, if Old *Galen*'s Rule hold good,
It is with Love, as 'tis with Food;
In which Variety of Meat
Is apt to make one ever Eat.
We'll have a ſingle Diſh in common,
That is, between us Both, *one* Woman.
Quoth *Jocond*, what you ſay is true;
The pretty Marchioneſs will do.
I'm not diſpos'd to have a Flame,
The King reply'd, for ſuch a Dame:
A little Sempſtreſs might be found,
As fair as Marchioneſs, and ſound.
To ſuch we need no Homage pay;
In Public Walks, or at the Play:
But without making any Rout,
To Ogle her, or lead her out,

Whate'er we wiſh, may do with Eaſe,
And be in no Conſtraint to Pleaſe.
*Joconde* aſk'd, what if we try
The Daughter of our Landlady?
She is a Maid I dare uphold,
In ev'ry Point, tho' Twelve Years Old.
Your Motion's good, *Aſtolpho* ſaid,
If I may have the Maidenhead:
This Privilege at which I aim,
Is but a Fancy; let me claim
For once, Dear Friend, the Preference,
Allow me here to play the Prince;
In this one ſingle Branch I'd ſtrive
To keep up my Prerogative.
*Joconde* ſaid, in ſuch a Caſe
How, Sir, can Fleſh and Blood give Place?
In all Things elſe, I ſhall be ſtill
Obedient to your Royal Will;
But if you pleaſe, we'll leave this Cauſe
To the Deciſion of two Straws.
Draw Lots they did, with earneſt Care,
For this imaginary Ware.
*Joconde* claim'd, in Point of Law,
By Virtue of the longeſt Straw.
This little Virgin being come,
On ſome ſmall Errand, to their Room;
Both King and Squire the Girl careſs'd,
Her Beauty prais'd, her Bubbies preſs'd;
Then ſhew'd a *Ring*, ſo ſparkling ſhone,
That Night engag'd her for their own,

And whilſt her careful Mother ſlept,
She ſoftly to their Chamber crept.
The Lovers in the Middle plac'd her,
And honeſtly, by turns, embrac'd her.
To the Contentment of all Three;
*Joconde* was in Extacy!
To think how he had got with Might,
Entry and Seiſin of his Right.
I'll pardon Him, for 'tis in vain,
On that Point to have any Pain,
In which all Girls with little Trouble,
Can the moſt artful Sportſman bubble;
As *Seneca*, that learned Clerk,
Doth ſomewhere, as I'm told, Remark.
Thus all went well; the Damſel play'd,
To greateſt Nicety, the Maid;
Tho' long had her Fantaſtic Toy,
Been yielded to a 'Prentice Boy.
But merrily *one* Night they paſs
Abundantly to her Solace;
The ſame the *next*, and 'tis averr'd
She paſs'd as merrily the *third*.
The 'Prentice wonder'd to behold
His Miſtreſs grown ſo very cold,
But was not long upon the Scent,
Before he found how Matters went;
And did in Terms ſevere reprove
The Wench for being falſe to Love.
She whimper'd; but confeſs'd, at laſt,
The *Contract* ſhe had lately paſs'd.

And, to appeaſe him, thus ſhe ſaid ;
*If there be Credit in a Maid,*
*Soon as theſe naughty Gueſts are gone,*
*I'm yours again, and yours Alone.*
A Fig, ſays he, for any Gueſt ;
Kiſs me, this very Night, you'd beſt.
The Girl reply'd, with weeping Eyes,
Which way *to do't*, can you deviſe ?
Theſe Folks to whom I am engag'd,
If I ſhou'd fail, wou'd be enrag'd ;
And keep the *Ring*, for which you know,
What Pains I nightly undergo.
I'll get the *Ring*, ſays he, for you,
And gratify my Humour too.
Do they ſleep ſound ? Yes, when they ſleep,
Says ſhe, but I'm oblig'd to keep
My Poſt between 'em both, for *One*
Lies ſtill until his *Friend* has done ;
So that I ſeldom want Employ.
*At their firſt ſnoring*, ſays the Boy,
*I'll viſit You, and aſk no more*
*Than that you wou'd'nt ſhut the Door.*
She left it open, and he came
To the Bed's Feet with eager Flame ;
Then ſliding up between the Sheets,
(Love ever favours theſe Deceits)
Plac'd himſelf cloſe, tho' G—d knows how,
But *Arioſto* does avow,
That tho' the Lovers did awake,
Soon as the Bed began to ſhake,

Yet

Yet, all the while the Boy was *at her*,
They neither of 'em ſmok'd the Matter.
What has my Comrade eat to-night?
To fire his Blood and force Delight,
*Aſtolpho* thought; ſtill lay the *Squire*
Much wond'ring at the Monarch's Fire.
In the mean time the ſturdy Boy
His precious Time did well employ:
And as the Day began to peep,
Th' Advent'rers being faſt aſleep,
The Lad ſlipt off; the little Maid
Retir'd, of new Fatigues afraid.

When theſe Knights-Errant were awake,
The *King*, *Joconde* thus beſpake:
Great Sir! with glorious Toils oppreſt,
Compoſe your weary Limbs to Reſt;
And after ſuch unuſual Pains,
Conſult the Welfare of your Reins.
*Odds-fiſh*, the merry Prince reply'd,
I waited to get up and ride:
Till, tir'd with Watching, Sleep o'ercame;
But had you ſooner quench'd your Flame,
I wou'd have made a Poſt or Two;
And that's as much as I cou'd do.
*Joconde* cry'd, there's no Diſpute
With *Kings* who will be Abſolute:
But for the future, I'll beware
How Monarchs in my Pleaſures ſhare.
The *King* was piqu'd at this Retort;
Some Princes wou'd have quarrell'd for't;

But he, good Man, reply'd, Dear Mate,
Let the Girl judge of this Debate.
Then calling *Lucy* up in haſte,
To tell them how Affairs had paſs'd,
Eager each other to refute,
Both told the Cauſe of their Diſpute;
She, blúſhing on her Knees did fall,
Aſk'd Pardon, and diſcover'd All.
They wou'd not treat the Wanton ill;
But, after having laugh'd their fill,
Gave her the *Ring* and fifty Crowns;
To buy new Topknots, Gloves and Gowns;
With which the Baggage ſoon was Wed;
When Modeſtly, in Bridal Bed,
She loſt, with many an artful Squawl,
Her Maidenhead for good and all.

Thus did *Aſtolpho* and his Friend
To theſe Adventures put an End;
Finding themſelves o'ercharg'd with Laurels,
Which tho' not gain'd by Warlike Quarrels,
Yet ſhall immortalize their Names
As long as *Cupid*'s Altar flames,
Laurels more fair than thoſe attain'd
By Battles won or Cities gain'd;
More fair, altho' they only coſt
A few feign'd Sighs, or Tears at moſt;
And far from Danger and Alarms,
Had been acquir'd by Dint of Charms.

Their *Table-Book* quite full of Names,
Of *Belles* who had well quench'd their Flames;

Come,

Come, ſays the Monarch to the Squire,
We pretty well have ſpent our Fire.
E'en let us to our Homes reſort,
You to the *Country*, I to *Court*.
Our Wives are looſe beneath the Waiſt,
And Others are not over-chaſte,
'Tis in Misfortunes ſome Relief
To have Companions in our Grief;
Then let us both like prudent Men,
Return and take our Dames again.
That Love which *Hymen* had ſubdu'd,
Perhaps our Abſence has renew'd.
And as *Aſtolpho* had divin'd,
Their Wives were mighty fond and kind,
After ſome chiding, more for Faſhion
*Arioſto* tells us, than in Paſſion,
They ſtrove loſt Pleaſure to retrieve,
As faſt as Love wou'd give 'em leave;
Not mentioning, as I can find,
The crooked *Dwarf*, or *Lubbard-Hind*,
Then let us not with fruitleſs Care,
Expect Perfection from the Fair;
But ſince we cannot live without 'em,
Take 'em with all their Faults about 'em,
And ſtedfaſtly this Truth believe,
That ev'ry WOMAN is an EVE.

## *Grace before Meat at a Chriſtening.*

BLESS the good Ladies and good Food,
That Heav'n has ſet before us,
And may we Men prove all ſo good,
That Women may adore us.

May theſe thy fruitful Dames live long,
Grow ev'ry Day more handſome;
And may their Huſbands prove as ſtrong
Betwixt the Sheets, as *Sampſon*.

May they dance merrily each Night
Without a Pipe or Tabor,
And Mother Midnight bring to Light
The Fruit of all their Labour.

God ſave the King, and ſend Peace through the Realm,
Men may obey, and Women rule the Helm.

## *Grace after Meat.*

OUR hearty Thanks we humbly pay
For the Bleſſings we have taſted;
L--d ſend ſuch Chriſt'nings ev'ry Day,
That we may thus be feaſted.

We bleſs thee for each merry Dame,
And her good Converſation:
O bring them yearly to the ſame
Bleſt End of their Creation.

May they abound in Girls and Boys,
Yet ſtill and ſtill be kiſs'd on;
That we may meet, and thus rejoice
To make each Babe a Chriſtian.

Bleſs all good Women in their married State,
Make their Pains eaſy, and their Pleaſures great.

---

## † *The Happy* NIGHT. †

*By the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM.

SINCE now my *Sylvia* is as kind as fair,
Let Wit and Joy ſucceed my dull Deſpair.
O what a Night of Pleaſure was the laſt!
A full Reward for all my Troubles paſt;
And on my Head if future Miſchiefs fall,
This happy Night ſhall make Amends for all.
Nay, tho' my *Sylvia*'s Love ſhould turn to Hate,
I'll think of this, and die contented with my Fate.
*Twelve* was the lucky Minute when we met,
And on her Bed were cloſe together ſet;

Tho'

Tho' liſt'ning Spies might be perhaps too near,
Love fill'd our Hearts; there was no Room for Fear,
Now, whilſt I ſtrive her melting Heart to move;
With all the pow'rful Eloquence of Love;
In her fair Face I ſaw the Colour riſe,
And an unuſual Softneſs in her Eyes;
Gently they look, and I with Joy adore,
That only Charm they never had before.
The Wounds they made, her Tongue was us'd to heal,
But now theſe gentle Enemies reveal
A Secret which that Friend would ſtill conceal.
My Eyes tranſported too with am'rous Rage,
Seem fierce with Expectation to engage;
But faſt ſhe holds my Hands, and cloſe her Thighs,
And what ſhe longs to do with Frowns denies.
A ſtrange Effect on fooliſh Women wrought,
Bred in Diſguiſes, and by Cuſtom taught:
*Cuſtom*, that Prudence ſometimes over-rules,
But ſerves inſtead of Reaſon to the Fools!
*Cuſtom*, which all the World to Slav'ry brings,
The dull Excuſe for doing fooliſh Things.
She, by this Method of her fooliſh Sex,
Is forc'd a-while me and herſelf to vex;
But now, when thus we had been ſtruggling long,
Her Limbs grow weak, and her Deſires grow ſtrong,

How

How can ſhe hold to let the *Hero* in?
He ſtorms without, and Love betrays within.
Her Hands at laſt, to hide her Bluſhes, leave
The Fort unguarded willing to receive
My fierce Aſſault made with a Lover's Haſte,
Like Lightning Piercing, and as quickly paſt.
Thus does fond Nature with her Children play;
Juſt ſhews us Joy, then ſnatches it away.
'Tis not th' Exceſs of Pleaſure makes it ſhort,
The Pain of Love's as raging as the Sport;
And yet, alas! that laſts: We ſigh all Night
With Grief; but ſcarce one Moment with Delight.
Some little Pain may check her kind Deſire,
But not enough to make her once retire.
Maids, Wounds for Pleaſure bear, as Men for Praiſe,
Here Honour heals, there Love the Smart allays.
The World, if juſt, would harmful Courage blame,
And this more innocent reward with Fame.
Now ſhe her well-contented Thoughts employs
On her paſt Fears, and on her future Joys:
Whoſe Harbinger did roughly all remove,
To make fit Room for great, luxurious Love.
Fond of the welcome Gueſt, her Arms embrace
My Body, and her Hands another Place;
Which with one Touch ſo pleas'd and proud doth grow,
It ſwells beyond the Graſp that made it ſo;

Con-

Confinement ſcorns, in any ſtraiter Walls
Than thoſe of Love, where it contented falls.
Tho' twice o'erthrown, he more inflam'd does riſe,
And will, to the laſt Drop, fight out the Prize.
She, like ſome *Amazon* in Story, proves,
That overcomes the *Hero* whom ſhe loves.
In the cloſe Strife ſhe takes ſo much Delight,
She then can think of nothing but the Fight:
With Joy ſhe lays him panting at her Feet,
But with more Joy does his Recov'ry meet.
Her trembling Hands firſt gently raiſe his Head,
She almoſt dies for Fear that he is dead:
Then binds his Wounds up with a buſy Hand,
And with that Balm enables him to ſtand,
'Till by her Eyes ſhe conquers him once more,
And wounds him deeper than ſhe did before.
Tho' fallen from the Top of Pleaſure's Hill,
With longing Eyes we look up thither ſtill;
Still thither our unweary'd Wiſhes tend,
'Till we that Height of Happineſs aſcend
By gentle Steps; th' Aſcent itſelf exceeds
All Joys, but that alone to which it leads:
Firſt then, ſo long and lovingly we kiſs,
As if, like Doves, we knew no dearer Bliſs.
Still in one Mouth our Tongues together play,
While groping Hands are pleas'd no leſs than they.
Thus cling'd together now a-while we reſt,
Breathing our Souls into each other's Breaſt;

Then

Then give a general Kiſs of all our Parts,
While this beſt Way we make Exchange of Hearts.
Here would my Praiſe, as well as Pleaſure, dwell;
Enjoyment's ſelf I ſcarcely like ſo well:
The little this comes ſhort of Rage and Strength,
Is largely recompenc'd with endleſs Length.
This is a Joy would laſt, if we cou'd ſtay;
But Love's too eager to admit Delay,
And hurries us along ſo ſmooth a Way.
Now, wanton with Delight, we nimbly move
Our pliant Limbs in all the Shapes of Love:
Our Motion not like thoſe of gameſome Fools,
Whoſe active Bodies ſhew their heavy Souls:
But Sports of Love, in which a willing Mind
Makes us as able as our Hearts are kind:
At length, all languiſhing, and out of Breath,
Panting, as in the Agonies of Death,
We lie entranc'd, till one provoking Kiſs
Tranſports our raviſh'd Souls to Paradiſe.
O Heaven of Love! thou Moment of Delight!
Wrong'd by my Words, my Fancy does thee Right.
Methinks I lie all melting in her Charms,
And faſt lock'd up within her Legs and Arms;
Bent are our Minds, and all our Thoughts on Fire,
Juſt lab'ring in the Pangs of fierce Deſire.
At once, like Miſers wallowing in their Store,
In full Poſſeſſion; yet deſiring more.

Thus with repeated Pleaſures, while we waſte
Our happy Hours, that like ſhort Minutes paſt,
To ſuch a Sum of Bliſs our Joys amount,
The Number now becomes too great to count.
Silent, as Night, are all ſincereſt Joys,
Like deepeſt Waters running with leaſt Noiſe.
But now at laſt, for want of farther Force,
From Deeds, alas! we fall into Diſcourſe;
*A Fall which each of us in vain bemoans;*
*A greater Fall than that of Kings from Thrones.*
The Tide of Pleaſure flowing now no more,
We lie like Fiſh left gaſping on the Shore;
And now, as after fighting, Wounds appear,
Which we in Heat did neither feel, nor fear:
She, for her Sake, intreats me to give o'er,
And yet, for mine, would gladly ſuffer more.
Her Words are coy, while all her Motions woo,
And, when ſhe aſks me, if it pleaſe me too,
I rage to ſhew how well, but 'twill not do.

Thus would hot Love run itſelf out of Breath,
And wanting Reſt, find it too ſoon in Death;
Did not wiſe Nature with a gentle Force,
Reſtrain its Rage, and ſtop its headlong Courſe:
Indulgently ſevere, ſhe well does ſpare
This Child of her's, that moſt deſerves her Care.

## † *The* SCHOOL *of* WIT. †

### A TALE.

*By a Young* GENTLEMAN.

THERE is a Game, which learn'd with † Care,
Brings Wit and Pleaſure to the Fair;
Blows up betimes the Sparks of Reaſon,
And all the Year this Sport's in Seaſon.
Young Damſels often it employs
Both Night and Day, yet never cloys.
*Miſs* plays it briſkeſt with a *Lover*;
A *Huſband* can't ſo *much* improve her.
By what I've ſaid t' explain this Game,
It can't be hard to gueſs its Name;
At leaſt to underſtand what's meant:
So I'll go on with my Intent,
And ſhew how *Wit* may be convey'd,
And Senſe *infus'd* in harmleſs Maid.
Before young *Lucy* knew this School,
*Lucy* was but a ſimple Soul;
To weave Bone-lace, knit, ſpin, or ſew,
Was all that *Lucy* then cou'd do.
Thus ſhe employ'd her Hands all Day;
All Night ſhe us'd to ſleep or pray,
And dully paſs'd her Hours away.

Her Head from ev'ry Thought was free,
And *Baby* dream'd as oft as ſhe.
Sorrow or Grief ſhe knew no other,
But what came from her loving Mother;
Who often call'd her ſenſleſs *Chit*,
And would ſhe never learn more *Wit?*

The Girl aſham'd, and vex'd to hear
This Tune ſtill dunn'd into her Ear;
About of all the Neighbours ſought,
Where the beſt *Wit* was to be bought.
All laugh'd, but ſome among them ſent her,
To find out *Father Bonaventure*;
For he, (they ſaid) was furniſh'd well,
And reaſonably cheap would ſell.

*Lucy* with Joy heard what they ſaid,
But yet with Fear th' Advice obey'd;
Much doubting left her Errand ſhou'd
Diſpleaſe the Reverend Man of God.
So muſing with herſelf ſhe went,
And argu'd thus on her Intent:
*Will ſuch an Holy Man as he,*
*E'er talk to one ſo Young as me?*
*I am not fifteen Summers old,*
*Sure he muſt think me very bold.*

Her modeſt Looks her Charms improve,
And make her a rich Feaſt for Love.
At length ſhe accoſts the heav'nly Man,
And in theſe Terms her Suit began:
*Moſt Reverend Father, will you pleaſe*
*To pity a poor Virgin's Caſe?*

By

*By all the Neighbours round I'm told,*
*That Wit is by your Reverence ſold.*
*On that Account I'm hither come,*
*Pray be ſo kind t' afford me ſome.*
*I'd gladly have what you can ſpare,*
*But hope it is not very dear:*
*Tho' if the Purchaſe comes to more*
*Than the ſmall Sum that I've in ſtore,*
*This Ring of mine in Pawn I'll leave,*
*'Till I can get what you muſt have.*
Then from her Hand ſhe ſtrove in haſte
To pluck the Ring, the Ring ſtuck faſt.
The *Fryar* ſaw what Pains ſhe took,
And pitying much her honeſt Look,
Told her, he'd have her be contented,
He'd furniſh her with what ſhe wanted:
" Moſt commonly we ſell, 'tis true,
" But I'll take nothing for't of you;
" Here come along, be free from Fears,
" The Walls have neither Eyes, nor Ears,
" And all the Brotherhood's at Pray'rs.
Thus ſaying to his Cell he led,
And threw her backward on the Bed:
With Kiſſes next the Fair One try'd:
The Fair One turn'd her Head aſide,
And wondrous innocently cries,
*What is it thus that we grow wiſe?*
" *Yes Thus*, and *Thus*," ſaid he, then preſt
With eager Hands her panting Breaſt.

*What and ſo too?* " *Yes ſo,*" quoth he,
" You'll have it *all* now preſently."
So holds her faſt in his Embrace,
And *Wit* inſinuates apace,
Still more Advantages he gains,
At laſt the wiſh'd-for Port obtains.
*Lucy* was pleas'd, and laughing ſwore,
*She never felt the like before.*
The *Fryar*'s was an humble Mind,
And much to Charity enclin'd:
Still in his Arms he kept her cloſe,
And gave her ſoon a ſecond Doſe;
And for his Honour 'tis averr'd
He quickly after gave the third.
*Lucy* lamented her hard Fate,
That ſhe ſhould come to *Wit* ſo late.
*But what if this, Sir, ſhould not do?*
" *Why then we muſt begin anew;*
" *Some other Medicine muſt be try'd.*"
*No, this again,* the Girl reply'd.
" *Well, to comply with your Requeſt,*
" *And ſince you like this Phyſick beſt;*
" *Leſt what you have, ſhould fail to do,*
" *Take it again before you go.*"
She lik'd th' Advice, and try'd once more
The Drug that pleas'd ſo well before;
Then with a Curt'ſy took her leave,
And thank'd him for the *Wit* he gave:
By which ſh'improv'd in Senſe and Grace,
Incredibly for ſuch a Space:

And

And going homeward, on her Way
Contriv'd a Lie, t'excuſe her Stay.
Her Couſin *Nan* diſcover'd ſoon,
That *Lucy* more diſcreet was grown;
And rightly gueſſing 'twan't for nought,
Moſt earneſtly the Reaſon ſought.
The Girl with much Entreaties preſs'd,
To *Couſin Nan* the whole confeſs'd:
Told all the *Fryar* did or ſaid,
And what a Stock of *Wit* he had.
Then ſays, *Dear Couſin*, let me crave,
Pray whence got you the *Wit* you have?
Why Faith! to tell the Truth, quoth ſhe,
Your *Brother Joſeph* gave it me.
*How*, *Lucy* cries, *my Brother* Jo!
*Pray where had he it to beſtow?*
*Or which way could he, good now* Nanny,
*Give Wit, that ne'er himſelf had any?*
" *You make me bluſh*, ſays *Nan*, *I ſwear*,
" *To think how ignorant you are.*
" *Believe me, ſuch Affairs as theſe*
" *Require not Men ſo very Wiſe.*
" *Aſk your own Mother, ſhe can tell,*
" *Your Mother knows this Truth full well,*
" *That* FOOLS *in giving Wit excel.*

# †DAPHNIS *and* CHLOE. †

## A PASTORAL.

*By Mr.* DRYDEN.

### *DAPHNIS.*

THE Shepherd *Paris* bore the *Spartan* Bride
By force away, and then by force enjoy'd;
But I by free conſent can boaſt a Bliſs,
A fairer *Helen*, and a ſweeter Kiſs.

*Chlo.* Kiſſes are empty Joys, and ſoon are o'er.

*Daph.* A Kiſs betwixt the Lips is ſomething more.

*Chlo.* I wipe my Mouth, and where's your kiſſing then?

*Daph.* I ſwear you wipe it to be kiſs'd agen.

*Chlo.* Go tend your Herd, and kiſs your Cows at home;
I am a Maid, and in my Beauty's bloom.

*Daph.* 'Tis well remember'd, do not waſte your Time;
But wiſely uſe it ere you paſs your Prime.

*Chlo.* Blown Roſes hold their Sweetneſs to the laſt,
And Raiſins keep their luſcious native taſte.

*Daph.* The Sun's too hot; thoſe Olive Shades are near;
I fain wou'd whiſper ſomething in your Ear.

*Chlo.*

*Chlo.* 'Tis honeſt talking where we may beſeen,
God knows what ſecret Miſchief you may mean;
I doubt you'll play the Wag, and kiſs again.

*Daph.* At leaſt beneath yon' Elm you need not fear;
My Pipe's in tune, if you're diſpos'd to hear.

*Chlo.* Play by yourſelf, I dare not venture thither:
You and your naughty Pipe go hang together.
Nay, fie, what mean you in this open Place?
Unhand me, or, I ſwear, I'll ſcratch your Face.
Let go for ſhame; you make me mad for ſpight;
My Mouth's my own; and if you kiſs, I'll bite.

*Daph.* Away with your diſſembling Female Tricks:
What, wou'd you 'ſcape the Fate of all your Sex?

*Chlo.* I ſwear I'll keep my Maidenhead till death,
And die as pure as Queen *Elizabeth*.

*Daph.* Nay mum for that; but let me lay thee down;
Better with me than with ſome nauſeous Clown.

*Chlo.* I'd have you know, if I were ſo inclin'd
I have been woo'd by many a wealthy Hind;
But never found a Huſband to my Mind.

*Daph.* But they are abſent all; and I am here;

*Chlo.* What do you mean (uncivil as you are,)
To touch my Breaſts, and leave my Boſom bare?

*Daph.* Theſe pretty Bubbies firſt I make my own.

*Chlo.* Pull out your Hand, I ſwear, or I ſhall ſwoon.

*Daph.*

*Daph.* Why does thy ebbing Blood forſake thy Face?

*Chlo.* Throw me at leaſt upon a cleaner Place:
My Linnen ruffled, and my Waſtcoat ſoiling,
What, do you think new Clothes were made for ſpoiling?

*Daph.* I'll lay my Lambſkins underneath thy Back:

*Chlo.* My Head-Geer's off; what filthy Work you make!

*Daph.* To *Venus* firſt, I lay theſe Off'rings by;

*Chlo.* Nay firſt look round, that no body be nigh:
Methinks I hear a whiſp'ring in the Grove.

*Daph.* The *Cypreſs* Trees are telling Tales of Love.

*Chlo.* You tear off all behind me, and before me;
And I'm as naked as my Mother bore me.

*Daph.* I'll buy thee better Clothes than theſe I tear,
And lie ſo cloſe, I'll cover thee from Air.

*Chlo.* Y'are liberal now; but when your turn is ſped,
You'll wiſh me choak'd with every Cruſt of Bread.

*Daph.* I'll give thee more, much more than I have told;
Wou'd I cou'd coin my very Heart to Gold.

*Chlo.* Forgive thy Handmaid (Huntreſs of the Wood.)
I ſee there's no reſiſting Fleſh and Blood!

*Daph.*

*Daph.* The noble Deed is done; my Herds I'll cull;
*Cupid*, be thine a Calf; and *Venus*, thine a Bull.
*Chlo.* A Maid I came, in an unlucky Hour,
But hence return without my Virgin Flow'r.
*Daph.* A Maid is but a barren Name at beſt;
If thou canſt hold, I bid for Twins at leaſt.
Thus did this happy Pair their Loves diſpence
With mutual Joys, and gratify'd their Senſe;
The God of Love was there a bidden Gueſt;
And preſent at his own myſterious Feaſt.
His azure Mantle underneath he ſpread,
And ſcatter'd Roſes on the Nuptial Bed;
While folded in each other's Arms they lay,
He blew the Flames, and furniſh'd out the Play,
And from their Foreheads wip'd the balmy Sweat away.
Firſt roſe the Maid, and with a glowing Face,
Her down-caſt Eyes beheld the Print upon the Graſs;
Thence to her Herd ſhe ſped herſelf in haſte:
The Bridegroom ſtarted from his Trance at laſt,
And piping homeward jocundly he paſt.

## *The* BEST *in* CHRISTENDOM.

### A TALE.

MUſing one Day on *This* and *That*,
And thinking on I *know not what*;
A jolly Nymph, of *Phœbus'* Strain,
Attack'd me thus in merry Vein.
" The Rival Deities of Old,
" A Shepherd choſe, (as I am told)
" To whom each Goddeſs made her Suit;
" And He decided their Diſpute.
" No Deities your Aid implore:
" But Nymphs, in Number Three times Four.
" (Nymphs full as ſprightly and as good,
" As e'er was made of Fleſh and Blood,
" Who now are ſporting on the Plain,)
" Have choſe Thee Umpire, happy Swain!
" Here, read theſe Words——and quickly tell,
" Thou who in Wiſdom doth excel,
" Relate, nor think me troubleſome.
" What means the—— *Beſt in Chriſtendom?*"
She ſmiled, ſhe bluſhed, and with a Grace
Hung down her Head, and veiled her Face.
From various Things, ſaid I, ariſe
Variety of Qualities.
This fires the Soul, and That the Blood;
Myſterious ſome, ſome underſtood.

But,

But, ah! how wide my Taſk and far is
From what was giv'n to Shepherd *Paris!*
Naked he view'd the Heav'nly Fair,
And did not ſlip one ſingle Hair:
So curious in Examination,
No *Part* eſcap'd his *Penetration.*
But ſince my Judgment is requir'd,
I'll ſpeak——for now I am inſpir'd.
The Nymphs ſo ſprightly, blith and gay,
Shall change their Notes another way.
The *Beſt*, muſt ſomething be, *Divine:*
And ſure that THING muſt needs be Thine.
" If ſo, ſays ſhe, (with ſwelling Veins)
" Then prithee *take it* for thy Pains.

---

## †ET CÆTRA.

*By the Earl of* ROCHESTER.

I.

IN a dark, ſilent, ſhady Grove,
Fit for the Delights of Love,
As on *Corinna*'s Breaſt I panting lay,
My Right-Hand playing with *Et Cætera.*

II.

A thouſand Words and am'rous Kiſſes,
Prepar'd us both for more ſubſtantial Bliſſes;
And thus the haſty Moments ſlipt away,
Loſt in the Tranſports of *Et Cætera.*

III. She

III.

She bluſh'd to ſee her Innocence betray'd,
And the ſmall Oppoſition ſhe had made;
Yet hugg'd me cloſe, and, with a Sigh, did ſay,
Once more, my Dear, once more, *Et Cætera.*

IV.

But, Oh! the Power to pleaſe this Nymph was paſt;
Too violent a Flame can never laſt;
So we remitted to another Day,
The Proſecution of *Et Cætera.*

---

## SHOCKY *and* TOWZER.

A Nymph and a Swain
Met once on a Plain,
Where Flocks to their Paſture repair;
He view'd her all o'er,
Behind and before,
And ſaid ſhe was wonderful Fair.
He aſk'd for a Kiſs,
Which ſhe took amiſs,
And bade his Diſtance to keep;
No Bumpkin, quoth ſhe,
So happy ſhall be,
Then, prithee, look after thy Sheep.
So haughty, forſooth!
Mark well, ſaid the Youth,
One Day ſhall thy Pride have a Fall:

I now

I now plainly ſee
We ſhall never agree,
Thy Lips are imbitter'd with *Gall.*
There's *Wormwood* on thine,
*Ambroſia* on Mine,
The Nymph to the Swain did reply:
And ſhould you once taſte
Of the Heavenly Feaſt,
You quickly would Surfeit, and Die.
Then take my Advice,
Begone in a Trice,
And wiſely prevent the Diſaſter:
I tell you, ſuch Food
For Boys is not good,
The Dainty's reſerv'd for thy Maſter.
My Maſter, quoth he!
What is he to me?
Thy Mouth is a Jeaks, in a true Senſe;
I ſee, by thy Locks,
Thou art a rank *Fox*,
To all the whole Plain a mere Nuſance.
Such Vermin to kill,
At Pleaſure and Will,
Is nothing but Right and good Reaſon:
Thou haſt not one *Thing*,
But what's ſtronger than *Ling*,
Thou art Carrion, and quite out of Seaſon.
To ſhew I'm no Boy,
Nor yet over coy,
It behoves me to do myſelf Right;

Then ſtraitway the Clown
His Breeches let down,
And ſomething diſcover'd *Upright.*
But let it be gueſs'd,
For 'tis a true Jeſt,
You may very well call it a *Rowzer:*
Its Noſe was as red
As a *Turkey-Cock's* Head,
Then, To her, he cry'd, to her, *Towzer.*
The Nymph, in a Heat,
Ne'er ſtood to debate,
Reſolving to manage the *Nocky:*
She pulls up her Clothes,
And all ſhe had ſhows,
And ſaid, *Shocky*, ſhake him, dear *Shocky.*
Oh! had you but ſeen
*Shock's* Port, and *Shock's* Mein,
No pamper'd, pert Chaplain more proud:
When ſhe firſt did begin
For to *Open* the *Grin*,
She terrify'd all the whole Crowd.
Poor *Towzer* aghaſt,
Seem'd to breathe out his laſt,
And look'd juſt as if he were dead:
Tho' at firſt fierce as Dragon,
He had nothing to brag on,
But ſhamefully hung down his Head.

## The IMPOSSIBLE THING.

### A TALE.

*By Mr.* CONGREVE.*

A *Goblin* of a Merry Kind,
More black of Hue, than curſt of Mind,
To help a Lover in Diſtreſs,
Contriv'd a Charm with ſuch Succeſs,
That in ſhort Space the cruel Dame
Relented and return'd his Flame.
The Bargain made betwixt 'em both,
Was bound by Honour and by Oath:
The *Lover* laid down his Salvation,
And *Satan* ſtak'd his Reputation.
The latter promis'd, on his Part,—
(To ſerve his Friend and ſhew his Art,)
That Madam ſhould by Twelve o'Clock,
Tho' hitherto as hard as Rock,
Become as gentle as a Glove,
And Kiſs and Coo like any Dove.
In ſhort, the *Woman* ſhould be his,
That is upon Condition,—*viz.*
That he the Lover, after taſting
What one would wiſh were everlaſting,

* See Part I. Page 58 where is inſerted another Verſion of this Tale done by Mr *Fenton*.

Should, in Return for ſuch Enjoyment,
Supply the Fiend with freſh Employment:
That's all, quoth *Pug*; my poor Requeſt
Is only never to have Reſt;
You thought, 'tis like, with Reaſon too,
That I ſhould have been ſerv'd, not You:
But what? upon my *Friend* impoſe!
No,—tho' a *Devil*, none of theſe.
Your Buſineſs then, pray underſtand me,
Is nothing more but to command me!
Of one Thing only, let me warn ye,
Which ſomewhat nearly may concern ye;
As ſoon as e'er one Work is done,
Strait name a new one; and ſo on,
Let each to other quick ſucceed,
Or elſe,—you know how 'tis agreed;—
For if thro' any Hums or Haws,
There haps an intervening Pauſe,
In which for want of freſh Commands,
Your Slave obſequious Idle ſtands,
Nor Soul nor Body ever more,
Shall ſerve the Nymph whom I adore,
But both be laid at *Satan*'s Feet,
To be diſpos'd as he thinks meet.
At once the *Lover* all approves,
For who can heſitate that loves?
And thus he argues in his Thought:
Why, after all, I venture nought.
What Myſtery is in commanding?
Does that require much Underſtanding?

Indeed

Indeed wer't my Part to obey,
He'd got the better of the Lay;
But he muſt do what I think fit,—
Pſhaw, pſhaw, young *Belzebub* is bit.
Thus pleas'd in Mind, he calls a Chair,
Adjuſts, and combs, and courts the Fair;
The Spell takes Place, and all goes right,
And happy He employs the Night
In ſweet Embraces, balmy Kiſſes;
And riots in the Bliſs of Bliſſes,
O Joy, cry'd he, that haſt no Equal!
But hold, no Raptures—mark the Sequel;
For now, when near the Morning's Dawn,
The Youth began, as 'twere, to yawn;
His Eyes a ſilky Slumber ſeiz'd,
Or would have done, if *Pug* had pleas'd;
But that officious *Dæmon* near,
Now buzz'd for Buſineſs in his Ear;
In haſte he names a Thouſand Things,
The *Goblin* plies his Wicker-Wings,
And in a Trice returns to aſk
Another, and Another Taſk.
Now Palaces are built and Towers,
The Work of Ages in few Hours.
Then Storms are in an Inſtant rais'd,
Which the next Moment are appeas'd.
Now Show'rs of Gold and Gems are rain'd,
As if each *India* had been drain'd:
And he, in one aſtoniſh'd View,
Sees both *Golconda* and *Peru*.

Theſe Things, and ſtranger Things than theſe,
Were done with equal Speed and Eaſe:
And now to *Rome*, poor *Pug* he'll ſend,
And *Pug* ſoon reach'd his Journey's End,
And ſoon return'd with ſuch a Pack
Of Bulls and Pardons at his Back,
That now the 'Squire (who had ſome Hope
In Holy Water and the Pope)
Was out of Heart, and at a Stand
What next to wiſh, and what command;
Invention flags, his Brain grows muddy,
And black Deſpair ſucceeds brown Study.
In this Diſtreſs the woful Youth
Acquaints the Nymph with all the Truth,
Begging her Counſel, for whoſe Sake,
Both Soul and Body were at Stake.
And is this all, replies the *Fair*,
Let me alone to cure your Care.
When next your *Demon* ſhall appear,
Pray give him—Look what I hold here,
And bid him labour ſoon or late;
To lay theſe Ringlets lank and ſtrait.
Then, ſomething ſcarcely to be ſeen,
Her Finger and her Thumb between
She held, and ſweetly ſmiling, cry'd,
Young Goblin's Skill ſhall now be try'd.
She ſaid, and gave—what ſhall I call
That Thing ſo ſhining, criſp and ſmall,
Which round his Finger ſtrove to twine?
A Tendril of the *Cyprian* Vine!

Or

Or Sprig from *Cytherea*'s Grove;
Shade of the Labyrinth of Love?
With Awe he now takes from her Hand
That Fleece-like Flower of Fairy-Land,
Leſs precious, whilom, was the Fleece
Which drew the *Argonauts* from *Greece*;
Or that which modern Ages ſee
The Spur and Prize of Chivalry,
Whoſe Curls of Kindred Texture, grace
Heroes and Kings of *Spaniſh* Race.

The Spark prepar'd, and *Pug* at Hand,
He iſſues thus his ſtrict Command.
This Line thus Curve and thus Orbicular,
Render Direct and Perpendicular;
But ſo Direct, that in no ſort
It never may in Rings retort.
See me no more till this be done:
Hence to thy Taſk—avaunt, be gone.

Away the Fiend like Light'ning flies,
And all his Wit to Work applies;
Anvils and Preſſes he employs,
And dins whole Hell with hamm'ring Noiſe.
In vain, he to no Terms can bring
One Twirl of that reluctant Thing;
Th' elaſtic Fibre mocks his Pains,
And its firſt Spiral Form retains.
New Stratagems the Sprite contrives,
And down the Depths of Sea he dives;
This Sprunt its Pertneſs ſure will loſe
When laid (ſaid he) to ſoak in Ooze.

Poor

Poor fooliſh Fiend! he little knew
Whence *Venus* and her Garden grew.
Old Ocean with Paternal Waves
The Child of his own Bed receives,
Which oft as dipt new Force exerts,
And in more vig'rous Curls reverts.
So when to Earth *Alcides* flung
The huge *Antæus*, whence he ſprung,
From ev'ry Fall freſh Strength he gain'd,
And with new Life the Fight maintain'd.
The baffl'd *Goblin* grows perplex'd,
Nor knows what Slight to practice next;
The more he tries, the more he fails;
Nor Charm, nor Art, nor Force avails,
But all concur his Shame to ſhow,
And more exaſperate the Foe.
And now he penſive turns and ſad,
And looks like melancholly mad.
He rolls his Eyes now off, now on
That wonderful *Phænomenon*.
Sometimes he twiſts and twirls it round,
Then pauſing meditates profound;
No End he ſees of his Surprize,
Nor *what it ſhould be* could deviſe:
For never yet was *Wool* or *Feather*,
That could ſtand Buff againſt all Weather;
And unrelax'd like *This*, reſiſt
Both Wind and Rain, and Snow and Miſt.
What Stuff, or whence, or how 'twas made,
What Spinſter Witch could ſpin ſuch Thread,

He

He nothing knew; but to his Coſt
Knew all his Fame and Labour loſt.
Subdu'd, abaſh'd, he gave it o'er;
'Tis ſaid he bluſh'd; 'tis ſure he ſwore.
Not all the Wiles that Hell could hatch,
Could conquer that *Superb Muſtach.*
Defeated thus, thus diſcontent
Back to the *Man* the *Dæmon* went:
I grant, quoth he, our *Contract* nuſl,
And give you a *Diſcharge* in full.
But tell me in the Name of Wonder,
(Since I ſo candidly knock under)
*What is this Thing? where could it grow?*
*Pray take it*; 'tis in *ſtatu quo.*
Much Good may't do you, for my Part,
I waſh my Hands of't from my Heart.
In Truth, Sir *Goblin*, or Sir *Fairy*,
Replies the Lad, your're too ſoon weary.
What leave this trifling Taſk undone!
And think'ſt thou this the only One?
Alas, where this ſubdu'd, Thou'dſt find
Millions of more ſuch ſtill behind,
Which might employ, even to Eternity,
Both you and all your whole Fraternity.

## *The* PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

### A TALE.

*CHLOE*, a Country Vicar's Daughter,
Had many uſeful Leſſons taught her,
She read the Chapters ev'ry Day,
And *David*'s Pſalms by Heart could ſay;
Would hurry when Bell rung to Pray'rs,
Ready to break her Neck down Stairs;
Nor would be abſent from *Confeſſion*,
At any Mortal's Interceſſion;
Was caution'd never to be idle,
But either Read, or uſe her Needle.
Thus was ſhe often told her Duty,
(The old Man knowing her a Beauty,
With little Money, which the more
Expos'd her to become a Whore)
No Pains were ſpar'd to make her good;
But, ah! how frail is Fleſh and Blood,
When to the wide World left alone,
No Will to follow, but its own?
For tho' ſhe promis'd very fair,
While underneath her Father's Care,
Yet ſhe, as ſoon as *Dad* was Dead,
Grew weary of her *Maidenhead*,
Reſolving ſtrait to be a Bride,
And taſte of Pleaſures yet untry'd;

But

But ſtill intends to guard her Honour,
Whatever Longings were upon her;
Having been taught, that Fornication
Is a great Sin, tho' much in Faſhion.
With this Deſign, to Town ſhe came,
Where wicked *Nelly* heard her Fame;
*Nelly!* of all her Sex the worſt,
*Nelly!* by Hundreds daily curſt,
Whom ſhe by Artifice had won,
To ſell themſelves and be undone.
But e'er we any further go,
'Tis fit her Character we ſhow.
A Bawd ſhe is of great Renown,
Well known to ev'ry Rake in Town;
All Batchelors that uſe her Houſe,
May have each Night a diff'rent Spouſe,
Without th' intolerable Fetter,
Of being link'd for Worſe or Better;
No married Man, but there may find
Variety, when ſo inclin'd
She has a Ruby ſhining Face,
Which ſome may think th' Effect of Grace;
For ſhe can counterfeit Devotion,
And of Religion has this Notion,
That doubtleſs *That* muſt be the beſt,
Which with moſt Eaſe will make her bleſt;
*That* where *Indulgences* are giv'n,
Is ſure the neareſt Way to Heav'n.
Oh! happy thoſe, who in a Trice,
Thus free themſelves of ev'ry Vice;

Can

Can Sin afreſh, and run on ſcore,
And rekon for what's paſt no more.
With *Origen* they hope Salvation,
Believing there is no Damnation;
But Whores and Rogues, and Bawds ſhall be
Bleſſed to all Eternity.
Small Need of any Pains and Care,
Of Watching, Faſting, daily Pray'r,
If ev'ry Sinner, ſpight of Fate,
Muſt enter at the narrow Gate.
And tho' becauſe her Deeds are Evil,
She chuſes Darkneſs like a Devil,
Yet will ſhe light her little *Sodom*,
On *Tenth* of *June*, from Top to Bottom,
Wiſhing to ſee the Diſſolution
Of all her Laws and Conſtitution;
For if this Government ſhould ceaſe,
She might be ſure to Bawd in Peace;
She could prove Pimping was no Shame,
For *S——h* pimp'd for *A——m*:
That Inceſt is a trivial Matter,
Since pious *L—t* careſs'd his Daughter;
That Whoring is a lawful Trade,
Since ev'ry Thing for uſe is made,
And that it can be no Abuſe,
To put Things to their proper Uſe.
With *Chloe* ſoon ſhe got acquainted,
And all her former Virtues tainted;
Taking Advantage of her Want,
She often to her thus would cant;

What,

What, tho' all ſuch as cannot tarry,
Rather than burn are bid to marry;
Yet if none taſted Love's Delight,
But thoſe who lawfully come by't;
Many a Girl might burn to Tinder,
Before ſhe'd meet a Man would mind her,
If ſhe'd be nothing but a Wife,
To have, and hold her, during Life,
It ſeems but Reaſon good, therefore,
Rather than Burn, to play the Whore:
This Talent to Our Sex, kind Heav'n,
To be made uſe of, ſure has giv'n.
Ought not thoſe Ladies then to boaſt,
That have improv'd it to the moſt?
Not like a Nun ſhut up in Abby,
Their Talents in a Napkin lay by;
For doubtleſs to conceal one's Light
Under a Buſhel, is not right.
Then, as St. *Paul* ſays, (mind the Letter)
Thoſe who don't marry, *Do what's Better*;
Which plainly muſt ſome *Act* imply,
I ſee no Reaſon to deny.
The *Action* you will gueſs with Eaſe,
'Tis in your Pow'r whene'er you pleaſe.
Then prithee, *Chloe*, be adviſ'd,
Good Offers ſhould not be deſpis'd;
A preſent Settlement accept,
And where's the Harm of being kept?
That *Norwich* Crape, and humble Pattin,
You'll change for Coach, and Gown of Sattin,

Flounc'd Petticoats, with Heads of *Mechlin*,
Fine Fans, a Watch, and other Tackling.
Ah! why ſhould ſo Divine a Creature,
Neglect the choiceſt Gift of Nature?
Too eaſy *Chloe* quickly proves,
Perſwaded to the Thing ſhe loves;
Thought all was Reaſon *Nelly* ſaid,
And Folly ſtill to live a Maid;
When ſhe might purchaſe Wealth and Pleaſure,
By parting with an uſeleſs Treaſure;
She ſoon forgets to ſay her Pray'rs,
And learns to practice Coquet Airs;
Hates Sermons, which in former Days
She lov'd as Prudes do Bawdy-Plays;
Left off the reading heavy Chapters,
And only reliſh'd melting Raptures,
Such as ſhe met with in Romances,
Where dying Lovers fall in Trances:
And now upon her Toilet's ſeen,
A *Rocheſter*, and *Aretine*;
The Work of *Ovid*'s am'rous Pen,
She reads, admires, and reads again,
Thinking it would more uſeful prove,
To ſtudy his ſoft *Art of Love*,
Than what dull Patriarchs us'd to do
Three or four thouſand Years ago.
The gilded Proſpect gay appears,
And ſeems to promiſe happy Years;
A thouſand Pleaſures fill her Mind,
Nor ſees ſhe Want and Shame behind;

Conſiders

Conſiders not with how much Haſte,
Her Youth and blooming Beauty waſte,
That when the Date of Charms is out,
The Wheel of Fortune turns about;
And thoſe who were at firſt but Poor,
Are often lower than before;
Which ſhe at laſt experienc'd true,
Her happy Days, alas! were few,
Grown pale and thin, with hollow Eyes,
No more her faded Charms entice;
She in her Summer took no Care
For Age and Wrinkles to prepare;
Therefore when drop'd by keeping Cullies,
Became a Prey to needy Bullies;
And now in Allies, Centry ſtands,
To get her Living with her *Hands*;
She lays on Paint as thick as Butter,
To hide in either Cheek a Gutter,
Which pinching Poverty and Care,
Poxes and Time have grafted there.
She that when Young, would bluſh to hear
A Word unfit for Maiden-Ear,
Will now talk Bawdy with the beſt,
And fancy ev'ry Oath a Jeſt;
She that was once as juſt as any,
Now picks a Pocket for a Peny;
And then, to ſilence ſharp Remorſe,
For what is paſt, or fear of Worſe,
She finds a Way that's moſt effectual,
And drowns her Senſes intellectual,

Each Night, for Bread, ſhe ſtroles the Streets,
" And lies with ev'ry Man ſhe meets.

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## † *The* LEAKY VESSEL. †

### A TALE.

HIRCO, an old, but am'rous Blade,
Had ſometime kept a pretty Maid,
Whom to Debauch he oft had try'd,
But had as often been deny'd:
Fair Promiſes at firſt were us'd,
But theſe with Scorn the Girl refus'd;
Nor could his Coin prevail upon her,
To ſell her Love, or wound her Honour;
Old *Hirco* thought he ne'er ſhould do't,
And ſo gave o'er the vain Purſuit.

*HIRCO* had all his Life been one,
They call a boon Companion.
And in his Houſe had always Liquor
To entertain the Squire or Vicar,
From bottled Ale to good *French* Claret,
And Stout ſo ſtale, no Head could bear it;
Man's greateſt Sin he often ſaid,
Was ſneaking ſoberly to Bed;
Believ'd that parting dry Lips was,
Of *Sodom*'s Fire the fatal Cauſe;

Hell's

Hell's Torments he did really think,
Not ſcorching Flames, but want of Drink;
He made it plain from ſacred Writ,
That Wine was for the Stomach fit;
And therefore he, for Conſcience ſake,
A hearty Doſe would often take.
But when inflam'd with gen'rous Liquor,
His Pulſe beat high, and Blood mov'd quicker;
Then Fancy brought into his Arms,
His Wench dreſs'd up in all her Charms;
Her ruddy Cheeks, her well-turn'd Noſe,
Her little Mouth, her Eyes like Sloes;
Her leſs'ning Shape, her ſwelling Bubbies,
Her Lilly Hand, and Lips of Rubies;
A thouſand Beauties yet unſeen,
That might have tempted Saints to Sin;
Made *Hirco* wiſh he durſt renew,
Th' Attack he once had made on *Sue*;
What pity, 'tis, he often ſaid,
So ſweet a Wench ſhould die a Maid;
That *Suky* ſhould, (and who could tell,
But that ſhe might) lead Apes in Hell:
But *Sue* moſt bravely had withſtood
His firſt Attacks, and call'd him lewd
And filthy Beaſt; and often ſwore,
She would not ſtay a Moment more,
For all his Gold beneath his Roof,
If e'er he talk'd his fooliſh Stuff.
Aw'd by her Threats old *Hirco* ſtrove
To baniſh his ill-fated Love.

It happen'd on a certain Night,
That *Hirco* did ſome Friends invite;
About the Time when o'er the Nation,
Roaſt Beef and Mince-Pies were in Faſhion:
The ſparkling Glaſs went briſkly round,
Each Toper bravely ſtood his Ground;
And ſwore, he wiſh'd that Heaven's Thunder,
Would ſtrike him dead, if he knock'd under:
The godly P--rſ--n, who was there,
Said *Amen* to the hearty Prayer.
T' expel the rawneſs of the Beer,
And keep from Phlegms their Stomachs clear;
Each made a Chimney of his Noſe,
And Clouds of Smoke around them roſe.
The Smoke the upper Regions gain'd,
And round the Brain the Cloud remain'd.

But now 'twas late, the watchful Cock,
Had long ſince crow'd it Twelve a Clock.
And each Man thought, tho' none had Grace
To own it, Bed the proper'ſt Place.
Here one extended on the Floor,
In Liquor ſwam, yet call'd for more;
A ſecond ſwallow'd whilſt he cou'd,
But at the laſt, went out and ſpu'd,
Another roar'd and hoop'd aloud.
A fourth reel'd round the Room, and vow'd,
In ſpite of *Hirco*'s old *October*,
G--d da da d--mn him he was ſober.
Moſt of the reſt to Sleep began,
Amongſt'em there was ſcarce a Man

Had

Had Strength, but *Hirco* and the P--rſ--n,
Their Stools upright to ſet their Arſe on.
With Grief the Maſter of the Feaſt,
Beheld the State of ev'ry Gueſt;
He wiſh'd he could with all his Heart,
New Vigour to 'em all impart;
My Friends, ſaid he, come let's cheer up,
And briſkly take the other Cup;
A Plague, what makes you all ſo dull?
I han't got half my Belly full;
Rouſe up for Shame, my jolly Boys,
Be merry, ſing, and make a Noiſe;
I've in my Cellar now a Tub,
Believe me, Friends, of charming Bub;
To keep it longer would be Folly,
I'll pierce it now and we'll be jolly;
He ſaid, and riſing on his Legs,
Takes up a Piercer, cuts ſome Pegs.
Seizes a Tankard; thus equipt,
Down Stairs into the Cellar ſlipt.
Old *Hirco*'s Maid, 'twixt Hope and Fear,
Her Maſter's laſt Diſcourſe did hear.
For tho' ſhe kept her Body chaſte,
And Love unlawful would not taſte,
Yet the poor Girl was often dry,
And lov'd good Liquor by the by;
And when old *Hirco* was without,
She'd to the Tub, pull Vent-Pin out;
And with a Straw the cunning Gypſy,
Would ſometimes ſuck, 'till ſhe was tipſy;

And

And as ſhe never choſe the worſt,
This Tub had often quench'd her Thirſt.
But now ſhe found the Time was come,
T' acquit her, or pronounce her Doom:
Her Maſter now muſt miſs his Drink,
Or elſe, to Morrow, he would think
His Crew had, what was miſſing, drank,
And ne'er miſtruſt his *Suby*'s Prank:
Not dreaming, that by frequent Vent,
The Spirit of the Beer was ſpent;
And that 'twould be but poor and flat;
But ſhe, poor Soul, ne'er thought of that.
Mean while the buſy honeſt Drunkard,
Had with it fill'd a ſwinging Tankard;
And from the Cellar making haſte,
Return'd to give his Friends a Taſte.
By Right Divine, the learned Aſs
Muſt on the Ale his Judgment paſs;
He drank a Bumper, cry'd, a Pox,
This curſed Beer e'nt Orthodox;
Took t'other Glaſs and ſhook his Head,
O fye, ſaid he, 'tis flat and dead.
As *Hirco*'s Faith was very little,
He never could believe each Tittle;
Not ev'n of what was given out
To be Damnation, but to Doubt;
Much leſs credited a Tale,
Which ſo diſgrac'd his choiceſt Ale.
On Sanctity he caſt a Frown,
Then fill'd a Glaſs and ſoak'd it down.

But

But how bewilder'd did he look,
To find that *Roger* Truth had ſpoke;
He fretted, rav'd, the Compaſs ſwore,
And curs'd 'till he could curſe no more.
The P--rſ--n cries, why here's a Clatter,
Will Swearing, pray now, mend the Matter?
The Beer I do believe well brew'd,
The Fault's the Veſſel where it ſtood;
Or elſe the Bung-hole is in Fault,
By not being ſtopt up as it ought.
Cry'd *Hirco*, I am either blind,
Or in a Moment's Time I'll find,
The fatal Cauſe of this Diſaſter—
*Sukey* went down to light her Maſter;
But, Lord! how ſilly did ſhe look!
Like Aſpen Leaves each Member ſhook,
And ſhe was in ſuch piteous Fright,
She ſcarce had Pow'r to hold the Light.
Mean while the Don b' his Nuckle found,
The Barrel gave an empty Sound;
Surpriz'd, he cries, I am undone,
Good God! Why, half my Beer is gone.
The P--rſ--n from above replied,
Look under, and on ev'ry ſide;
I'll hold a Crown, if you but ſeek
About the Tub you'll find a Leak.
Whilſt thus the craſty P--rſ--n ſaid,
*Hirco* by chance look'd on his Maid:
Diſorder'd and confus'd ſhe ſtood,
Her Cheeks were red with flushing Blood,

And

And from her Maſter, quick ſhe turn'd.
Cry'd *Hirco*, *Sukey*, I'll be burn'd,
If you han't ſomeway been the Ruin
Of this, my laſt *October* Brewing;
She trembling, on her Knees did fall,
Begg'd his Pardon, and told him all.
Said he, this Tale will make my Friends,
For want of Liquor, ſome amends;
I'll up and tell them all, I ſwear;
For G--d's ſake, Sir, ſaid ſhe, forbear;
Lord! is there no way to atone
For ſuch a Fault? There is but one
That I can think of, he reply'd,
I've often aſk'd and you deny'd
A little Favour, if you'll grant it,
(And now I really think I want it)
I'll hold my Tongue; if you refuſe,
I'll up, and out the Story goes.
She paus'd, ſhe bluſh'd, ſhe cry'd, but knew
Not either what to ſay, or do.
Mean while, of Kiſſing he'd his fill,
Nor could he keep his Fingers ſtill,
One Hand upon her Boſom lay,
Whilſt t'other took a different Way;
Then on a Faggot-Pile he laid
The tender, yielding, lovely Maid;
The Wench was buxom, plump, and ſappy,
And fit to make a Lover happy.
Whilſt they in am'rous Tranſports lay,
The P--rſ--n wonder'd at their ſtay;

And

And ask'd 'em what they were about.
Cry'd *Hirco*, Z—ds, the Leak's found out
Thro' which my Nectar daily flows;
Be sure, said *Roger*, stop it close.
I'll try, said he, but, on my Soul,
It is a deviliſh ſwinging Hole.

See Work for a Cooper p 109

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## †*The* CREDULOUS HUSBAND.†

### A TALE.

*By Mr.* COBB. from Chaucer

WHILOM in *Oxford* an old Chuff did dwell,
A Carpenter by Trade, as Stories tell;
Who by his Craft had heap'd up many a Hoard,
And furniſh'd Strangers both with Bed and Board.
With him a Scholar lodg'd, of ſlender Means,
But notable for Sciences and Senſe.
Yet, tho' he took Degrees in Arts, his Mind
Was moſtly to *Aſtrology* inclin'd.
A Lad in *Divination* ſkill'd and ſhrewd,
Who by Interrogations could conclude,
If Men ſhould aſk him at what certain Hours
The droughty Earth would gape for cooling Show'rs,
When it ſhould Rain, or Snow, what ſhould befall
Of Fifty Things; I cannot reckon all.

This

This learned *Clerk* had got a mighty Fame
For Modeſty, and *Nicholas* his Name.
Subtle he was, well taught in *Cupid*'s Trade,
But ſeem'd as Meek, and Baſhful as a Maid.
A Chamber in this Hoſtelry he kept,
Alone he ſtudy'd, and alone he ſlept.
With ſweet and fragrant Herbs the Room was dreſt,
But he was ten times ſweeter than the beſt.
His Books of various ſize, or great, or ſmall,
His *Augrim* Stones to caſt Account withal;
His *Aſtrolabe* and *Almagiſt* * apart,
With twenty more hard Names of cunning Art;
On ſev'ral Shelves were couched nigh his Bed,
And the Preſs cover'd with a folding Red.
Above an Inſtrument of Muſic lay,
On which ſweet Melody he us'd to play;
So wond'rous ſweet, that all the Chamber rung,
And *Angelus ad Virginem* † he ſung;
Then would he chaunt in good King *David*'s Note,
Full often bleſſed was his merry Throat.
And thus the *Clerk* in Books and Muſic ſpent
His Time, and Exhibition's yearly Rent.

The *Carpenter* had a new married Wife,
Lov'd as his Eyes, and dearer than his Life.
The Buxom Laſs had twice nine Summers ſeen,
And her briſk Blood ran high in ev'ry Vein.

* The Name of a Book of *Aſtronomy*, written by *Ptolemy*.

† The Angel's Salutation to the Virgin *Mary*.

The

The Dotard jealous of ſo ripe an Age,
Watch'd her, and lock'd her, like a Bird in Cage.
For ſhe was Wild, and in her lovely Prime;
But he, poor Man! walk'd down the *Hill of Time.*
He knew the Temper of a Youthful Spouſe,
And oft was ſeen to rub his aking Brows.
He knew his own weak Side, and dreamt in Bed
She had, or would be planting on his Head.
He knew not *Cato*, for his Wit was rude;
That Men ſhould Wed with their Similitude.
Like ſhould with Like in Love and Years ingage,
For *Youth* can never be a Rhyme to *Age.*
Hence Jealouſies create a Nuptial War,
And the warm Seaſons with the frigid jar.
But when the Trap's once down, he muſt endure
His Fate, and *Patience is the only Cure.*
Perhaps his Father, and an hundred more
Of honeſt Chriſtians, were thus ſerv'd before.
Fair was his charming Conſort, and withall
Slender her Waiſt, and like a *Weaſel*'s ſmall.
She had a Girdle round her barr'd with Silk,
And a clean Apron, white as Morrow Milk.
White was her Smock, embroider'd all before,
Which on her Loins in many Plaits ſhe wore.
Broad was her ſilken Fillet, ſet full high,
And oft ſhe twinkled with a Liqu'riſh Eye.
Her Brow was arch'd like any bended *Bow*,
Like *Marble* ſmooth, and blacker than a *Sloe*,
She ſofter far than *Wool*, or fleecy *Snow.*

Were you to ſearch the Univerſal Round,
So gay a Wench was never to be found.
With greater Brightneſs did her Colour ſhine,
Than a new *Noble* of the freſheſt Coin.
Shrill was her Song, and loud her piercing Note,
No *Swallow* on a Barn had ſuch a Throat.
To this ſhe ſkipp'd and caper'd like a *Lamb*,
Or *Kid*, or *Calf*, when they purſue their Dam.
Sweet as *Metheglin* was her *Honey* Lip,
Or Hoard of *Apples* which in *Hay* are kept.
Wincing ſhe was, as is a jolly *Colt*,
Long as a Maſt, and upright as a Bolt:
Above her Ancles laced was her Shoe,
She was a *Primroſe*, and a *Pigſnye* too.
And fit to lig by any Chriſtian's Side,
Or a Lord's Miſtreſs, or a Yeoman's Bride.

Now *Sirs*, what think you, how the Caſe befell?
This *Nicholas* (for I the Truth will tell)
Was a mere Wag, and on a certain Day,
When the Good Man, the Huſband, was away,
Began to ſport and wanton with his Dame,
(For *Clerks* are ſly, and very full of Game)
And privily he caught her by *That ſame*.
"My Lemman * Dear (quoth he) I'm all on Fire,
"And periſh, if you grant not my Deſire.
He claſp'd her round, and held her faſt, and cry'd,
"O let me, let me—never be deny'd."
At this ſhe wreath'd her Head, and ſprung aloof,
Like a young friſking *Colt*, whoſe tender Hoof

* Miſtreſs.

Felt

Felt never Farrier's Hand, and never knew
The Virgin Burden of an Iron Shoe.
'Fye *Nicholas!* away your Hands, quoth ſhe:
'Is this your Breeding, and Civility?
'Foh! Idle Sot! what means th' unmanner'd Clown,
'To teize me thus, and toſs me up and down?
'I vow I'll tell, and bawl it o'er the Town.
'You're rude, and will you not be anſwer'd, No?
'I will not kiſs you—prithee, let me go.'
Here *Nicholas*, a young, deſigning Knave,
Began to weep, and cant, and Pardon crave.
So fair he ſpoke, and importun'd ſo faſt,
This ſeeming modeſt Spouſe conſents at laſt.
By good St. *Thomas* * ſwore, her uſual Oath,
That ſhe would meet his Love—tho' mighty loath.
'If you, ſaid ſhe, convenient Leiſure wait,
'(You know my Huſband has a jealous Pate)
'I will requite you; for if once the Beaſt
'Should chance to find us out, and ſmell the Jeſt,
'I muſt be a dead Woman at the leaſt.'
"Let that, quoth *Nicholas*, ne'er vex your Head;
"He muſt be a mere learned Aſs indeed,
"And very fooliſhly beſets his Wile,
"Who cannot a dull *Carpenter* beguile."
And thus they were accorded, thus they ſwore
To wait the Time, as I have ſaid before.

* *St.* Thomas Becket.

And now, when *Nicholas* had wore away
The pleaſant Time in harmleſs am'rous Play,
To his melodious *Pſaltery* he flew,
Play'd Tunes of Love, by which his Paſſion grew,
Then printed on her Lips a dear *Adieu*.
It happen'd thus, (I cannot rightly tell,
If it on *Eaſter* or on *Whitſon* fell)
That on a Holyday, this modeſt Dame
To Church, with other honeſt Neighbours came,
In a good Fit to hear the Parſon preach
What the divine Apoſtle us'd to teach.
Bright was her Forehead, and no Summer's Day
Shone half ſo clear, ſo tempting, and ſo gay.
Now to this Pariſh did a *Clerk* belong,
Who many a Time had rais'd a holy Song:
His Name was *Abſalon*, a ſilly Man,
Who curl'd his Hair, which ſtrutted like a Fan;
And from his jolly, pert, and empty Head,
In Golden Ringlets on his Shoulders ſpread.
His Face was red, his Eyes as grey as *Gooſe*,
With St. *Paul*'s Windows figur'd on his Shoes.
Full properly he walk'd in Scarlet Hoſe,
But light, and Silver-colour'd were his Clothes,
And Surplice white as Bloſſoms on the *Roſe*.
Thick Points and Taſſels did the Coxcomb pleaſe,
And fetouſly they dangled on his Knees.
He could let Blood, and ſhave your Beard, or Head,
But a mere *Barber Surgeon* by his Trade.

Nay,

Nay, he cou'd draw a Bond, and learnt from *France*,
In thirty Motions how to trip and dance.
Nay, he cou'd write and read, and that is more
Than twenty Pariſh-Clerks could do before:
Could friſk and toſs his twirling Legs in Air,
Nice were his Feet, and trod it to a Hair.
Songs would he play, and, not to hide his Wit,
Would ſqueak a *Treble* to his ſquawling *Kit*;
His Dreſs was finical, his Muſic queer,
And pleas'd a Tapſter's Eye or Drawer's Ear.
No Tavern, Brew-houſe, Ale-houſe in the Town,
Was to the gentle *Abſalon* unknown:
But he was very careful of his Wind,
And never let it ſally out behind;
To give the *Devil* his due, he had an Art
By civil Speech to win a Lady's Heart.

This *Abſalon*, ſo jolly, ſpruce and gay,
Went with the *Cenſer*, on the Sabbath-Day,
He ſwung the Incenſe-Pot with comely Grace,
But chiefly would he fume a pretty Face.
His wanton Eye, which every where he caſt,
Dwelt on the *Carpenter*'s fine *Dame* at laſt.
So ſweet and proper was his lovely Wife,
That he could freely gaze away his Life.
Were he a *Cat*, this pretty *Mouſe* would feel
Too ſoon his Talons, a delicious Meal.

And now had *Cupid* ſhot a piercing Dart,
And wet the Feathers in his wounded Heart.
No Offering of the handſome Wives he took,
He wanted nothing but a ſmiling Look,

The Pariſh-Fees refus'd, and ſaid, the Light
Of the fair Moon ſhines brighteſt in the Night.
Soon as the *Cock* had bid the Morning riſe,
The ſmitten Lover to his *Fiddle* flies.
A hideous Noiſe his ſqueaking *Trilloes* make,
And all the drowſy Neighbourhood awake.
At the lov'd Houſe ſome am'rous Tunes he play'd,
And thus with gentle Voice he ſung or ſaid.

*Now dear Lady,*
*If thy Will be,*
*I pray to Thee*
*To pity me.*

And twenty ſuch complaining Notes he ſung,
Alike the Muſic of his *Kit*, and Tongue.
At this the ſtaring *Carpenter* awoke,
And thus his Wife, fair *Aliſon*, beſpoke.
" Art thou aſleep, or art thou deaf, my Dear?
" And cannot *Abſalon* at Window hear?
" How with his Seranade he charms us all,
" Chanting melodiouſly beneath our Wall!"
' Yes, yes, I hear him, *Aliſon* reply'd
' Too well, God wot,' and then ſhe turn'd aſide.
Thus went Affairs, till *Abſalon*, alas!
Was a loſt Creature, a mere whining *Aſs*.
All Night he wakes, and ſighs, and wears away
On his broad Locks and Dreſs, the live-long Day.
To ſuch a Height his doating Fondneſs grew,
To kiſs the Ground, and wipe her very Shoe.

Where-

Where're ſhe went, he like a Slave purſu'd,
With ſpiced *Ale*, and ſweet *Metheglin* woo'd.
All Dainties he could rap and rend, he got,
And ſent her *Tarts* and *Cuſtards* piping hot.
He ſpar'd no Coſt for an expenſive Treat,
Of *Mead* and *Cyder*, and all Sorts of Meat.
Throbbing he ſings with his lamenting Throat,
And rivals *Philomela*'s mournful Note.
With Rigour ſome, and ſome with gentle Arts
Have found a Paſſage to young Ladies Hearts:
Some Wealth has won, and ſome have had the Lot
To fall enamour'd of a treating Sot.
Sometimes he *Scaramouch'd* it all on high,
And *Harlequin'd* it with Activity.
Betrays the Lightneſs of his empty Head,
And how he could cut Capers in a Bed,
But neither this, nor that, the Damſel move,
For *Nicholas* has ſwept the Stakes of Love.
The *Pariſh Clerk* has nothing met but Scorn,
And may go fiddle now, or blow his Horn.
Thus gentle *Abſalon* is made her Ape,
And all his Paſſion turn'd into a Jape.
For *Nicholas* is always in her Eye:
True ſays the Proverb, that the *Nigh are Sly*.
A diſtant Love may Diſappointment find,
*For out of Sight* is ever *out of Mind*.
The Scholar was at hand, as I have told,
And gave the Pariſh Clerk *the Dog to hold*.
Now *Nicholas* thy Craft and Cunning try,
That *Abſalon* may *De Profundis* cry.

Now,

Now, when the *Carpenter* was call'd away
To work at *Oſney*, on a certain Day;
The ſubtle Scholar, and his wanton Spouſe,
Were decently contriving for his Brows:
Agreed, that *Nicholas* ſhould ſhape a Wile,
Her addle-pated Huſband to beguile.
And, if ſo be the Game ſucceeded right,
She then would ſleep within his Arms all Night.
For both were in this one Deſire concern'd,
Alike they Suffer'd, and alike they burn'd.
Strait a new Thought leapt croſs the Scholar's Head,
Who at that Inſtant to his Chamber fled.
But to relieve his Thirſt and Hunger, bore
Of Meat and Liquor a ſubſtantial Store,
And victual'd it for one long Day, or more.
" *Alce*, ſhou'd your Huſband aſk for us (quoth he)
" Reply in Scorn, What's *Nicholas* to me?
" Am I his Keeper? help your ſilly Head!
" Perhaps the Man is mad, aſleep, or dead;
" My Maid indeed has thump'd this Hour or more,
" And knock'd as if ſhe'd thunder down the Door:
" But he, a moaping Drone, no Anſwer gave,
" Faſt as a Church, and ſilent as the Grave."
Thus did one *Saturday* entire conſume,
Since *Nicholas* had lock'd him in his Room.

Nor

Nor was he idle; for no *Lent* he kept,
But eat, like other Men, and drank, and ſlept.
Did what he liſt, till the next Sun was new,
And went to Reſt, as common Mortals do.
The *Carpenter* was in a grievous Pain,
Leſt *Nicholas* ſhould over-work his Brain;
By Study loſe his Reaſon, or his Life—
'Well, by St. *Thomas*, I don't like it Wife.
'The World we live in, is a tickliſh Place,
'And ſudden Death has often ſtopt our Race.
'I ſaw a Corpſe, as to the Church it paſt,
'And the poor Man at work but *Monday* laſt.
'Run, *Dick*, quoth he, run ſpeedily up Stairs,
'Thump at the Door, and ſee how ſtand Affairs.'
Up ſtrait he runs, like any Tempeſt flies,
And knocks, and bawls, and like a Madman cries:
"Hoh! Maſter *Nicholas*, what mean you thus
"To ſleep all Night and Day, and frighten us?"
He might as well have whiſtl'd to the Wind,
As from good *Nicholas* an Anſwer find.
At laſt he ſpy'd a Hole, full low and deep,
Where uſually the Cat was wont to creep;
Here was diſcover'd to his wond'ring Sight,
The Scholar gazing with his Eyes upright,
As if intent upon the Stars and Moon:
And down runs he, to tell his Maſter ſoon,
In what Array he ſaw this ſtudious Man.
The *Carpenter* to croſs himſelf began:
And cry'd, 'St. *Frideſwild*, help us one and all!
'Little we know what Fate ſhall us befall.

This

'This Man with his Aſtronomy is got
'Into ſome Frenzy, and ſtark mad, God wot.
'This comes of poring on his cunning Books,
'Of his Moon-ſnuffing, and Star-peeping Looks.
'Why ſhould a ſilly Earth-born Mortal pry
'On Heav'n, and ſearch the Secrets of the Sky?
'Well fare thoſe Men, who no more Learning need
'Than what's contain'd in the Lord's Pray'r and Creed,
'Scholars ſufficient, if they can but read!
'Thus far'd a ſage Philoſopher * of old,
'Who walking out, as 'tis in Story told,
'Was ſo much with Aſtronomy bewitch'd,
'That his Star-gazing Clerkſhip was *beditch'd*.
'Ill Luck attends the Man, who looks too high,
'And can a Star, but not a Marl-pit ſpy.
'But, by St. *Thomas*, this ſhall never paſs;
'Too well I love this gentle *Nicholas*.
'I'll ferret him, unleſs the Devil's in it,
'From his brown Fit of Study in a Minute.
'*Robin*, let's try if that an Iron Pur
'And your ſtrong Back can make this Scholar ſtir.'
Now *Robin* was a Lad of Brawn and Bones,
And by the Haſp heav'd up the Door at once,
Which in the Chamber fell with dreadful Sound,
As would a Man, like you or me, aſtound.
But *Nicholas* did nothing do but ſtare;
And like a Statue gape upon the Air.

* Thales.

The

The *Carpenter* was in a piteous Fear,
Becauſe he did not, or he would not hear.
Thought ſome deep *Melancholy* had impair'd
His Brain, and that of Mercy he deſpair'd;
For which the Student in his Arms he took
With might and main, and by the Shoulders ſhook.
'Cry'd, *Nicholas*, awake! what not a Word?
'Look down, deſpair not—think upon the *Lord!*
Then the Night-Spell he mumbled to himſelf:
'Bleſs thee from Fiends, and every wicked Elf!
He croſs'd the Threſhold, where a Dev'l might creep,
And each ſmall Hole, thro' which an Imp might peep;
With ſolemn *Pater Noſters* bleſt the Door,
And *Ave Marys* after and before.
At this the *Clerk* ſent forth a heavy Sigh,
With Tears and woful Tone began to cry—
"*And ſhall this World be loſt ſo ſoon? Ah! why?*
'What do I hear? the *Carpenter* reply'd,
'What ſay'ſt thou, *Nicholas?* ſure thou art beſide
'Thyſelf: Serve God, as we poor Lab'rers do,
'And then no Harm nor Danger will enſue.'
"Ah! Friend, quoth *Nicholas*, you little think
"What I can tell; but firſt let's have ſome Drink.

"Then,

" Then, my dear Hoſt, thou ſhalt in private learn
" Some certain Things, which thee and me concern.
" It ſhall no Mortal but yourſelf avail;
" Then fetch a *Wincheſter* of mighty Ale."
And now when both had drank an equal Share,
Cries *Nicholas*, " Sit down, and draw your Chair.
" But firſt, ſweet Landlord, you muſt take an Oath,
" To no Man living to betray thy Troth.
" For, truſt me, what I'm going to relate
" Is *Revelation*, and as ſure as Fate.
" And if you tell, this Vengeance will enſue,
" No Hare in *March* will be ſo mad as you."
' Nay, quoth mine Hoſt, I am no Blab, not I,
' And hang me, if you catch me in a Lye.
' I would not tell, tho' 'twere to ſave my Life,
' To Chick or Child, to Man, or Maid, or Wife.'
" Now, *John*, quoth *Nicholas*, I will not hide
" What by my Art I have of late deſcry'd;
" How, as I por'd upon fair *Cynthia*'s Light,
" Should fall, on *Monday* Next, at Quarter Night,
" A Rain ſo ſudden, and ſo long to boot,
" That *Noah*'s Flood was but a Spoonful to't.
" This World within the Compaſs of an Hour
" Shall all be drown'd, ſo hideous is the Show'r,
" As will the Cattle, and Mankind devour."

Cries then this ſilly Man, 'Alas, my Wife!
'My Boſom-comfort, and my better Life!
'And muſt ſhe drown, and periſh with the reſt;
'My *Aliſon*, the Darling of my Breaſt?'
At this well nigh he ſwoon'd o'erwhelm'd with Grief,
Fetch'd a deep Sigh, 'And is there no relief;
'No Remedy, he cry'd, no Succour left?
'Are we, alas! of ev'ry Hope bereft?'
"No, by no means, quoth this deſigning Clerk;
"Be of good Heart, and by Inſtruction work.
"For if by *Nicholas* you will be led,
"And build no Caſtles in your own wild Head,
"None ſo ſecure: For *Solomon* ſays true,
"*Work all by Counſel, and you cannot rue.*
"If you'll be govern'd, and be rul'd by me,
"I'll undertake to ſave thy Wife and thee;
"By my own Art againſt the Flood prevail,
"And make no uſe of either Maſt or Sail.
"Have you not heard, how, when the World was naught,
"*Noah*, by Heav'nly Inſpiration taught"—
'(Ay, ay, quoth *John*, I've in my Bible found
'That once upon a Time the World was drown'd.)'
"Haſt thou not heard, how *Noah* was concern'd
"For his dear Wife, and how his Bowels yearn'd,
"Till he had built and furniſh'd out a Bark,
"And lodged her, with her Children in the Ark?

" Now Expedition is the Soul and Life
" Of Buſineſs; if you love yourſelf and Wife,
" Run, Fly---for in this Caſe it is a Crime
" To loiter, or to loſe an Inch of Time.
" For *Aliſon*, yourſelf, and me provide
" Three Kneading-Troughs, to ſail upon the Tide.
" But take moſt ſpecial Care, that they be large,
" In which a Man may ſwim as in a Barge.
" Let them be victual'd well, and ſee you lay
" Sufficient Stores againſt a rainy Day;
" Enough to ſerve you twenty Hours, and more,
" For then the Flood will ſwage, and not before.
" But one thing let me whiſper in your Ear,
" Let not thy ſturdy Servant *Robin* hear,
" Nor bonny *Gillian* know what I relate;
" I muſt not utter the Decrees of Fate.
" Aſk me not Reaſons why I cannot ſave
" Your truſty Serving-Maid, and honeſt Knave:
" Suffice it thee, unleſs thy Wits be mad,
" To have as great a Grace as *Noah* had.
" Do you make Haſte, and mind the grand Affair;
" To ſave your Wife ſhall be my proper Care.
" But when theſe Kneading-Tubs are ready made,
" Which may ſecure us, when the Floods invade,
" See that you hang them in the Roof full high,
" That none our Providential Plot deſcry.

" And

" And when thou haſt convey'd ſufficient Store
" Of Meats and Drink, as I have ſaid before,
" And put a ſharp'ned Ax in ev'ry Boat,
" To cut the Cord, and ſet us all afloat;
" Then thro' the *Gable* of the Houſe, which lies
" Above the Stable, and the Garden ſpies,
" Break out a Hole, ſo very large and wide,
" Thro' which our Tubs may ſail upon the Tide.
" Then wilt thou ſo much Mirth and Pleaſure take
" In ſwimming, as the white Duck and the Drake.
" Then when I cry, Hoh! *Aliſon*, and *John*,
" Be merry, for the Flood will paſs anon.
" Then wilt thou anſwer, Maſter *Nicholay*,
" Good-morrow, for I ſee it is broad Day.
" Then ſhall we reign, as Emperors for Life,
" O'er all the World, like *Noah* and his Wife.
" But one thing I almoſt forgot to tell,
" Which now comes in my Head, (and mark me well)
" That on that very Night we go abroad,
" All muſt be huſh'd, and whiſper not a Word.
" But all the Time employ our holy Mind
" In earneſt Pray'rs: For thus has Heav'n in-join'd.
" You and your Wife muſt take a ſeparate Place,
" Nor is there any Sin in ſuch a Caſe.
" To-morrow Night, when Men are faſt aſleep,
" We to our Kneading-Tubs will ſlyly creep.

" There will we ſit, each in his Ship apart,
" And wait the Deluge with a patient Heart.
" Go now; I have no longer time to ſpare
" In Sermoning, uſe expeditious Care.
" Your Apprehenſion needs no more Advice:
" *One ſingle Word's ſufficient for the Wiſe.*
" And none, dear Landlord, can your Wit inform;
" Go, ſave our Lives from this impending Storm."

Away hies *John*, with melancholy Look,
And ſigh'd, and groan'd, at ev'ry Step he took.
To *Aliſon* he does his Fate deplore,
And tells a Secret which ſhe knew before.
But yet ſhe trembl'd, like an *Aſpin* Leaf,
And ſeem'd to periſh with diſſembled Grief;
Crying, " Alas! What ſhall I do?—begone—
" Help us to 'ſcape, or we are all undone.
" I am thy true and very wedded Wife;
" Go, dear, dear Spouſe, and help to ſave my Life."

*What ſtrong Impreſſions does Affection give?*
*By Fancy, Men have often ceas'd to live.*
*Howe're abſurd things in themſelves appear,*
*Weak Minds are apt to credit what they fear.*

This ſilly Carpenter is almoſt *wood*,
And thinks of nothing elſe but *Noah*'s Flood.
Believes he ſees it, and begins to quake,
And all for *Aliſon*, his Hony's Sake.

He's

He's over-run with Sorrow and with Fear,
And ſends forth many a Groan and many a Tear.
A Kneading-Trough, a Tub, and * Kemelin
He gets by Stealth, and ſends them to his Inn.
He makes three Ladders, whence he climbs aloof,
And privately he hangs them in the Roof.
But firſt he victual'd them, both Trough and Tub,
With Bread and Cheeſe, and Bottles fill'd with mighty Bub;
Enough o'Conſcience to relieve their Faſt,
And be ſufficient for a Day's Repaſt.
But e're this Preparation had been made,
He ſent to *London* both his Man and Maid,
On certain Matters, which concern'd his Trade.
And now came on the fatal *Monday* Night,
Barr'd are the Doors, out goes the Candle-Light.
And when all things in Readineſs were ſet,
Theſe Three their Ladders take, and up they get.
And *clum*†, quoth *Nicholas*, and *clum*, quoth *John*.
Now *Pater Noſter*, *clum*, ſaid *Aliſon*,
The Carpenter his *Oriſons* did ſay,
*For Men in fear are very apt to pray.*
Silent he waited, when the Skies would pour
This unaccountable and diſmal Show'r.
And now at ‡ *Curfew* time, dead Sleep began
To fall upon this eaſy, ſimple Man.
Who

* Brewer's Veſſel. † A Note of Silence.
‡ *Curfew*. WILLIAM the *Conqueror*, in the firſt Year of his Reign, commanded that in every Town and Village a Bell ſhould be rung every Night, at

Who after ſo much Care and Buſ'neſs paſt,
And ſpent with ſad Concern, was quickly faſt.
Soft down the Ladder ſtole this loving Pair,
Good *Nicholas*, and *Aliſon* the Fair;
Then, without ſpeaking, to the Bed they creep
Of *John*, poor Cuckold! who was faſt aſleep.
There all the Night they revel, ſport, and toy,
And act the merry Scene of am'rous Joy;
Till that the Bell of *Lauds* began to ring,
And the fat Friars in the Chancel ſing.

The Pariſh Clerk, this am'rous *Abſalon*,
Who over Head and Ears in Love is gone,
At *Oſney* happen'd with a jovial Crew
To ſpend the *Monday*, as they us'd to do;
There pulls a certain Friar by the Sleeve,
With Pardon begg'd, and Father, by your Leave,
" When ſaw you *John* the Carpenter? he cries."
'Laſt *Saturday*, the *Cloiſterer* replies,
'Since then I have not ſeen him with theſe Eyes;
'Perhaps abroad he's playing faſt and looſe;
'Or fetching Timber for the Abbot's Uſe,
'And lodges at the *Graunge* a Day or two,
'Or elſe at home—I know no more than you.'

eight of the Clock, and that all People ſhould then put out their Fire and Candle and go to Bed. The Ringing of this Bell was called *Curfew*, that is, Cover Fire.

This

This made *Nab*'s boiling Blood with Pleaſure ſtart,
The News rejoic'd the Cockles of his Heart.
'Now is my Time, thinks he; the Moon is bright,
'Nor care I, if I travel all the Night;
'For at his Door, ſince Day began to ſpring,
'I've ſeen, like him, no kind of Man, or Thing.
'It is reſolv'd; to *Aliſon* I'll go,
'When the firſt Morning Cock begins to crow;
'And to her Window privately repair,
'Then knock, and tell her my tormenting Care:
'I'll open all my Breaſt, and eaſe my Heart,
'For 'tis too much to bear Love's ſtinging Smart.
'Some little Comfort ſure I ſhall not miſs,
'At leaſt ſhe'll grant the Favour of a Kiſs;
'My Mouth has itch'd all Day, from whence it ſeems,
'That I ſhall kiſs: Beſides my pleaſant Dreams
'Of Feaſts and Banquets, whence a Man may gueſs
'That I may haply meet with ſome Succeſs:
'But for an Hour or two before I go,
'I'll firſt refreſh me with a Nap, or ſo.'
Now the firſt Cock had wak'd from his Repoſe
The jolly *Abſalon*, and up he roſe.
But firſt he dreſſes finical and gay,
And looks like any *Beau*, at Church or Play,
And briſk as Bridegroom on a Wedding-Day.
Nicely he combs the Ringlets of his Hair,
And waſh'd with Roſe-water, looks freſh and fair;
Then

Then with his Finger he her Window twang'd,
Whiſper'd a gentle Tone, and thus harangu'd.
*Sweet* Aliſon, *my Hony-comb, my Dear,*
*My Bird, my Cinamon, your Lover hear.*
*Awake, and ſpeak one Word before I part,*
*But one kind Word, the Balſam to my Heart.*
*Little you think, alas! the mighty Woe,*
*Which for the Love of thee I undergo.*
*For thee I ſwelter, and for thee I ſweat,*
*And mourn as Lamb-kins for the Mother's Teat.*
*Nor falſe my Grief, nor does the Turtle Dove*
*Lament more truly, or more truly love.*
*I cannot eat nor drink, and all for thee—*
'Get from my Window, you *Jack Fool*, ſaid ſhe;
'I love another of a different Hue
'From ſuch a ſilly Dunder-head as you.
'If you ſtand talking at that fooliſh Rate,
'My Chamber-pot ſhall be about your Pate.
'Begone, you empty Sot, and let me ſleep'—
At this poor *Abſalon* began to weep,
And his hard Fate with Sighs and Groans deplore;
*Was ever faithful Love thus ſerv'd before!*
*Since then*, my Sweet, *what I deſire's in vain,*
*Let me but one ſmall Boon, à Kiſs, obtain.*
'And will you then be gone, nor loiter here?'
Quoth *Aliſon.—Ay certainly, my Dear!*
'Make ready then—Now, *Nicholas*, lye ſtill,
'Tis ſuch a Jeſt, that you ſhall laugh your fill.'
Raviſh'd with Joy, *Nab* full upon his Knees,
The happieſt Man alive in all Degrees;

In

In ſilent Raptures he began to cry,
*No Lord in* Europe *is ſo bleſt as I.*
*I may expect more Favours; for a Kiſs*
*Is an Aſſurance of a future Bliſs.*
The Window now unclaſp'd, with ſlender Voice,
Cries *Aliſon*, 'Be quick, and make no Noiſe;
'I would not for the World our Neighbours hear,
'For they're made up of Jealouſy and Fear.
Then ſilken Handkerchief from Pocket came,
To wipe his Mouth full clean to kiſs the Dame.
Dark was the Night, as any Coal or Pitch,
When at the Window ſhe clapt out her Breech.
The *Pariſh Clerk* ne'er doubted what to do,
But aſk'd no Queſtions, and in haſte fell to;
On her blind Side full favourly he preſt
A loving Kiſs, e'er he ſmelt out the Jeſt.
A back he ſtarts, for he knew well enough,
That Womens Lips are ſmooth, but theſe were rough.
*What have I done*, quoth he? and rav'd and ſtar'd,
*Ah me! I've kiſs'd a Woman with a Beard.*
He curs'd the Hour, and rail'd againſt the Stars,
That he was born to kiſs my Lady's Arſe.
* *Tehea*, ſhe cry'd, and clapt the Window cloſe,
While *Abſalon* with Grief and Anger goes
To meditate Revenge; and to requite
The foul Affront, he would not ſleep that Night.

* A Note of Laughter.

And

And now with Duſt, with Sand, with Straw, with Chips,
He ſcrubs and rubs the Kiſſes from his Lips.
Oft would he ſay, *Alas! O baſeſt Evil!*
*Than met with this Diſgrace ſo damn'd uncivil,*
*I rather had went headlong to the Devil.*
*To kiſs a Woman's Breech! it can't be born!*
*But by my Soul I'll be reveng'd by Morn.*

*Hot Love*, the Proverb ſays, *grows quickly cool*,
And *Abſalon*'s no more an Am'rous Fool:
For ſince his Purpoſe was ſo fouly croſt,
He gains his Quiet, tho' his Love is loſt:
And, cur'd of his Diſtemper, can defy
All whining Coxcombs with a ſcornful Eye:
But for meer Anger, as he paſs'd the Street,
He wept, as does a School-boy when he's beat.
In a ſoft, doleful Pace at laſt he came
To an old *Vulcan*, *Jarvis* was his Name;
Who late and early at the Forge turmoyl'd,
In hamm'ring Iron Bars, and Plough-ſhares, toil'd.
Hither repair'd, by One or Two a Clock,
Poor *Abſalon*, and gave an eaſy Knock.
*Who's there that knocks ſo late, Sir* Jarvis cries?
" 'Tis I, the penſive *Abſalon* replies.
" Open the Door." ' What *Abſalon*, quoth He,
' *The* Pariſh Clerk?' *Ah! Benedicite*
*Where haſt thou been? ſome pretty Girl, I wot,*
*Has led you out ſo late upon the trot.*
*Some merry-meeting on the Wenching ſcore,*
*You know my Meaning,——but I'll ſay no more.*

But

But *Abſalon* another Diſtaff drew,
And had more Tow to ſpin than *Jarvis* knew:
He minded not a *Bean* of all he ſaid,
For other Things employ'd his careful Head.
At laſt he Silence breaks, *Dear Friend*, he cries,
*Lend's that hot Pur, which in the Chimney lies;*
*I have occaſion for't, no Queſtions aſk,*
*To bring it back again ſhall be my Taſk.*
'With all my Heart, quoth *Jarvis*, were it Gold,
'Or ſplendid Nobles in a Purſe untold;
'With all my Heart, as I'm an honeſt *Smith*,
'I'll lend it Thee; but what wilt do therewith?'
"For that, quoth *Abſalon*, nor care, nor ſorrow,
"I'll give a good Account of it to Morrow."
Then up the Culter in his Hand he caught,
Tripp'd out with ſilent Pace, and wicked Thought.
Red-hot it was, as any burning Coal,
With which to *John* the Carpenter's he ſtole.
There firſt he cough'd, and, as his uſual Wont,
Up to the Window came, and tapp'd upon't.
'Who's there? quoth *Aliſon*, ſome Midnight Rook,
'Some Thief, I warrant, with a hanging Look.'
"Ah! God forbid, quoth this diſſembling Elf,
"'Tis *Abſalon*, my Life! my better Self!
"A rich Gold Ring I've to my Darling brought,
"By a known Graver exquiſitely wrought.
"Beſide a Poſie, moſt divinely writ
"By a fam'd Poet, and notorious Wit.

"My

" My Mother gave it me ('tis wond'rous fine)
" She clapp'd it on my Finger, I on thine,
" If thou wilt deign the Favour of a Kiſs——"
Now *Nicholas* by chance roſe up to piſs,
Thinking to better, and improve the Jeſt,
He ſhould ſalute his Breech, before the reſt.
With eager Haſte, and ſecret Joy he went,
And his Poſteriors out at Window ſent.
Here *Abſalon*, the Wag, with ſubtle Tone
Whiſpers, " My Love! my Soul! my *Aliſon*,
" Speak, my ſweet Bird, I know not where thou art——"
† At this the Scholar let a rouzing Fart;
So loud the Noiſe, as frightful was the Stroke,
As Thunder, when it ſplits the ſturdy Oak.
The Clerk was ready, and with hearty Guſt,
The Red-hot Iron in his Buttocks thruſt:
Streight off the Skin, like ſhrivel'd Parchment flew,
His Breech as raw as Saint *Bartholomew*.
The Culter had ſo ſing'd his Hinder Part,
He thought he ſhould have dy'd for very Smart.
In a mad Fit about the Room he ran,
*Help*, *Water*, *Water*, for a dying Man.
The *Carpenter*, as one beſide his Wits,
Starts at the dreadful Sound, and up he gets.
The Name of *Water* rouz'd him from his Sleep,
He rubb'd his Eye-lids, and began to peep.
Alas! thought he, now comes the fatal Hour,
And from the Clouds does *Noah*'s *Deluge* pour.

Up

Up then he ſits, and without more Ado
He takes his Ax, and ſmites the Cord in two.
Down goes the Bread, and Ale, and Cheeſe, and All,
And *John* himſelf had a confounded Fall.
Dropp'd from the Roof upon the Floor, aſtoun'd,
He lies, as dead, and ſwims upon the Ground.
Then *Nicholas*, to play the Counterfeit,
With *Aliſon*, cries *Murder* in the Street.
In came the Neighbours pouring like the Tide,
To know the Reaſon why was *Murder* cry'd.
There they beheld poor *John*, a gaſping Man,
Shut were his Eyes, his Face was pale and wan.
Batter'd his Sides, and broken was his Arm,
But ſtand it out he muſt to his own Harm.
For when he aim'd to ſpeak in his Defence,
They bore him down, and baffled all his Senſe.
They told the People, that the Man was Wood,
And dreamt of nothing elſe but *Noah*'s *Flood*.
His heated Fancy of this *Deluge* rung,
That to the Roof three Kneading-troughs he hung,
With which in Danger he deſign'd to ſwim,
And we, forſooth, muſt carry on the Whim:
He begg'd, and pray'd, and ſo we humour'd him.
And hearing this, the ſneering Neighbours gave
An univerſal Shout, and hideous Laugh.
Now on the Roof, and now on *John* they gape,
And all his Earneſt turn into a Jape.
He ſwore againſt the Scholar and his Wife,
And never look'd ſo fooliſh in his Life.

Whate'er he ſpeaks, the People never mind,
His Oaths are nothing, and his Words are Wind.
Thus all conſent to ſcoff each ſerious Word,
And *John* remain'd a Cuckold on Record.
Thus Doors of Braſs, and Bars of Steel are vain,
And watchful Jealouſy, and carking Pain
Are fruitleſs all, when a good natur'd Spouſe
Deſigns Preferment for her Huſband's Brows.
Thus *Aliſon* her Cuckold does defy,
And *Abſalon* has kiſs'd her nether Eye;
While *Nicholas* is ſcalded in the Breech;
My Tale is done, God ſave us all, and each.

---

## *They will do it.*

### A TALE.

HOW much in vain is all our Art
To pry into a Female Heart?
How weak, how groundleſs the Pretence
To Knowledge, Conduct, Wit, or Senſe,
When Women, as they pleaſe, deceive,
And We, with all our Wit, believe?
Still in the Matrimonial State
(That End of Love, that Source of Hate)
'Tis each conceited Sot's Advice,
A Man can never be too nice.
Mark how your Miſtreſs is inclin'd;
Obſerve the Sallies of her Mind:

Loves

Loves ſhe the Park, and *Flanders* Mares,
Or Ev'ning Walks, or Morning Prayers?
Delights ſhe in the rich Brocade,
Or trips ſhe to a *Maſquerade?*
If once to theſe her Fancy lead,
She's one of us: Beware your Head.
*Per Contra*, if on ſearch you find
She has not yet debauch'd her Mind;
If yet ſhe ne'er has croſs'd the *Thames*,
Or trod the Purlieu's of St. *James*;
Ne'er ſet her utmoſt Foot ſo far
As t'other Side of *Temple-Bar*;
Why then you may with Reaſon judge,
She'll make a tolerable Drudge;
Was never yet by Man betray'd,
I'll warrant her a ſpotleſs Maid.
Give o'er thy Cant, deluded Fool,
Nor fix Uncertainities to Rule;
That Sex, the Eſſence of Deceit,
Was, is, and will be ſtill a Cheat.
If my Opinion won't prevail,
Have patience, and attend my Tale.
A Spark there was, we'll call him *John*,
Or any thing you'll pitch upon,
Who in his Youth (Heav'n help his Head)
Moſt prudently reſolv'd to wed;
And (for he valued much his Fame)
A Girl unblemiſh'd was his Aim;
How many ways ſoe'er he try'd,
He'd have a Virgin for his Bride.

Long did the Search perplex his Mind,
For Virgins are but hard to find;
At length kind Fortune was his Friend,
And all his Pain was at an End.
A fair delightful She he found,
Whoſe Beauty would a Hermit wound,
Yet who, if Modeſty can move,
Might teach a Libertine to love.
No ſickly Pale deform'd her Face,
Unhurt and freſh was ev'ry Grace:
Free from the Vices of the Town,
Ill Cards had never made her frown:
She ne'er had run in debt with Beaux,
Or broke for *Ombre* her Repoſe.
If but a Man the Creature 'ſpy'd
'Twould bluſh and turn its Head aſide.
Her Cheeks were red, her Mouth was pretty,
Her Eyes were black, her Name was *Betty*.
O'erjoy'd to meet ſo chaſte a Dame,
*John* yet a while conceal'd his Flame,
And, firmly bent to clear all doubt,
Enquir'd her Character about;
Would ſlyly aſk with careleſs grin
How many Suitors ſhe had ſeen;
Said, "He had often heard them talk
"That *Betty* lov'd a Moonlight Walk:
"That ſhe and *Tom*, as People ſay,
"Did more together than make Hay:
"If ſo, 'twas Pity; for his part,
"He wiſh'd her well with all his Heart.

With

With Joy, which none but Lovers taſte,
*John* heard his Story turn'd to Jeſt:
" 'Twas certain that could never be;
" Who had a better Name than She?"
One thing remain'd and only One,
E're all his Scruples would be done;
He thought her chaſte, but then he cry'd,
" She muſt be ſo who ne'er was try'd;
" I'll make myſelf the bold Attack,
" And fairly lay her on her Back:
" If ſhe reſiſts, my Soul ſhe gains;
" If not, I've ſomething for my Pains."
Big with this Scheme, one Ev'ning fair
He aſk'd her out to take the Air;
The ſetting Sun adorn'd the Grove,
And ev'ry Zephyr whiſper'd Love;
Afraid, and doubtful of the Bliſs,
*John* made his Onſet with a Kiſs;
And with a Second bolder grown,
Began his raſh Deſign to own;
Attempted to be very free,
Told her, " That none could hear or ſee;
" That if ſhe'd grant him then the Favour,
" He'd the next Morning ſurely have her."
With artful Bluſh, and down-caſt Eye,
Chaſte *Betty* made him no Reply,
But with her Fiſt upon his Face
Reveng'd in Silence her Diſgrace.
Thrice happy Youth, in One to find
The Body beauteous, chaſte the Mind!

'Tis plain from Thee, the Fate we fear
Is eaſy to avoid with Care.
But to my Tale.——With eager Haſte
*John* to the Fair One's Parents paſt:
In Wealth her equal, and deſcent,
With eaſe he got her Friends Conſent:
On harder Terms he got her own;
*Betty* continued ſtill to frown;
But Women are ſo prone to Good,
Our Pray'rs are ſeldom long withſtood.
In ſhort, the Nuptial Nooſe was ty'd,
And *John* in Raptures with his Bride.
The Man in Black their Sentence read,
They din'd, they ſupp'd, then went to Bed,
What more they did may not be ſaid.
Oh, wretched State of Things below!
Our greateſt Pleaſures end in Woe.
Take Heed betimes, unwary Youth,
For Grief is incident to Truth:
Our mighty Pleaſures, 'tis believ'd,
Conſiſt in being well deceiv'd.
*John* in the Morning told his Bride
How cunningly ſhe had been try'd:
" 'Twas only Stratagem I meant,
" For had you giv'n your Conſent,
" I ne'er had married you, *Pardie*;
" The Devil might ha' don't for me."
Quoth ſhe, ' My Dear, that may be true,
' But I was full as wiſe as you:

' For

‘ For You have *fail'd* in your Deſign,
‘ And I have had *Succeſs* in mine:
‘ I knew no Man would wed his Whore;
‘ Why, *Roger* nick'd me ſo before.

---

## *The* BAD BARGAIN *on both Sides.*

### A TALE.

TWO *Welſhmen* Partners in a Cow,
Reſolv'd to ſell her dear,
And laid their Heads together how
To do't at *Ludlow* Fair.
It was a ſultry Summer's Day,
When out they drove the Beaſt,
And having got about half way,
They ſet them down to reſt;
The Cow a Creature of no Breeding,
(The Place with Graſs being ſtor'd)
Fed by; and while ſhe was a feeding,
Let fall a mighty T——.
*Roger*, quoth *Hugh*, I tell thee what,
Two Words and I have done,
If thou wilt fairly eat up that,
This Cow is all thy own.
'Tis done, quoth *Roger*, 'tis agreed,
And to't he went apace,
He ſeem'd ſo eager, it is ſaid,
That he forgot his Grace.

He labour'd with his wooden Spoon,
And up he ſlopt the Stuff,
Till by the Time that half was done,
He felt he had enough.
He felt, but ſcorning to look back,
Wou'd look as if he wanted more;
And ſeem'd to make a freſh Attack,
With as much Vigour as before.
But ſtoping ſhort a while, he cry'd,
How fair'ſt thou Neighbour *Hugh?*
I hope by this you're ſatisfied,
Who's Maſter of the Cow.
Ay, ay, quoth *Hugh*, (the Devil choke thee,
For nothing elſe can do't)
I'm ſatisfied that thou haſt broke me,
Unleſs thou wilt give out.
Give out, quoth *Roger*, that were fine,
Why what have I been doing?
But yet I tell thee Friend of mine,
I ſhall not ſeek thy Ruin.
My Heart now turns againſt ſuch Gains,
I know th'art piteous poor;
Eat then the Half that ſtill remains,
And 'tis as 'twas before.
God's Bleſſing on thy Heart, quoth *Hugh*,
That Proffer none can gainſay;
With that he readily fell to,
And eat his Share of the Tanſy.

We're

We're even now, quoth *Hodge*, no doubt,
And neither Side no Winner:
So had we been, quoth *Hugh*, without
This damn'd confounded Dinner.

---

## *The* INCURIOUS.

### A TALE.

*By Dr.* KING.

A Virtuoſo had a Mind to ſee
One that would never diſcontented be,
But in a careleſs way to all agree;
He had a Servant much of *Æſop*'s Kind,
Of Perſonage uncouth but ſprightly Mind:
*Humpus*, ſays he, I order that you find
Out ſuch a Man, with ſuch a Character,
He, in this Paper now I give you here,
Or I will lug your Ears, or crack your Pate,
Or rather you ſhall meet with a worſe Fate,
For I will break your Back, and ſet you ſtrait.
Bring him to Dinner. *Humpus* ſoon withdrew,
Was ſafe, as having ſuch a one in view,
At *Covent Garden* Dial, whom he found
Sitting with thoughtleſs Air, and Look profound.
Who, ſolitary gaping without Care,
Did ſeem to ſay, Who is't goes any where?
Says *Humpus*, Sir, my Maſter bid me pray
Your Company to dine with him to-day.

He

He ſnuffs; then follows, up the Stairs he goes,
Never pulls off his Hat, nor cleans his Shoes.
But looking round him ſaw a handſom Room,
And did not much repent that he was come;
Cloſe to the Fire he draws an Elbow-Chair,
And lolling eaſy does for Sleep prepare.
In comes the Family, but he ſits ſtill,
Thinks, let them take the other Chairs that will.
The Maſter thus accoſts him, 'Sir, you're wet,
'Pray have a Cuſhion underneath your Feet.
Thinks he, if I do ſpoil it, need I care;
I ſee he has eleven more to ſpare.
Dinner's brought up, the Wife is bid retreat,
And at the upper End muſt be his Seat.
This is not very uſual, thinks the Clown;
But is not all the Family his own?
And why ſhould I, for Contradiction ſake,
Loſe a good Dinner, which he bids me take?
If from his Table ſhe diſcarded be,
What need I care, there is the more for me.
After a while the Daughter's bid to ſtand,
And bring him whatſoever he'll command.
Thinks he the better from the fairer Hand.
Young Maſter next muſt riſe to fill him Wine,
And ſtarve himſelf to ſee the Booby dine.
He does't. The Father aſks, What have you there!
'Sir, 'twas Champaigne I gave him;' Sir, indeed!
Take him and ſcourge him till the Raſcal bleed;

Don't

Don't ſpare him for his Tears nor Age: I'll try
If Cat and nine Tails can excuſe a Lye.
Thinks the Clown, that 'twas Wine I do believe,
But ſuch young Rogues are apteſt to deceive;
He's none of mine, but his own Fleſh and Blood,
And how know I but it may be his good?
When the Deſert came on, and Jellies brought,
Then was the diſmal Scene of finding Fault,
They were ſuch hideous, filthy pois'nous Stuff,
Could not be rail'd at, nor reveng'd enough.
*Humpus* was ask'd who made 'em. Trembling he
Said, "Sir, it was my Lady gave 'em me.
"No more ſuch Poiſon ſhall ſhe ever give,
"I'll burn the Witch; 'ti'n't fitting ſhe ſhould
live;
"Set Faggots in the Court, I'll make her fry,
"And pray, good Sir, may't pleaſe you to be by."
Then ſmiling, ſays the Clown, Upon my Life,
A pretty Fancy this to burn one's Wife.
And ſince I find 'tis really your Deſign,
Pray let me juſt ſtep home, and fetch you mine.

---

## *The* EQUIVOCATION.

### A TALE.

*By Mr.* GAY.

AN Abbot rich (whoſe Taſte was good
Alike in Science and in Food)

His

His Biſhop had reſolv'd to treat;
The Biſhop came, the Biſhop eat;
'Twas Silence, 'till their Stomachs fail'd;
And now at Hereticks they rail'd;
What Hereſy (the Prelate ſaid)
Is in that Church were Prieſts may wed!
Do not we take the Church for Life?
But thoſe divorce her for a Wife,
Like Laymen keep her in their Houſes,
And own the Children of their Spouſes.
Vile Practices! the Abbot cry'd,
For pious Uſe we're ſet aſide!
Shall we take Wives? Marriage at beſt
Is but Carnality profeſt.
Now as the Biſhop took his Glaſs,
He ſpy'd our Abbot's buxom Laſs,
Who croſs'd the Room, he mark'd her Eye
That glow'd with Love; his Pulſe beat high.
Fye, Father, fye, (the Prelate cries)
A Maid ſo young! for ſhame, be wiſe.
Theſe Indiſcretions lend a Handle
To lewd Lay Tongues, to give us Scandal;
For your Vows ſake, this Rule I give t'ye,
Let all your Maids be turn'd of fifty.
The Prieſt reply'd, I have not ſwerv'd,
But your chaſte Precept well obſerv'd,
That Laſs full twenty-five has told,
I've yet another who's as old;
Into one Sum their Ages caſt;
So both my Maids have fifty paſt.

The Prelate ſmil'd, but durſt not blame;
For why? his Lordſhip did the ſame.
Let thoſe who reprimand their Brothers,
Firſt mend the Faults they find in others.

---

## *The* JOURNAL *of a modern Lady.*

### *To a Friend.*

### *By Dr.* SWIFT.

IT was a moſt unfriendly Part
In you, who ought to know my Heart,
So well acquainted with my Zeal
For all the Female Common-weal:
How could it come into your Mind,
To pitch on me, of all Mankind,
Againſt the Sex to write a Satyr,
And brand me for a Woman-Hater?
On me, who think them all ſo fair,
They rival *Venus* to a Hair;
Their Virtues never ceas'd to ſing,
Since firſt I learn'd to tune a String.
Methinks I heard the Ladies cry,
Will he his Character belye?
Muſt never our Misfortunes end?
And have we loſt our only Friend?

Ah, lovely Nymphs remove your Fears,
No more let fall your precious Tears.
Sooner ſhall, *&c.*

[*Here ſeveral Verſes are omitted*]

The Hound be hunted by the Hare,
Than I turn Rebel to the Fair.
'Twas you engaged me firſt to write,
Then gave the Subject out of Spite.
The *Journal of a modern Dame*,
Is by my Promiſe what you claim;
My Word is paſt, I muſt ſubmit,
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but tranſcribe, for not a Line
Of all the Satyr ſhall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in Rhimes
The common Slanders of the Times,
Of modern Times, the Guilt is yours,
And me my Innocence ſecures:
Unwilling Muſe begin thy Lay,
The Annals of a Female Day.
By Nature turn'd to play the Rake-well,
(As we ſhall ſhew you in the Sequel)
The modern Dame is wak'd by Noon,
Some Authors ſay not quite ſo ſoon,
Becauſe, though ſore againſt her Will,
She ſat all Night up at *Quadrill.*
She ſtretches, gapes, unglues her Eyes,
And aſks if it be time to riſe;

Of

Of Head-ach, and the Spleen complains;
And then to cool her heated Brains,
Her Night-gown and her Slippers brought her,
Takes a large Dram of Citron Water.
Then to her Glaſs; and '*Betty*, pray
'Don't I look frightfully to Day?
'But, was it not confounded hard?
'Well, if I ever touch a Card:
'Four *Mattadores*, and loſe *Codill!*
'Depend upon't, I never will.
'But run to *Tom*, and bid him fix
'The Ladies here to Night by Six.'
Madam, the Goldſmith waits below,
He ſays his Buſineſs is to know
If you'll redeem the Silver Cup,
You pawn'd to him?—'Firſt ſhew him up.'
Your Dreſſing-Plate, he'll be content
To take, for Intereſt *Cent. per Cent.*
And, Madam, there's my Lady *Spade*
Hath ſent this Letter by her Maid.
'Well, I remember what ſhe won;
'And hath ſhe ſent ſo ſoon to dun?
'Here, carry down thoſe ten Piſtoles
'My Huſband left to pay for Coals:
'I thank my Stars, they are all Light;
'And I may have Revenge at Night.'
Now, loit'ring o'er her Tea and Cream,
She enters on her uſual Theme;
Her laſt Night's ill Succeſs repeats,
Calls Lady *Spade* a hundred Cheats:

She ſlipt Spadillo in her Breaſt,
Then thought to turn it to a Jeſt.
There's Mrs. *Cut* and ſhe combine,
And to each other give the Sign.
Through ev'ry Game purſues her Tale,
Like Hunters o'er their Evening Ale.

Now to another Scene give Place,
Enter the Folks with Silks and Lace:
Freſh Matter for a World of Chat,
Right *Indian* this, right *Macklin* that;
Obſerve this Pattern; there's a Stuff,
I can have Cuſtomers enough.
Dear Madam, you are grown ſo hard,
This Lace is worth twelve Pounds a Yard:
Madam, if there be Truth in Man,
I never ſold ſo cheap a Fan.

This Buſ'neſs of Importance o'er,
And Madam almoſt dreſs'd by Four;
The Footman, in his uſual Phraſe,
Comes up with, Madam, Dinner ſtays;
She anſwers in her uſual Stile,
The Cook muſt keep it back a while;
I never can have Time to dreſs,
No Woman breathing takes up leſs;
I'm hurried ſo, it makes me ſick,
I wiſh the Dinner at *Old Nick*.
At Table now ſhe acts her Part,
Has all the Dinner-Cant by Heart:
'I thought we were to dine alone,
'My Dear, for ſure if I had known

'This

'This Company would come to-day—
'But really 'tis my Spouſe's Way;
'He's ſo unkind, he never ſends
'To tell when he invites his Friends:
'I wiſh you may but have enough.'
And while, with all this paultry Stuff,
She ſits tormenting every Gueſt,
Nor gives her Tongue one Moment's Reſt,
In Phraſes batter'd, ſtale, and trite,
Which modern Ladies call polite;
You ſee the Booby Huſband ſit
In Admiration at her Wit!

But let me now a while ſurvey
Our Madam o'er her Ev'ning Tea;
Surrounded with her noiſy Clans
Of Prudes, Coquets, and Harridans;
When frighted at the clam'rous Crew,
Away the God of *Silence* flew,
And fair *Diſcretion* left the Place,
And *Modeſty* with bluſhing Face;
Now enters over-weening *Pride*,
And *Scandal* ever gaping wide,
*Hypocriſy* with Frown ſevere,
*Scurrility* with gibing Air;
Rude *Laughter* ſeeming like to burſt,
And *Malice* always judging worſt;
And *Vanity* with Pocket-Glaſs,
And *Impudence* with Front of Braſs;
And ſtudied *Affectation* came,
Each Limb, and Feature out of Frame;

While *Ignorance*, with Brain of Lead,
Flew hov'ring o'er each Female Head.
Why ſhould I aſk of thee, my Muſe,
An hundred Tongues, as Poets uſe,
When to give ev'ry Dame her due,
An hundred thouſand were too few?
Or how ſhould I, alas! relate,
The Sum of all their ſenſeleſs Prate,
Their Inuendo's, Hints and Slanders,
Their Meanings lewd, and double 'Entendres.
Now comes the gen'ral Scandal-Charge,
What ſome invent, the reſt enlarge;
And, 'Madam, if it be a Lye,
'You have the Tale as cheap as I:
'I muſt conceal my Author's Name,
'But now 'tis known to common Fame.'
Say, fooliſh Females, old and blind,
Say, by what fatal Turn of Mind,
Are you on Vices moſt ſevere,
Wherein yourſelves have greateſt Share?
Thus every Fool herſelf deludes:
The Prudes condemn the abſent Prudes;
*Mopſa*, who ſtinks her Spouſe to Death,
Accuſes *Chloe*'s tainted Breath;
*Hircina* rank with Sweat, preſumes
To cenſure *Phillis* for Perfumes;
While crooked *Cynthia* ſwearing ſays,
That *Florimel* wears Iron Stays:
*Chloe*'s of ev'ry Coxcomb jealous,
Admires how Girls can talk with Fellows,

And

And full of Indignation frets
That Women ſhould be ſuch Coquets:
*Iris*, for Scandal moſt notorious,
Cries, 'Lord, the World is ſo cenſorious!
And *Rufa* with her Combs of Lead,
Whiſpers that *Sappho*'s Hair is red:
*Aura*, whoſe Tongue you hear a Mile hence,
Talks half a Day in Praiſe of Silence;
And *Silvia* full of inward Guilt,
Calls *Amoret* an arrant Jilt.

Now Voices over Voices riſe;
While each to be the loudeſt vies,
They contradict, affirm, diſpute,
No ſingle Tongue one Moment mute;
All mad to ſpeak, and none to hearken,
They ſet the very Lap-Dog barking;
Their Chattering makes a louder Din
Than Fiſh-Wives o'er a Cup of Gin:
Not School-boys at a Barring-out,
Rais'd ever ſuch inceſſant Rout:
The jumbling Particles of Matter
In Chaos make not ſuch a Clatter:
Far leſs the Rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with ſour Election Ale.

Nor do they truſt their Tongues alone,
To ſpeak a Language of their own;
But read a Nod, a Shrug, a Look,
Far better than a printed Book;
Convey a Libel in a Frown,
And wink a Reputation down;

Or by the toſſing of the Fan,
Deſcribe the Lady and the Man.
But, ſee the Female Club diſbands,
Each, twenty Viſits on her Hands:
Now all alone poor Madam ſits,
In Vapours and Hyſterick Fits:
'And was not *Tom* this Morning ſent:
'I'd lay my Life he never went:
'Paſt Six, and not a living Soul!
'I might by this have won a Vole.'
A dreadful Interval of Spleen!
How ſhall we paſs the Time between?
'Here *Betty*, let me take my Drops,
'Aud feel my Pulſe, I know it ſtops:
'This Head of mine, Lord, how it ſwims!
'And ſuch a Pain in all my Limbs!
Dear Madam, try to take a Nap—
But now they hear a Footman's Rap:
'Go run, and light the Ladies up:
'It muſt be One before we ſup.
The Table, Cards, and Counters ſet,
And all the Gameſter Ladies met,
Her Spleen and Fits recover'd quite,
Our Madam can ſit up all Night;
'Whoever comes I'm not within—'
*Quadrill*'s the Word, and ſo begin.
How can the Muſe her Aid impart,
Unſkill'd in all the Terms of Art?
Or in harmonious Numbers put
The Deal, the Shuffle, and the Cut?

All

All the superfluous Whims relate,
That fill a Female Gamester's Pate?
What Agony of Soul she feels
To see a Knave's inverted Heels:
She draws up Card by Card, to find
Good Fortune peeping from behind;
With panting Heart, and earnest Eyes,
In hope to see *Spadille* rise;
In vain, alas! her Hope is fled;
She draws an Ace, and sees it red.
In ready Counters never pays,
But pawns her Snuff-box, Rings, and Keys.
Ever with some new Fancy struck,
Tries twenty Charms to mend her Luck.
'This Morning when the *Parson* came,
'I said I should not win a Game.
'This odious Chair how came I stuck in't,
'I think I never had good Luck in't.
'I'm so uneasy in my Stays;
'Your Fan, a Moment, if you please.
'Stand further Girl, or get you gone,
'I always lose when you look on.
Lord, Madam, you have lost Codill;
I never saw you play so ill.
'Nay Madam, give me leave to say
''Twas you that threw the Game away;
'When Lady *Tricksy* play'd a Four,
'You took it with a Matadore;
'I saw you touch your Wedding-Ring
'Before my Lady call'd a King.

'You

'You ſpoke a Word began with H,
'And I know whom you mean to teach,
'Becauſe you held the King of Hearts;
'Fie, Madam, leave theſe little Arts.
That's not ſo bad as one that rubs
Her Chair to call the King of Clubs,
And makes her Partner underſtand
A Matadore is in her Hand.
'Madam, you have no Cauſe to flounce,
'I ſwear I ſaw you thrice renounce.
And truly, Madam, I know when
Inſtead of Five you ſcor'd me Ten.
*Spadillo* here has got a Mark,
A Child may know it in the Dark:
I gueſs the Hand, it ſeldom fails,
I wiſh ſome Folks would pare their Nails.
While thus they rail, and ſcold, and ſtorm,
It paſſes but for common Form;
Moſt conſcious that they all ſpeak true,
And give each other but their Due;
It never interrupts the Game,
Or makes 'em ſenſible of Shame.
The Time too precious now to waſte,
And Supper gobbled up in haſte,
Again a-freſh to Cards they run,
As if they had but juſt begun.
Yet ſhall I not again repeat
How oft they ſquabble, ſnarl and cheat:
At laſt they hear the Watchman knock,
*A froſty Morn—Paſt Four a-Clock.*

The

The Chairmen are not to be found,
'Come let us play the t'other Round.'
Now, all in haſte they huddle on
Their Hoods, their Cloaks, and get them gone:
But firſt, the Winner muſt invite
The Company to-morrow Night.
Unlucky Madam left in Tears,
(Who now again *Quadrill* forſwears)
With empty Purſe, and aching Head,
Steals to her ſleeping Spouſe to Bed.

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## *The* CRAB-TREE.

### A TALE.

THE Moon was pendulous above,
The Sun had gain'd the *Nadir*,
When *Sylvia*, full of Youth and Love,
In looſe Attire array'd her.

The twinkling Stars entic'd her out,
And ſhe decoy'd her Siſter;
And while ſhe briſkly tript about,
The Bows wou'd fain have kiſs'd her.

Reſign'd to Mirth, thus *Sylvia* ſaid;
Come hither, Siſter *Chloe*:
I've learn'd to ſtand upon my Head,
Obſerve me, Girl, I'll ſhow ye.

She did what she design'd to do,
  Her Legs were wide extended,
Her *Nether-Eye* expos'd to View,
  Since nothing could defend it.

To steal Pearmains, upon a Tree,
  Hard by, a Boy was mounted,
From him the Tale devolv'd to me,
  Most faithfully recounted.

I heard the merry Wagg protest,
  The *Muff* between her Haunches,
Resembl'd much a *Mag-Pye*'s Nest
  Between two lofty Branches.

In this inviting Posture stood
  The Lady near a Minute,
*Jack* pickt the largest Fruit he could,
  And fairly chuckt it in it.

It there took Root, the Soil was fine,
  Pray credit what I tell ye,
And, like the visionary Vine,
  It overspread her Belly.

In pleasing Shades the Stalks arose,
  And rang'd themselves in Order;
And where the bubbling Fountain flows,
  Hung wav'ring o'er its Border.

Since Chance had fixt its growing there,
And Fortune plac'd the Root on't,
For want of neceſſary Care,
C—BS only were the Fruit on't.

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## + *Work for a Cooper.*

### A TALE.

*By Mr.* GAY.

A Man may lead a happy Life,
Without the needful Thing a Wife:
This long have luſty Abbots known,
Who ne'er knew Spouſes—of their own.
What, though your Houſe be clean and neat,
With Couches, Chairs, and Beds compleat;
Though you each Day invite a Friend,
Though he ſhould ev'ry Diſh commend,
On *Bagſhot-heath* your Mutton fed,
Your Fowls at *Brandford* born and bred;
Though pureſt Wine your Cellars boaſt,
Wine worthy of the faireſt Toaſt;
Yet there are other Things requir'd:
Ring, and let's ſee the Maid you hir'd—
Bleſs me! thoſe Hands might hold a Broom,
Twirle round a Mop, and waſh a Room:
A Batchelor his Maid ſhould keep,
Not for that ſervile Uſe to ſweep;

Let her his Humour underſtand,
And turn to ev'ry thing her Hand.
Get you a Laſs that's young and tight,
Whoſe Arms are, like her Apron, white;
What though her Shift be ſeldom ſeen?
Let that though coarſe be always clean;
She might each Morn your Tea attend,
And on your Wriſt your Ruffle mend;
Then if you break a roguiſh Jeſt,
Or ſqueeze her Hand, or pat her Breaſt,
She cries, oh dear Sir, don't be naught!
And Bluſhes ſpeak her laſt Night's Fault.
To her your Houſhold Cares confide,
Let your Keys gingle at her Side,
A Footman's Blunders teaze and fret ye;
Ev'n while you chide you ſmile on *Betty*.
Diſcharge him then, if he's too ſpruce,
For *Betty*'s for his Maſter's Uſe.

Will you your am'rous Fancy baulk,
For fear ſome prudiſh Neighbour talk?
But you'll object, that you're afraid
Of the pert Freedoms of a Maid;
Beſides your wiſer Heads will ſay,
That ſhe who turns her Hand this Way,
From one Vice to another drawn,
Will lodge your Silver Spoons in pawn.
Has not the homely wrinkled Jade
More need to learn the pilf'ring Trade?
For Love all *Betty*'s Wants ſupplies,
Laces her Shoes, her Manteau dyes,

All

All her Stuff-ſuits ſhe flings away,
And wears Thread-ſattin every Day.
Who then a dirty Drab would hire,
Brown as the Hearth of Kitchen-fire?
When all muſt own, were *Betty* put
To the black Duties of the Slut,
As well ſhe ſcow'rs or rubs a Floor,
And ſtill is good for ſomething more.
Thus, to avoid the greater Vice,
I knew a Prieſt, of Conſcience nice,
To quell his Luſt for Neighbour's Spouſe,
Keep Fornication in his Houſe.
But you're impatient all this Time,
Fret at my Counſel, curſe my Rhyme:
Be ſatisfy'd. I'll talk no more,
For thus my Tale begins—Of yore
There dwelt at *Blois* a Prieſt full fair,
With rolling Eye and criſped Hair;
His Chin hung low, his Brow was ſleek,
Plenty lay baſking on his Cheek;
Whole Days at Cloiſter-gates he ſat,
Ogled, and talk'd of this and that
So feelingly, the Nuns lamented
That double Bars were e'er invented.
If he the wanton Wife confeſt
With downcaſt Eye, and heaving Breaſt;
He ſtroak'd her Cheek to ſtill her Fear,
And talk'd of Sins *en Cavalier*.
Each time enjoin'd her Pennance mild,
And fondled on her like his Child.

At ev'ry jovial Goſſip's Feaſt
*Pere Bernard* was a welcome Gueſt;
Mirth ſuffer'd not the leaſt Reſtraint,
He could at will ſhake off the Saint:
Nor frown'd he when they freely ſpoke,
But ſhook his Sides, and took the Joke:
Nor fail'd he to promote the Jeſt,
And ſhar'd the Sins which they confeſt.

Yet that he might not always roam,
He kept Conveniencies at home.
His Maid was in the Bloom of Beauty,
Well-limbed for ev'ry ſocial Duty;
He meddled with no Houſhold Cares,
To her conſign'd his whole Affairs;
She of his Study kept the Keys.
For he was ſtudious—of his Eaſe:
She had the Power of all his Locks,
Could rummage ev'ry Cheſt and Box.
Her Honeſty ſuch Credit gain'd,
Not ev'n the Cellar was reſtrain'd.

In troth it was a goodly Show,
Lin'd with full Hogſheads all a-row;
One Veſſel, from the Rank remov'd,
Far dearer than the reſt he lov'd.
*Pour la bonne bouche* 'twas ſet aſide,
To all but choiceſt Friends deny'd.
He now and then would ſend a Quart,
To warm ſome Wife's retentive Heart,
Againſt Confeſſion's ſullen Hour:
Wine has all Secrets in its Power.

At common Feaſts it had been waſte,
Nor was it fit for Layman's Taſte.
If Monk or Friar were his Gueſt,
They drank it, for they know the beſt.
Nay, he at length ſo fond was grown,
He always drank it when—alone.
Who ſhall recount his civil Labours,
In pious Viſits to his Neigbours?
Whene'er weak Huſbands went aſtray,
He gueſt their Wives were in the Way;
'Twas then his Charity was ſhown,
He choſe to ſee them when alone.
Now was he bent on Cuckoldom:
He knew Friend *Dennis* was from home;
His Wife (a poor neglected Beauty,
Defrauded of a Huſband's Duty)
Had often told him at Confeſſion,
How hard ſhe ſtruggled 'gainſt Tranſgreſſion.
He now reſolves, in heat of Blood,
To try how firm her Virtue ſtood.
He knew that Wine (to Love beſt Aid)
Has oft' made bold the ſhamefac'd Maid,
Taught her to romp, and take more Freedoms,
Than Nymphs train'd up at *Smith's* or *Needham's*.
A mighty Bottle ſtrait he choſe,
Such as might give two Friars their Doſe;
*Nannette* he call'd: the Cellar-door
She ſtrait unlocks, deſcends before.

He follow'd cloſe. But When he ſpies
His fav'rite Caſk; with lifted Eyes
And lifted Hands, aloud he cries.
Heigh-day! my darling Wine aſtoop!
It muſt, alas! have ſprung a Hoop;
That there's a Leak, is paſt all doubt;
(Reply'd the Maid)—I'll find it out.
She ſets the Candle down in haſte,
Tucks her white Apron round her Waiſt,
The Hogſhead's mouldy Sides aſcends,
She ſtraddles wide, and downward bends;
So low ſhe ſtoops to ſeek the Flaw,
Her Coats roſe high, her Maſter ſaw—
I ſee—he cries—(then claſpt her faſt)
The Leak through which my Wine has paſt.
Then all in haſte the Maid deſcendeds,
And in a Trice the Leak was mended.
He found in *Nanette* all he wanted,
So *Dennis'* Brows remain'd unplanted.
E'er ſince this Time all luſty Friars
(Warm'd with predominant Deſires,
Whene'er the Fleſh with Spirit quarrels)
Look on the Sex as leaky Barrels.
Beware of theſe, ye jealous Spouſes,
From ſuch like Coopers guard your Houſes;
For if they find not Work at home,
For Jobs through all the Town they roam.

See Arabian Nights p 59.

## *The* MAD DOG.

### A TALE.

*By Mr.* GAY.

A Prude, at Morn and Ev'ning Prayer,
Had worn her Velvet Cuſhion bare;
Upward ſhe taught her Eyes to roll,
As if ſhe watch'd her ſoaring Soul;
And when Devotion warm'd the Croud,
None ſung, or ſmote their Breaſt ſo loud:
Pale Penitence had mark'd her Face
With all the meagre Signs of Grace.
Her Maſs-book was compleatly lin'd
With painted Saints of various kind:
But when in ev'ry Page ſhe view'd
Fine Ladies who the Fleſh ſubdu'd;
As quick her Beads ſhe counted o'er,
She cry'd—ſuch Wonders are no more:
She choſe not to delay Confeſſion,
To bear at once a Year's Tranſgreſſion;
But ev'ry Week ſet all Things even,
And balanc'd her Accounts with Heav'n.

Behold her now in humble Guiſe,
Upon her Knees with downcaſt Eyes
Before the Prieſt: ſhe thus begins,
And ſobbing, blubbers forth her Sins.

Who

Who could that tempting Man reſiſt?
My Virtue languiſh'd, as he kiſs'd;
I ſtrove,—till I could ſtrive no longer;
How can the weak ſubdue the ſtronger?
The Father aſk'd her where and when?
How many? and what ſort of Men?
By what Degrees her Blood was heated?
How oft' the Frailty was repeated?
Thus have I ſeen a pregnant Wench
All ſluſh'd with Guilt before the Bench;
The Judges (wak'd by wanton Thought)
Dive to the Bottom of her Fault;
They leer, they ſimper at her Shame,
And make her call all Things by Name.
And now to Sentence he proceeds,
Preſcribes how oft' to tell her Beads;
Shows her what Saints could do her good,
Doubles her Faſts to cool her Blood.
Eas'd of her Sins, and light as Air,
Away ſhe trips, perhaps to Pray'r.
'Twas no ſuch Thing. Why then this haſte?
The Clock has ſtruck, the Hour is paſt,
And on the Spur of Inclination,
She ſcorn'd to bilk her Aſſignation.
Whate'er ſhe did, next Week ſhe came,
And piouſly confeſs'd the ſame;
The Prieſt, who Female Frailties pity'd,
Firſt chid her, then her Sins remitted.
But did ſhe now her Crime bemoan
In penitential Sheets alone?

And

And was no bold, no beaſtly Fellow
The nightly Partner of her Pillow?
No, none: for next time in the Grove
A Bank was conſcious of her Love.
Confeſſion-day was come about,
And now again it all muſt out.
She ſeems to wipe her twinkling Eyes;
What now, my Child, the Father cries.
Again, ſays ſhe!—with threat'ning Looks,
He thus the proſtrate Dame rebukes.
Madam, I grant there's ſomething in it,
That Virtue has th' unguarded Minute:
But pray now tell me what are Whores,
But Women of unguarded Hours?
Then you muſt ſure have loſt all Shame.
What ev'ry Day, and ſtill the ſame,
And no Fault elſe! 'tis ſtrange to find
A Woman to one Sin confin'd!
Pride is this Day her darling Paſſion,
The next Day Slander is in Faſhion;
Gaming ſucceeds; if Fortune croſſes,
Then Virtue's mortgag'd for her Loſſes;
By Uſe her fav'rite Vice ſhe loaths,
And loves new Follies like new Cloaths:
But you, beyond all Thought unchaſte,
Have all Sin centr'd near your Waiſt!
Whence is this Appetite ſo ſtrong?
Say, Madam, did your Mother long?
Or is it Lux'ry and high Diet
That won't let Virtue ſleep in quiet?

She tells him now, with meekeſt Voice,
That ſhe had never err'd by Choice,
Nor was there known a Virgin chaſter,
Till ruin'd by a ſad Diſaſter.
That ſhe a fav'rite Lap-dog had,
Which, (as ſhe ſtroak'd and kiſs'd) grew mad;
And on her Lip a Wound indenting,
Firſt ſet her youthful Blood fermenting.
The Prieſt reply'd with zealous Fury,
You ſhould have ſought the Means to cure ye.
Doctors, by various Ways, we find,
Treat theſe Diſtempers of the Mind.
Let gaudy Ribbands be deny'd
To her, who raves with ſcornful Pride;
And if Religion crack her Notions,
Lock up her Volumes of Devotions;
But if for Man her Rage prevail,
Bar her the Sight of Creatures male.
Or elſe to cure ſuch venom'd Bites,
And ſet the ſhatter'd Thoughts arights;
They ſend you to the Ocean's Shore,
And plunge the Patient o'er and o'er.
The Dame reply'd, alas! in vain
My Kindred forc'd me to the Main;
Naked, and in the Face of Day:
Look not, ye Fiſhermen, this Way!
What Virgin had not done as I did?
My modeſt Hand, by Nature guided,
Debarr'd at once from human Eyes
The Seat where Female Honour lyes;

And though thrice dipt from Top to Toe,
I ſtill ſecur'd the Poſt below,
And guarded it with Graſp ſo faſt
Not one Drop through my Fingers paſt:
Thus owe I to my baſhful Care,
That all the Rage is ſettled there.

Weigh well the Projects of Mankind;
Then tell me, Reader, canſt thou find
The Man from Madneſs wholly free?
They all are mad—ſave you and me.
Do not the Stateſman, Fop and Wit,
By daily Follies prove they're bit?
And when the briny Cure they try'd,
Some part ſtill kept above the Tide?

Some Men (when drench'd beneath the Wave)
High o'er their Heads their Fingers ſave:
Thoſe Hands by mean Extortion thrive,
Or in the Pocket lightly dive:
Or more expert in pilf'ring Vice,
They burn and itch to cog the Dice.

Plunge in a Courtier, ſtrait his Fears
Direct his Hands to ſtop his Ears.
And now Truth ſeems a grating Noiſe,
He loves the Sland'rer's whiſp'ring Voice:
He hangs on Flatt'ry with Delight,
And thinks all fulſome Praiſe is right.

All Women dread a wat'ry Death:
They ſhut their Lips to hold their Breath.
And though you duck them ne'er ſo long,
Not one ſalt Drop e'er wets their Tongue;

'Tis

'Tis hence they Scandal have at will,
And that this Member ne'er lies ſtill.

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## *The* GAME *of* PUT.

### A TALE.

DICK ſerv'd a Widow of no mean Eſteem:
He lik'd his Miſtreſs, and his Miſtreſs him.
At Meals, in Trade, they always join'd their Heads;
And but a Wainſcot parted their two Beds.
Few Cares diſturb'd the Current of their Life;
Nor liv'd they leſs in Love than Man and Wife.
Oft' in the Ev'ning when their Shop was ſhut,
With joint Conſent they ſat them down to *Put*.
Eager the Youth, experienc'd well the Dame,
They ſometimes play'd a Rubbers and a Game.
Ev'n in the Night, when Madam could not ſleep,
She rapp'd the Wainſcot. Out would *Richard* creep.
"Madam, d'ye *put*? *Ay*, *Richard*, ſhe'd reply.
"I'll ſee't," quoth *Dick*: and *Dick* would ſeldom lye.
Thus ev'ry Night ſhe wak'd him twice or more:
And, when ſat in, ſhe car'd not to give o'er.
*Dick* found, at laſt, that in long run the Dame
Would get by much th' Advantage of the Game:
The Night's Expence was always at his Coſt;
He never went one Deal but what he loſt.

The Play well pleas'd him: But would that ſuffice?
There was no Sport, except ſhe got the Prize.
This made him coy, and careful of his Stock:
He ſlept ſo ſound, Madam might knock and knock.
'Twas with Reluctance when he once appear'd;
But if ſhe knock'd again, he never heard.
Thus went ſome Weeks at barely once a Night;
At laſt, ev'n that exceeded *Richard*'s Might.
Not that his Duty knew the leaſt Decay;
But the Truth was, he had no more to play.
The Wainſcot rang. No Anſwer was receiv'd,
Much Madam wonder'd, and as much was griev'd.
Afraid, poor Soul! that *Richard* had been dead,
And, in great Anguiſh, ſtarting from her Bed,
She ſtrikes a Light; which in her Hand ſhe brings,
And views him cloſely, and pulls off the Things:
Then feels his Pulſe, and liſtens to his Breath
Both weak indeed;—yet without Sign of Death.
But, ah! from theſe what Symptom could ſhe know?
For Death had meanly fix'd himſelf below.
Exploring by Degrees, ſhe finds the Place
Where the ſell Shade triumph'd in *Dick*'s Diſgrace.
There lay the goodly Ruins of his Strength,
A Lump of Languor, and a lifeleſs Length.
Her mighty Grief what Prudence could controul?
Flow'd her full Eyes, and heav'd her inmoſt Soul.
With friendly Care ſhe warm'd the morbid Part:
But Nature ſeem'd repugnant to her Art.

Without ſucceeding, ſhe put on the Cloaths,
And ſtole, in Silence, to her no-repoſe.
*Dick* did not ſleep ſo ſoundly all this while,
But much he labour'd to keep in the Smile.
Had he giv'n way—to *Satan*, or to Grace,
He muſt have ſeen the Game, or left the Place.
Neither could well be done: So Craft prevail'd;
He ſnor'd the more, the more his Dame aſſail'd.
Long Madam lay not ſilent in her Bed;
Us'd to the Game, that ſtill was in her Head:
Time, ſhe conceiv'd, and Nature would reſtore
*Dick*'s dire Decay, that mock'd her Art before.
Juſt was her Reaſoning, had the Proof been ſuch:
But Time ſhe built on little; Nature, much.
'Twas always ſaid, in Story and in Song,
Women think right, but Paſſion leads them wrong.
Tir'd with expecting, and reſolv'd to ſtorm,
She gives the Signal in the uſual Form.
Snug lies the Youth, as yet in Sleep profound,
Thrice rings the Wainſcot with a louder Sound.
At length, as juſt now waken'd by the Shock,
*Dick* utters faintly, "Madam, did you knock?"
Knock, didſt thou aſk? why here's a Game to ſee:
But one may *put*, and *put* again for thee.
"Ah Madam, I know better Things, quoth *Dick*:
"You've *ſeen my Cards*; and that's an unfair
Trick."

## † *To a Young Gentleman in Love.*

### A TALE.

*By Mr.* PRIOR.

FRom publick Noiſe and factious Strife,
From all the buſy Ills of Life,
Take me, My *Cloe*, to thy Breaſt,
And lull my wearied Soul to Reſt.
For ever, in this humble Cell,
Let Thee and I, my Fair One, dwell;
None enter elſe, but *Love*——and He
Shall bar the Door, and keep the Key.
To painted Roofs and ſhining Spires,
(Uneaſy Seats of high Deſires,)
Let the unthinking Many croud,
That dare be Covetous and Proud;
In Golden Bondage let them wait,
And barter Happineſs for State:
But Oh! *My Cloe*, when thy Swain
Deſires to ſee a Court again,
May Heav'n around this deſtin'd Head,
The choiceſt of its Curſes ſhed:
To ſum up all the Rage of Fate
In the Two Things I dread and hate,
May'ſt thou be Falſe, and I be Great.

Thus, on his *Cloe*'s panting Breaſt,
Fond *Celadon* his Soul expreſt;
While with Delight the lovely Maid
Receiv'd the Vows, ſhe thus repaid.
Hope of my Age, Joy of my Youth,
Bleſt Miracle of Love and Truth!
All that cou'd e'er be counted mine,
My Love and Life long ſince are Thine;
A real Joy I never knew,
'Till I believ'd thy Paſſion true;
A real Grief I ne'er can find,
'Till thou prov'ſt Perjur'd or Unkind.
Contempt, and Poverty, and Care,
All we abhor, and all we fear,
Bleſt with thy Preſence, I can bear;
Thro' Waters and thro' Flames I'll go,
Suff'rer and Solace of thy Woe;
Trace me ſome yet unheard-of way,
That I thy Ardour may repay:
And make my conſtant Paſſion known,
By more than Woman yet has done.
Had I a Wiſh that did not bear
The Stamp and Image of my Dear,
I'd pierce my Heart thro' ev'ry Vein,
And Die to let it out again.
No: *Venus* ſhall my Witneſs be,
(If *Venus* ever lov'd like me,)
That for one Hour I wou'd not quit
My Shepherd's Arms, and this Retreat,

To

To be the *Perſian* Monarch's Bride,
Part'ner of all his Power and Pride:
Or Rule in Regal State above,
Mother of Gods, and Wife of *Jove*.
*O happy theſe of human Race!*
But ſoon, alas! our Pleaſures paſs.
He thank'd her on his bended Knee,
Then drank a Quart of Milk and Tea;
And leaving her ador'd Embrace,
Haſten'd to Court, to beg a Place.
While ſhe his Abſence to bemoan,
The very Moment he was gone,
Call'd *Thyrſis* from beneath the Bed,
Where all this Time he had been hid.

## MORAL.

*Whilſt Men have theſe Ambitious Fancies,*
*And wanton Wenches read Romances,*
*Our Sex will—What? out with it: Lie:*
*And Theirs in equal Strains reply.*
*The Moral of the Tale I ſing,*
*(A Poſy for a Wedding Ring,)*
*In this ſhort Verſe will be confin'd,*
Love is a Jeſt, and Vows are Wind.

## †CHLOE's PLAY-THING.

### A TALE.

*CHLOE*, a Nymph divinely fair,
With portly Mien, majeſtick Air,
Had often us'd ('twas then the Faſhion)
An Inſtrument for Titillation;
So oft, no Lady in the Land
Was more expert at Slight of Hand.
So well ſhe underſtood the Art,
So dext'rouſly ſhe play'd her Part.
What others did in Half an Hour,
In half the Time was in her Pow'r;
By all Aſſemblies was careſt,
And gave Inſtructions to the Beſt;
Teaches young Virgins, pale and wan,
(Without th' Aſſiſtance of a Man)
To bloom, look ruddy, freſh, and gay,
And throw their Chalk, and Dirt away.
Quickly reſtores loſt Appetite,
And bids them revel in Delight.
For Pity-ſake ſhe does impart
To antiquated Maids, her Art;
Who all forſaken, plung'd in Grief,
Find now ſome Comfort, ſome Relief.

Thus

Thus ſhe her Charity extends,
And Thanks receives from all her Friends.
But ſee how Nature prompts to rove,
To ſpurn the Things we dearly love;
To quit what's good, for what is worſe,
And for a Bleſſing, chuſe a Curſe.
Thus *Eve*, the firſt Apoſtate Fair,
Who had an Itch—no Matter where—
Elop'd from Youth, and Vigour's Charms,
And fled to *Satan*'s ſooty Arms.
But if we hold Predeſtination,
As who would not, on ſuch Occaſion,
And diſallow Free-Will to any,
(Tho' this indeed's deny'd by many,)
We then in Conſcience muſt believe
No wilful Sin in Mother *Eve*;
For we, or ſingle, or in Chorus,
Muſt run the Race that's ſet before us.
Cloy'd with the Play-Thing, not the Play,
*Chloe* reſolves another Way;
Ten thouſand Methods does explore,
Experiments not known before.
Invention racks, in Hopes to find
A Thing more pleaſing to her Mind.
No *Philomath* e'er pump'd ſo hard,
To gain the Longitude-Reward.
Unhappy *Chloe!* fruitleſs Brain!
I think, ſays ſhe, but think in vain:
Revenge ſhall follow——Paſſive Hand
Obeys the Tyrant *Will*'s Command;

Seizes,

Seizes, (for, Oh! no Bail was found)
And hurls poor Play-Thing to the Ground.
*Venus*, good natur'd, frank and free,
Griev'd to behold her *Votary*,
(Her faithful *Chloe*, heav'nly Fair,)
O'erwhelm'd with Anger and Deſpair,
Places a *Phantom* juſt before her,
Too ſtiff and upright to adore her.
From Paſſion freed, with glowing Eyes,
She views the fancy'd Toy, and cries,
(Firſt pointing with a pleaſant Mein,
To the late Object of her Spleen,)
If ſuch a Thing as this be good,
Much better, ſure, is Fleſh and Blood.
Thus Chance does ſometimes bring about,
What Art and Thought can ne'er make out;
And Chance, ſays Hiſtory pourtray'd thus
The Foaming of *Bucephalus*.
Raging and mad with hot Deſire,
*Chloe* reſolves to quench her Fire;
Conſults her Glaſs, new Charms to find,
To make her Lover doubly kind:
She challenges a Knight of Fame,
And punctual to the Hour he came.
*Sans Ceremony*, they engage
With equal Fury, equal Rage;
'Till Paſſive *Chloe* faintly cries,
Have Mercy, Sir, or *Chloe* dies,
And then breath'd ſhort, and clos'd her Eyes.

The Knight was deaf to all ſhe ſaid,
For Thoughts of Conqueſt fill'd his Head;
So briſk, and ſo robuſt he prov'd,
With ſuch Activity he mov'd,
No Bridegroom eager to enjoy
The long-expected ſlipp'ry Toy;
No younger Brother, who, for Hire,
Attempts to quench a Widow's Fire;
No pamper'd Prieſt, with brawny Back
Could ſhew more Vigour in th' Attack.
Tir'd with Combat, Knight of Fame
A Truce with *Chloe* does proclaim;
Moſt faithfully the Truce they keep,
The Knight withdraws, and falls aſleep.
*Chloe*, uneaſy in her Mind,
Till ſhe the Source of Bliſs could find,
Roves, ſeeks, and finds the Secret out,
And ſwears ſhe'll try the other Bout.
She views the Sapleſs Thing all o'er,
Which ſeem'd her Pity to implore;
She uſes all her Pow'r and Art,
New Life, new Vigour to impart;
She gently ſtrokes and rubs his Head,
But!——has not Skill to raiſe the Dead:
For when the Vital Oil is gone,
Recruits muſt come from Time alone.
Pity to Indignation turns,
And *Chloe* her good Office mourns:
Then with a Finger and a Thumb
She toſs'd about the Deaf and Dumb,

And cry'd, with a diſdainful Air,
Faugh! what a ſilly Bauble's here!

---

## † *The* LONGITUDE *found out.*

### A TALE.

NAture on all ſome Gift beſtows,
Which with the Kindred Fancy goes;
And ſome ſhe forms for Martial Deeds,
And ſome for ſofter Acts ſhe breeds;
And ſome for Courts, and ſome for Caves;
And ſome for Kings, and ſome for Slaves.
To each the diff'rent Minds unites,
And varies each in his Delights.
Some love the Chaſe, and ſome deſpiſe
The eager Hound and Hunter's Cries:
Thus as the diff'rent Fancy leads,
The diff'rent Happineſs ſucceeds.
In lib'ral Arts was *Sylvius* bred,
And many Authors had he read:
Well could he ſpeak in Worth's Applauſe,
But ne'er was warm'd in Beauty's Cauſe.
In Beauty's Cauſe how weak his Skill!
And how unable was his Will!
For all his Talk, and all his Mind,
Was rather Stoickly inclin'd.
Whilom, where ancient Annals crown
The *Britiſh* Name with juſt Renown;

Where

Where oft' the Drum and bloody Fight
To Deeds of Glory did excite;
Lonely there ran a chryſtal Brook,
By all of chearful Soul forſook;
O'ergrown with Buſhes, and the Shade,
Seem'd only fit for Study made:
The Birds above, with various Voice,
Did echo to the River's Noiſe;
The River's Noiſe, thro' Cayes unſeen,
Return'd the Melody again;
And round the Vales in Conſort brought,
Reflected ſweetly to the Thought.
Soon as the Day, with new-dreſs'd Light,
Peep'd from the Curtains of the Night,
Young *Sylvius* wou'd his Sleep forbear,
And to the much-lov'd Shade repair;
On vaſt Deſigns intenſly brood,
To meaſure out the *Longitude*.
To me, he cry'd the private Skill,
My painful Labours ſhall reveal:
I ſhall the Secret know; 'tis I,
The welcome Wonder ſhall deſcry,
To me much Honour ſhall pertain,
Much Profit ſhall the Nations gain.
How ſhall the Youth the Tale purſue,
Unleſs the Muſe directs his View?
The Muſe can only fit impart
Fond *Sylvius'* diſappointed Smart;
And how when all his Projects fail'd,
The weak pretended *Stoick* rail'd.

O never

O never now, be ſure, he cry'd,
Fond *Sylvius* ſhall at Reſt abide;
The troubl'd Boy ſhall ſtill complain,
While Floods pay Tribute to the Main;
Long as the Seaſons of the Year
In all their various Forms appear;
Whilſt Winter's Cold, and Summer's Heat,
Upon the hardy Foreſts beat;
Shall *Sylvius* conſtantly be true,
O Woods! to Sadneſs, and to you.
Diſtemper'd thus, from Place to Place,
He wail'd the Streightneſs of his Caſe;
And as he lay beſide the Shoar,
Repeating all his Troubles o'er,
The Shades were ſighing, and the Tide,
Purling to ev'ry Sigh, reply'd.

Near to the River's Side there ſtood
An ancient beautiful Abode
Of large Extent; and old Report
Does mention it in noble ſort;
But ſince, by Fate's diſpoſing Rule,
Converted to a Boarding-School.
From thence at ſundry Times the Fair
Wou'd come to take the Ev'ning Air,
And ſome wou'd by the River rove,
And ſome would walk the pleaſant Grove;
And ſome the Meadows wou'd frequent,
And ſome at Home the Ev'ning ſpent;
As each by diff'rent Humours wrought,
A diff'rent Recreation ſought.

Young *Thetis* was the Nymph, whoſe Praiſe
Wou'd make too proud my humble Lays.
*Sylvius* ſhe lov'd, but ne'er cou'd find
The *Stoick* Studient to her Mind;
Tho' oft' ſhe'd in the Bower ſurprize
The wayward Youth with kindling Eyes,
And bluſhing, with her Looks declare
The Motives that entic'd her there.
Of gentle Lineage was ſhe ſprung,
And in her Years bewitching young;
Of charming Shape, and in her Face
Well fitted for a King's Embrace:
No curious Eye did e'er behold
A ſweeter Maid, of mortal Mould.
Yet *Sylvius*, ah! too ſimple Swain!
The gay Inviter cou'd refrain,
Feel all the wanton willing Fair,
And yet the ready Bliſs forbear.
It was the Cloſe of pleaſant Light
Did *Thetis* to the Fields invite;
Her Hair was black as Raven's Down,
And white as *May* Buds was her Gown;
And round was girt, as if it grew,
A Ribbon of a Crimſon Hue:
The Winds embrac'd her, and the Trees
Bow'd to the Miſtreſs of the Breeze.
Full glad the Nymph her *Sylvius* found
In feigned Slumbers on the Ground;
And taking ſoft his Hand, ſhe preſt
It all endearing to her Breaſt.

The pleaſed Studient, half afraid,
Surpriz'd the trembling baſhful Maid;
And as ſhe found her Strength decay,
She gently puſh'd the Youth away:
He ſqueez'd her cloſe, and kiſs'd her Charms,
And bleſs'd the Burthen of his Arms.
Ah, *Thetis!* raviſh'd *Silvius* cry'd,
My panting Heart's endearing Bride,
Thou young Inticer, ſhall I now
My Life and Happineſs forego?
'Tis you, my Love, and only you,
Can raiſe me, and ſupport me too!
O little ſmiling *Venus* then,
In ſpight of your almoſt Fifteen,
To me your Charge of Charms reſign,
And let thy Soul confeſs thee mine;
In all thy Bloom and bright Array,
The Wrongs of fickle Fate repay,
Reſtore my Peace, repel my Pain,
O thou, the Wiſh of ev'ry Swain!
In thee, my Charmer, I ſhall feel
New Joys, *new Longitudes* reveal;
If not, yet certain thou ſhalt be
To find the *Longitude* of me!

## ARBOR VITÆ, *or the* TREE *of* LIFE.

THE Tree of which I fain would ſing,
If the kind Muſe her Aid would bring,
Is *Arbor Vitæ*; but in brief,
By vulgar Men call'd—*Tree of Life.*
Firſt for Deſcription, then 'tis ſuch
As needs muſt captivate you much.
In Stem moſt ſtreight of lovely Size,
With Head elate this Plant doth riſe;
Firſt bare—when it doth further ſhoot,
A Tuft of Moſs keeps warm the Root:
No *Lapland* Muff has ſuch a Fur,
No Skin ſo ſoft has any Cur;
This touch'd, alone the Heart can move,
Which Ladies more than Lap-Dogs love;
From this erect ſprings up the Stalk,
No Pow'r can ſtop, or ought can baulk;
On Top an *Apex* crowns the Tree,
As all Mankind may plainly ſee;
So ſhines a Filbeard, when the Shell,
Half gone, diſplays the ruby Peel;
Or like a Cherry bright and gay,
Juſt red'ning in the Month of *May.*
As other Trees bear Fruit at Top,
And they who rob 'em muſt climb up;

This ſtill more rare doth upwards ſhoot,
But at the Bottom bears its Fruit,
And they who reap its Virtues ſtrong,
Need but to lay 'em all along,
Ope' wide their Mouths, and they'll receive
The Fruit of Life, and eat, and live:
Not the fair Tree that *India* bears,
All over Spice both Head and Ears,
Can boaſt more Gifts than the great Pow'rs
Have granted to this Tree of ours;
That in good Ale its Power boaſts,
And ours have Nutmegs fit for Toaſts.
And Bags by Nature planted grow,
To keep 'em from all Winds that blow.
The Riſe is ſlow, and by Degrees;
Both Fruit and Tree itſelf increaſe
So ſlow, that ten Years ſcarce produce
Six Inches good and fit for Uſe;
But fifteen ripen well the Fruit,
And add a viſcious balm into't;
Then rub'd drops Tears as if 'twas griev'd,
Which by a neighbouring Shrub's receiv'd;
As Men ſet Tubs to catch the Rain,
So does this Shrub its Juice retain,
Which 'cauſe it wears a colour'd Robe,
Is juſtly call'd the Flow'ring Shrub.
In every Nation ſprings this Tree;
In ſome confin'd, in ſome more free;
In *England* 'tis of mod'rate Size,
And oft does nine full Inches riſe.

But

But *Ireland* tho' in Soil moſt poor,
Exceeds all Lands in this ſame Store;
And gets the Owner many a Farthing,
For Ladies love it in their Garden.

That it's a *Tree* right ſenſitive,
Denies no honeſt Man alive;
Tho' as one *ſhrinks* and will not ſtand,
This *riſes* at a Lady's Hand:
And grows more ſtrong the more 'tis ſtrok'd,
As others Fall when they are pok'd.

When nipping Cold bites off the Noſe,
And hoary Froſts the Morn diſcloſe,
In Hot-beds only then 'twill live,
And only when well warm'd will thrive;
But when warm Summer does appear,
'Twill ſtand all Brunts in open Air,
Tho' oft they're overcome with Heat,
And ſink with Nurture too replete;
Then Birchen Twigs, if right apply'd
To Back, Fore-part, or either Side——
Support a while, and keep it up,
Tho' ſoon again the Plant will droop.

*Motteux* had one that was untowr'd,
And thought to mend it with a Cord,
But kill'd the *Tree*, yet gain'd his End,
Which makes th' Experiment condemn'd.
Others have thought to mend the Root,
By taking from the Tree its Fruit;
But in the Nutmegs lies the Breed,
And when they're gone we loſe the Seed;

Tho' Virtuoſi ſtill have don't,
And always found it yield Account;
For *Hey—gg—r* then buys the Wood,
And of it makes us Whiſtles good,
Which yearly from *Italia* ſent,
Here anſwers his and our Intent.

Others too curious will inoc-
Ulate their Plants on *Medlar*'s Stock,
(*i. e.* as Tongues in Vulgar paſs,
They graft it on an Open-Arſe)
But Gard'ners, Virtuoſi all,
Say this is moſt unnatural.

That Soil is certainly the beſt,
Whence firſt it ſprang, and firſt increas'd,
In Vallies hollow, ſoft, and warm,
With Hills to ward off every Storm,
Where Water ſalt runs trickling down,
And Tendrils lie o'er all the Ground,
Such as the *Tree* itſelf ſhoots forth,
And better if't be tow'rds the North;
When ſuch a Piece of Ground you ſee,
If in the Midſt a Pit there be,
There plant it deep unto the Root,
And never fear,—you'll ſoon have Fruit.

Tho' let young Botaniſts beware
Of Inſects that oft harbour there,
Which 'mongſt the tender Fibres breed,
And if not kill'd eat up the Seed:
Good *Humphrey Bowen* gives another,
(As each Man ſhould aſſiſt his Brother)

That

That is to take eſpecial Care,
Not to ſet *Vulvaria* near;
Of them two Sorts are frequent found,
One helps, and t'other ſpoils the Ground;
And many a Plant erect and tall,
Deſtroy'd by them has got a Fall.
But *Miſan*'s taking this juſt napping,
And againſt all Things that can happen
Both to the Shrub and Tree, has told ſome
How to make the deadlieſt Wholeſome;
Theſe venomous *Vulvaria*'s grow
At *Vaux-Hall* and St. *James*'s too;
Nay, and about the *Tree* ſo leap,
That very few good Plants can 'ſcape.

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## *The* NAMES *and* VIRTUES.

OLD Mother *D'Acier*, in her Notes
On *Homer*, ſome hard *Greek* Word quotes,
Calls it *Nep*, *nep*,—I know not what,
And ſays, it is the very Plant that
The tawny Queen to *Helen* ſent,
To cure her Griefs at all Event.
Great *Milton*'s Murd'rer ſays, it is
The fam'd *Machæra Herculis*,
And proves from ſome old *Grecian* Poet,
(So plain that all Men ſure muſt know it.)
That of this *Tree* the Club was made,
With which he overcome ('tis ſaid)

*Theſpius'*

*Theſpius'* Daughters, all grown wild,
And fifty Mad-Women made mild;
Which very Club—(it makes one laugh)
*Omphale* turn'd into a Diſtaff.
Nay, the *Heſperian* Tree was this,
And ſhews the *Pomia Veneris*;
Theſe Apples doubtleſs were the Fruit
That 'twixt the Queens rais'd ſuch Diſpute,
To make them all ſtark-naked ſtand,
While *Paris* held it in his Hand,
And chuck'd into *Venus'* Mouth,
'Cauſe ſhe with Beauty fir'd the Youth.
The Virtues are of ſuch great Note,
That twenty Volumes might be wrote;
The Juice alone Green-Sickneſs cures,
And purges thro' all corporal Pores;
If any Maid be ſick, or faint,
Of Love, or Father's cloſe Conſtraint,
One Spoonful of this cordial Balm
Soon ſtops each Grief, and every Qualm;
'Tis true, they ſometimes Tumours cauſe,
And in the Belly make ſtrange Flaws,
But a few Moons will make 'em ſound,
And ſafely fetch the Swelling down.
Not Saffron chears the Heart like this,
Nor can Champain give ſuch a Bliſs:
When Wife and Huſband do fall out,
And both remain in ſullen Pout,
This brings them to themſelves again,
And faſt unites the broken Chain,

Makes

Makes Feuds and Diſcords ſtraightway ceaſe,
And gives, at leaſt, a Night of Peace.
This Rarity may now be ſeen
In *Lambeth*, at a Garden Green.
*Bowen* his Name, who in high Tone,
Calls it the *Tree* of *Silver Spoon*.
Which all the Maids of curious Eyes
May there behold of largeſt Size.

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## *The* MASTIFF.

### A TALE.

YOUR deep Obſervers of Mankind,
Aſſure us conſtantly they find
A ſtrong Propenſity of Nature,
Rooted in every human Creature,
To do what otherwiſe they would not,
When once forbid, becauſe they ſhould not.
This Inclination, ſo perverſe,
Is laid by *Patridge* on the Stars.
Your Rakes, with Floods of Elocution,
Charge it on Chance, or Conſtitution:
And out of faſhion'd Folks believe
It ſprung from *Adam* and from *Eve*.
But though your Wits diſpute about it,
The Fact itſelf was never doubted.
This Truth t'illuſtrate, I have choſen
One common Story from a Thouſand.

Let

Let Criticks at the Fable quarrel,
There's no Exception to the Moral.
In Days of Yore (no need to ſhow,
How many hundred Years ago)
A Pair there flouriſh'd, free from Striſe,
Who liv'd, indeed, like Man and Wife.
Her Temper mild and ſweet, abhorr'd
To ſcold and wrangle at her Board.
Their Nights were peaceable, and freed
From Curtain Lecture was the Bed;
When in a Fault her Spouſe ſhe found,
She rarely, very rarely, frown'd.
In ſhort, ſhe gave him not Occaſion,
For half the Trouble and Vexation,
Which many a Hen-peck'd-keeping Varlet,
Endures moſt meekly from his Harlot.
Next Door a Captain chanc'd to ſhine,
Whoſe Clothes and Equipage were fine,
A young, and well accompliſh'd Heir,
Of gentle Blood, and Fortune fair;
For ever at the Ladies Call,
To deal the Cards, or lead the Ball;
To Squire them to the Church or Play,
And Senſe or Nonſenſe ſing or ſay.
This Youth ſometimes occaſioned Pain,
In our too happy Huſband's Brain;
Yet of himſelf aſham'd, with Care
He kept his Dreams from taking Air,
Elſe every Goſſip in the Town
Had roſe in Arms, and ſac'd him down;

She

She never knew in all her Life,
A Dame more Virtuous than his Wife.
Before the Wight was wholly freed
From theſe Diſorders in his Head,
Such Bus'neſs called him from his Houſe,
As ſcarce gave Time to tell his Spouſe;
He would have inſtantly been gone,
As being Old enough, alone,
But ſhe, good Woman! durſt not ſend him,
Without a Servant to attend him.
She kindly begs him not to ſtay,
When Bus'neſs was diſpatch'd, a Day.
He promiſes, when in his Power,
He would not Abſent be an Hour.
Soon as conveniently they can,
Up mounts the Maſter and the Man;
When once ſet out they travell'd faſt,
Yet e'er they half a Mile had paſt
His Jealouſy began to riſe,
Thought he, as being deadly wiſe,
This Captain now, behind my Back,
Addreſſes to my Wife will make:
'Tis true, I ſhan't continue long,
But ſhe is Fair, and he is Young,
And if it once be done, 'tis plain
It ne'er can be undone again.
I own, I never yet could find,
Her Heart to Gallantry inclin'd;
But then, in ſuch a Caſe, a Man
Can hardly be too careful——*John*,

Go,

Go, bid your Miſtreſs keep at Home,
Nor ſee the Captain till I come.
*John* gallops back, but on his Way,
Thus, with himſelf, began to ſay,
And pray, where is it I am going?
And, what Fool's Errand am I doing,
To make my Miſtreſs, for her Life,
A faithleſs, or a ſcolding Wife?
At beſt ſhe'll wonder what he ails,
And fancy I've been telling Tales,
Though ſhe is yet, I dare be ſworn,
As blameleſs as the Babe unborn;
Perhaps, to be forbid may tempt one,
To wiſh for what one never dreamt on.
I'll carry no ſuch Meſſage home,
To cauſe my Maſter's Cuckoldom.
Thus fearful of foreſeen Diſaſter,
And much diſcreeter than his Maſter,
Reſolv'd full ſagely, back he came,
And frighted heartily the Dame,
Who thought her Lord had come to Harm,
And broke at leaſt, a Leg or Arm,
For *John* made Twenty Hum's and Ha's,
When queſtion'd what the Matter was.
He was not like your Servants now,
But of Invention dull and ſlow;
He could not hammer out a Lie,
The Lady ſtood impatient by.
*What ails your Maſter?——Tell me quick.*
He begs you would not——*Can't you ſpeak?*

Not ride the Maſtiff till you ſee him;
What! does the Fellow rave or dream?
You are not ſure 'twas all he ſaid,
Yes, indeed, Madam——Is he Mad?
Not ride the Maſtiff! What a Whim!
Who ever thought of riding him?
Go back again from me, and pray,
Deſire he'd let you with him ſtay,
Or find ſome wiſer Meſſage, *John*,
Hereafter to employ you on.
He went, and Mother Nature now,
In Madam's Breaſt began to glow.
She mus'd; but ſtill the more ſhe thought,
The leſs ſhe found the Meaning out.
Not ride the Maſtiff! Could it be
Merely to try his Sovereignty,
When from her very Wedding Day
She ne'er was known to diſobey;
There muſt be ſomething in't to make
Him ſend a Servant poſting back.
She never heard of it before;
Perhaps the Maids might tell her more,
For Maids, or thoſe that bear the Name,
May ſometimes teach a wedded Dame.
She thought the emptieſt of the Two
Would ſooneſt blab out all ſhe knew,
But *Betty* never *Touzer* rid,
Nor heard of any one that did.
Vex'd at her aſking ſuch a Ninny,
She ſends her down to call up *Jenny*;

Yet ſlyer *Jane* could tell no more
Than ſimpler *Betty* had before;
But ſtar'd with all the Eyes ſhe had,
And thought her Miſtreſs drunk or mad.
Tho' begg'd, and ſtorm'd, and begg'd again,
But Prayers and Threatnings were in vain;
She might as eaſily have ſought
To ſound the Bottom of a Plot;
Or, though a Woman, ta'en Occaſion
T' enquire the Secret of *Free Maſon*,
And how, as Myſtic Lodge ſuppoſes,
Duke *Wharton* can ſucceed to *Moſes*.

No Diligence there wanting was,
Yet ſo deplorable her Caſe,
Through Servants obſtinate Denial,
Nothing was left her but a Trial.
Who ſhould the ſecret Fact betray?
One Word herſelf ſhe would not ſay,
What no one ſaw who ſhould reveal?
For ſure the Maſtiff could not tell.
Reſolv'd at length, ſhe calls him to her,
And ſhutting carefully the Door,
She clapp'd his Head, and ſtrok'd his Side,
('Twas now no more than up and ride.)
Faſt by his Neck ſhe held, and thus
Mounted her ſtrange *Bucephalus*;
Nor found it difficult to get,
Without a Stirrup, to her Seat.

*Touzer*, unus'd to be beſtrode,
Groan'd ſorely at the wicked Load,

And

And ſtrove all Ways to diſencumber
His burthen'd Shoulders of their Lumber;
Rear'd, and curvetted, and in fume,
Trotted, and gallop'd round the Room.
But ſhe, who now, or never thought,
To find her Huſband's Meaning out,
Firm, though without a Saddle, ſat,
And clung as cloſely as a Cat.
But Fortune often ſpoils the Courſe,
Whether we ride on Dog or Horſe,
Under a Table crept her Steed,
Threw her, and broke her addle Head.
Enrag'd, and ſurly, up ſhe got,
Rail'd at her Huſband for a Sot;
When he return'd ſhe kept her State,
Nor ſtirr'd to meet him at the Gate.
Up Stairs he went, and found her Ill,
Silent, ſhe frown'd, and ſullen ſtill,
But could not Scolding long refrain,
Or take it in poetic Strain,
At length the Cloud that lowring hung,
Burſt into Thunder of her Tongue,
Like Lightnings flaſh her Eye appears,
And Rain fell plenteous in her Tears.
See—What you made the Maſtiff do!
Did ever any Man but you—
And on ſhe went, but there's no need
Of punctual telling all ſhe ſaid,
An Extract may ſuffice—The Dame
Full on her Huſband turn'd the Blame.

Stark, ſtaring Mad, he, to forbid it!
She, a poor Innocent, that did it!
The Man, who knew not what was done,
Ran down amaz'd, and fell on *John*.
Sirrah! What makes your Miſtreſs rave?
What was the Meſſage that you gave?
Or tell me, or I'll — *John* reply'd,
I bid her not the Maſtiff ride.
The Maſter furious 'gan to look,
*John* begg'd one Word before he ſtruck.
Sir, had I charg'd her in your Name,
To ſhun the Captain till you came,
Doubtleſs the Caſe had been the ſame.
Her Forehead broke your Brow ſecures,
Or elſe the Knobs had been on yours.

# A CASE of CONSCIENCE.

## A TALE.

*By Mr.* HENRY BAKER.

'TWAS ſaid, by thoſe of old, Beware,
Conſider well before you ſwear.
The Counſel's good without diſpute,
And ev'ry prudent Man will do't.
But, if you've ſworn (be added now)
Take heed how you perform your Vow.
How, Sir! a *Caſuiſt* replies,
(And wildly ſtares with both his Eyes)
Pray have a care, leſt what you ſay
Takes all the Force of Oaths away.
Miſtake me not, good Sir; what I
From that Precaution would imply,
Is this; —— an Oath perform'd, may be
Ruin, perhaps, or Injury,
To One, or more: —— then I aver,
The Breach of ſuch an Oath is far
Leſs ſinful than it was to ſwear.
What's this to me? the Reader cries:
Poor Stuff! Will Poets ne'er be wiſe!
But ſcribble, without Wit, dull Rhyme,
Meerly to fool away the Time:

How comes this Dreamer elſe to fall
On Matters caſuiſtical?
Stay, ſtay, my angry Friend, forbear,
Nor thus condemn before you hear.
*Poets*, delighted with the Chimes
Of flowing Verſe, and eaſy Rhimes,
Miſtaken, dance enchanted Rounds,
Forſaking Senſe for empty Sounds:
This is acknowledg'd, to their Shame,
But are not *Readers* too to blame?
To blame! for what?—Your ſelf have ſhown,
By judging ere the Caſe is known.
The Caſe! what Caſe? Pray read the Story.
Where is it? Why it lies before ye.

## *The* STORY.

Juſt nine Months after *Joan* and *John*
From two were conjur'd into One,
Their Friends and Neighbours round about
Are ſummon'd to the Crying-out.
The Goſſips come: and honeſt *Joan*
Receives them all with many a Groan.
*John* taps the Ale, and cuts the Cheeſe:
Come eat, and drink, whate'er you pleaſe.
Kind Neighbours all, I'm glad to ſee ye.
Here's the good *Woman*'s Health unto ye.
Quick moves the Bowl: their Clappers run,
Of what was, and what was not done:

All

All ſpeak at once: of various Things;
With Mirth and Noiſe the Chamber rings.
This, tells, what happen'd at her Marriage,
And That, the Cauſe of her Miſcarriage;
One proves the whole myſterious Art
Of managing a Huſband's Heart,
And how a prudent Wife with eaſe
May make him do—whate'er ſhe pleaſe.
Another, plain beyond all doubt,
Why ſhe was ne'er with Child makes out;
And with much Reaſon does aver,
The Fault could no ways be in Her.
What Matches are in hand they ſhew,
And whiſper round who lies with who.
Some Secret ev'ry one pretends,
To ſcandalize her abſent Friends,
And when ſhe's out of breath with Railing,
Cries out,—But who's without a Failing!
*Joan* lies attentive to their Chat,
Of Cocks and Bulls, and This and That,
In hopes to hear ſome piece of News
Of Service for her private Uſe,
In caſe her *John* ſhould ever dare
Attempt the Management of Her:
Tho' his Obedience to her Will
Had been with due Submiſſion ſtill;
'Tis beſt, however, to provide
For all may poſſibly betide.
But now, her Pains with greater Force
Come on: and *Joan* grows worſe and worſe.

Her

Her Hands ſhe wrings with piteous Moan,
And ſighs, and doubles ev'ry Groan.
The Good-Wives hearing ſuch a clutter
Forſake their Cups, and haſte about Her.
All are employ'd: — This ſets the Cradle;
That, ſtirs the Cawdle with a Ladle;
One, airs the Clouts, and makes 'em ready;
Another, waits to take the Baby.
Some, bid her be of hearty Cheer,
For her Delivery is near;
While Others, pity her Condition,
And fain would ſend for a Phyſician.
But, notwithſtanding all their Care,
*Joan* ſcreams, and groans, and tears her Hair.
Oh! I can never bear this Pain!
And then ſhe ſcreams, and groans again.
*John* all this time ſtood near the Bed,
And like a Poppy hung his Head:
He knew not what to do, or ſay,
And often wiſh'd himſelf away.
*Joan* ſees him: — *John!* ah *John!* ſhe cries,
(And thruſts her Fingers in her Eyes)
Indeed, you are a naughty Man
To put your Wife to all this Pain!
But you ſhall never do't again!
And then ſhe ſigh'd moſt grievouſly,
Good by't'ye, *John*, for I ſhall die!
Poor *John*, a fond good-natur'd Fellow,
At this began to ſob and bellow,

Pro-

Proteſting he would give his Life
And all he had to ſave his Wife.
*Joan* was, in truth, exceeding ill,
But not without her Cunning ſtill;
This was the Time, ſhe thought, to prove
The meaſure of her Huſband's Love.
Come hither, *John*, ſhe weeping cries,
Kiſs your poor Wife before ſhe dies!
*John* kiſs'd her: — Now kneel down, and ſwear,
If Heav'n my Life ſhould chance to ſpare,
That you will ne'er again require
I ſhould ſubmit to your Deſire,
Which I, you know, have always done,
Your Will preferring to my own.
This if I live. — But if I die —
You'll ne'er get ſuch a Wife as I.
*John* ſwore: — And now that Curſe on *Eve*,
Which dooms her Daughters all to grieve,
Forc'd *Joan* to give ſo loud a Squeal,
You might have heard it half a Mile.
When ſtreight, the Midwife full of Joy
Produc'd to *John* a ſwinging Boy.
He quite tranſported, kiſs'd the Child
To Death almoſt; *Joan* wept, and ſmil'd;
The laughing Goſſips round it come,
And Mirth and Pleaſure fill the Room.
Now ſafe, at Eaſe, and laid in Bed,
*Joan* ponders all her Neighbours ſaid:
Recovers Strength, is pert and gay:
And eats her Chicken every Day.

The

The Cares of Life are never done!
*John*'s now baptizing of his Son:
And ſtruts to Church before the Folk,
As proud as any Turky-cock.
The Table's plentifully ſtor'd,
And chearful Healths go round the Board.
The Gueſts how pleas'd? — I cannot ſay;
They eat, and drank, and went their way.
A Month is paſt, that honeſt *Joan*
Has been conſtrain'd to lie alone:
A Month! a tedious time indeed!
(But fooliſh Cuſtom ſo decreed.)
Thank Heav'n 'tis paſt! The Sheets are air'd,
The Pillows laid, the Bed prepar'd:
They ſup: — *Joan* yawns: — The Clock ſtrikes eight;
Come, *John*, I dare not ſit up late:
Upon his Breaſt ſhe drops her Head:
Go, pr'ythee, *Suſan*, warm the Bed.
*Joan*'s firſt in Bed: *John* ſoon undreſt:
A Kiſs: — Good-night: — and turns to reſt.
Such Uſage *Joan* had not expected,
She was not wont to be neglected:
Whate'er had been his other Cares,
*John* ſtill had minded her Affairs.
What can this mean? She fears to know:
He ne'er before had ſerv'd her ſo.
Reſtleſs ſhe toſſes, deeply ſighs;
The Tears fall trickling from her Eyes:

At

At length she speaks, My *John!* my Life!
Why turn'st thou from thy loving Wife?
Come lay thy Head upon this Breast,
And let me lull my Dear to rest.

Ah *Joan!* says He, your former Pain
Forbids us — to lie close again:
For your dear sake I will refrain.
But let this hard Forbearance prove
The Greatness of your Husband's Love.
No, *John!* quoth she, your faithful *Joan*
In Love shall never be out-done,
But always is prepar'd to shew
How She despises Death for You.

With this she rush'd into his Arms,
And almost smother'd Him with Charms:
Glowing, with wanton Ardour, press'd
Her panting Bosom to his Breast,
My Dear! she cries, do what you will,
My Duty is Obedience still.

*John* pauses: — what's the Matter now!
I'd do't, says he, but for my Vow.
Strong beats her Pulse, quick roll her Eyes;
You'd do't, but for your Vow! she cries:
(Breathless, transported, round his Waste
With both her Arms she locks him fast)
Indeed, my Love! 'tis all a Joke;
Rash Vows are made but to be broke.

## † *A New Simile for the Ladies*, &c.

*By Dr.* SHERIDAN.

I Often try'd in vain to find
A *Simile* for Woman-kind,
A *Simile* I mean to fit 'em,
In every Circumſtance to hit 'em,
Thro' ev'ry Beaſt and Bird I went,
I ranſack'd ev'ry Element,
And after peeping thro' all Nature,
To find ſo whimſical a Creature,
A *Cloud* preſented to my View,
And ſtrait this Parallel I drew:
*Clouds* turn with ev'ry Wind about,
They keep us in Suſpence and Doubt,
Yet oft perverſe, like Woman-kind,
Are ſeen to ſcud againſt the Wind;
And are not Women juſt the ſame?
For, who can tell at what they aim?
*Clouds* keep the ſtouteſt Mortals under,
When bellowing they diſcharge their Thunder;
So when the Alarm-Bell is rung,
Of * *Xanti*'s everlaſting Tongue,

* *Xanti*, a Nick-name for *Xantippe* the ſcolding Wife of *Socrates*.

The Husband dreads its Loudness more,
Than Light'ning's Flash, or Thunder's Roar.
*Clouds* weep as they do, without Pain,
And what are Tears but Womens Rain?
The *Clouds* about the Welkin roam,
And Ladies never stay at home.
The *Clouds* build Castles in the Air,
A Thing peculiar to the Fair;
For all the Schemes of their Forecasting,
Are not more solid, nor more lasting.
A *Cloud* is light by Turns, and dark,
Such is a Lady with her Spark;
Now, with a sudden pouting Gloom,
She seems to darken all the Room;
Again she's pleas'd, his Fears beguil'd,
And all is clear, when she has smil'd,
In this they're wond'rously alike,
(I hope the *Simile* will strike)
Tho' in the darkest Dumps you view 'em,
Stay but a Moment, you'll see through 'em.
The *Clouds* are apt to make Reflection,
And frequently produce Infection;
So *Cælia*, with small Provocation,
Blasts ev'ry Neighbour's Reputation.
The *Clouds* delight in gaudy Show,
For they, like Ladies, have their Beau;
The gravest Matron will confess,
That she herself is fond of Dress.
Observe the *Clouds* in Pomp array'd,
What various Colours are display'd,

The Pink, the Roſe, the Vi'let's Dye,
In that great Drawing-Room the Sky,
How do theſe differ from our Graces,
In Garden-Silks, Brocades and Laces?
Are they not ſuch another Sight,
When met upon a Birth-Day Night?

The *Clouds* delight to change their Faſhion:
Dear Ladies, be not in a Paſſion,
Nor let this Whim to you ſeem ſtrange,
Who ev'ry Hour delight in Change.

In them and *you* alike are ſeen
The ſullen Symptoms of the Spleen,
The Moment that your Vapours riſe,
We ſee them dropping from your Eyes.

In Ev'ning fair you may behold
The *Clouds* are fring'd with borrow'd Gold,
And this is many a Lady's Caſe,
Who ſtants about in borrow'd Lace.

Grave Matrons are like *Clouds* of Snow,
Their Words fall thick, and ſoft, and ſlow,
While briſk Coquets, like rattling Hail,
Our Ears on ev'ry Side aſſail.

*Clouds* when they intercept our Sight,
Deprive us of Celeſtial Light:
So when my *Chloe* I purſue,
No Heaven beſide, I have in View.

Thus, on Compariſon you ſee,
In ev'ry Inſtance they agree,
So like, ſo very much the ſame,
That one may go by t'other's Name.

Let

Let me proclaim it then aloud,
That ev'ry Woman is a *Cloud*.

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## *An* ANSWER *to the New Simile*, &c.

*By Dr.* SWIFT.

PResumptuous Bard! How cou'd you dare
A Woman with a *Cloud* compare?
Strange Pride and Inſolence you ſhow,
Inferior Mortals *there* below.
And, is our Thunder in your Ears
So frequent or ſo loud as theirs?
Alas! our Thunder ſoon goes out;
And only makes you more devout.
Then, is not Female Clatter worſe,
That drives you not to *pray*, but *curſe*?
We hardly Thunder thrice a Year;
The Bolt diſcharg'd, the Sky grows clear:
But, ev'ry ſublunary Dowdy,
The more ſhe ſcolds, the more ſhe's Cloudy.
Some Critick may object, perhaps,
That *Clouds* are blam'd for giving *Claps*;
But what, alas! are *Claps* Ætherial,
Compar'd, for Miſchief, to Venereal?
Can *Clouds* give Bubo's, Ulcers, Blotches,
Or from your Noſes dig out Notches?
We leave the Body ſweet and ſound;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.

You know a *Cloudy* Sky beſpeaks
Fair Weather, when the Morning breaks;
But, Women in a *Cloudy* Plight,
Foretel a Storm to laſt 'till Night.

A *Cloud* in proper Seaſons pours
His Bleſſings down in fruitful Show'rs;
But, Woman was by Fate deſign'd
To pour down Curſes on Mankind.

When * *Syrius* o'er the Welkin rages
Our kindly Help his Fire aſſuages;
But Woman is a curſt Inflamer,
No Pariſh Ducking-Stool can tame her:
To kindle Strife, Dame Nature taught her:
Like Fire-Works, ſhe can burn in Water.

For Fickleneſs how durſt you blame us?
Who for our Conſtancy are famous.
You'll ſee a *Cloud* in gentle Weather
Keep the ſame Face an Hour together:
While Woman, if it could be reckon'd,
Change ev'ry Feature ev'ry Second.

Obſerve our Figure in a Morning;
Of Foul or Fair we give you Warning;
But, can you gueſs from Woman's Air,
One Minute, whether Foul or Fair?

Go read in ancient Books enroll'd,
What Honours we poſſeſs'd of old?
To diſappoint *Ixion*'s Rape,
*JOVE* dreſt a *Cloud* in *Juno*'s Shape:

* *The* Dog-Star.

Which

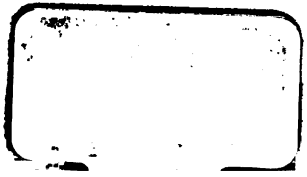
Which when he had enjoy'd, he ſwore,
No Goddeſs could have pleas'd him more,
No Diff'rence could he find between
His *Cloud*, and *JOVE*'s Imperial Queen:
His *Cloud* produc'd a Race of *Centaurs*,
Fam'd for a thouſand bold Adventures;
From us deſcended *ab origine*;
By learned Authors, call'd *Nubigenæ*.
But ſay, what Earthly Nymph do you know,
So beautiful, to paſs for *Juno*.
Before *Æneas* durſt aſpire
To court her Majeſty of *Tyre*,
His Mother begg'd of us to dreſs him,
That *Dido* might the more careſs him:
A Coat we gave him, dy'd in Grain;
A *Flaxen* Wig, and *Cloudad* Cane.
(The Wig was powder'd round with Sleet,
Which fell in *Clouds* beneath his Feet)
With which he made a tearing Show:
And *Dido* quickly *ſmoak'd the Beau*.
Among your Females make Inquiries;
What Nymph on Earth ſo fair as *Iris*?
With heav'nly Beauty ſo endow'd?
And yet her Father is a *Cloud*.
We dreſs'd her in a Gold Brocade,
Befitting *Juno*'s fav'rite Maid.
'Tis known, that *Socrates* the wiſe,
Ador'd us *Clouds* as Deities;
To us he made his daily Prayers,
As *Ariſtophanes* declares.

From

From *Jupiter* took all Dominion,
And dy'd defending his Opinion.
By his Authority, 'tis plain
You worſhip other Gods in vain:
And from your own Experience know,
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we pleaſe to guide;
O'er all your Paſſions we preſide;
Can raiſe them up, or ſink them down,
As we think fit to ſmile or frown:
And, juſt as we diſpoſe your Brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.
Compare Us then to Female Race!
We, to whom all the Gods give Place:
Who better challenge your Allegiance,
Becauſe we dwell in higher Regions:
You find, the Gods in *Homer* dwell,
In Seas, and Streams, or low as Hell:
Ev'n *Jove*, and *Mercury* his Pimp,
No higher climb than Mount *Olymp*,
(Who makes you think, the *Clouds* he pierces:
He pierce the *Clouds*! He kiſs their Ar—es.)
While we, o'er *Teneriffa* plac'd,
Are loftier by a Mile at leaſt:
And when *Apollo* ſtruts on *Pindus*,
We ſee him from our Kitchen Windows:
Or, to *Parnaſſus* looking down,
Can p--ſs upon his Laurel Crown.
Fate never form'd the Gods to fly;
In Vehicles they mount the Sky:

When

When *JOVE* would ſome fair Nymph inveigle,
He comes full Gallop on his Eagle.
Though *Venus* be as light as Air,
She muſt have Doves to draw her Chair.
*Apollo* ſtirs not out of Door,
Without his lacker'd Coach and Four,
And, jealous *Juno*, ever ſnarling,
Is drawn by Peacocks in her Berlin:
But we can fly where'er we pleaſe,
O'er Cities, Rivers, Hills, and Seas:
From Eaſt to Weſt, the World we roam;
And, in all Climates are at home;
With Care provide you as we go,
With Sun-ſhine, Rain, and Hail, or Snow,
You, when it rains, like Fools believe
*JOVE* p--es on you through a Sieve:
An idle Tale, 'tis no ſuch Matter;
We only dip a Spunge in Water;
Then, ſqueeze it cloſe between our Thumbs,
And ſhake it well, and down it comes.
As you ſhall to your Sorrow know;
We'll watch your Steps where'er you go:
And, ſince we find you walk a-foot,
We'll ſoundly ſouce your Frize Surtout.
'Tis but by our peculiar Grace,
That *Phœbus* ever ſhews his Face:
For when we pleaſe, we open wide
Our Curtains blue, from Side to Side:
And then, how ſaucily he ſhews
His brazen Face, and fiery Noſe:

And gives himſelf a haughty Air,
As if He made the Weather fair.
'Tis ſung, wherever *Celia* treads,
The Vi'lets ope their purple Heads;
The Roſes blow, the Cowſlip ſprings;
'Tis ſung, but we know better Things.
'Tis true; a Woman on her Mettle,
Will often p--ſs upon a Nettle:
But, though we own ſhe makes it wetter,
The Nettle never thrives the better:
While we, by ſoft prolifick Show'rs,
Can ev'ry Spring produce you Flow'rs.
Your Poets, *Chloe*'s Beauty height'ning,
Compare her radiant Eyes to Light'ning;
And yet, I hope, 'twill be allow'd,
That Light'ning comes but from a *Cloud*.
But, Gods like us, have too much Senſe
At Poets Flights to take Offence.
Nor can Hyperboles demean us;
Each Drab has been compar'd to *Venus*.
We own your Verſes are melodious;
But ſuch Compariſons are odious.

*F I N I S.*